

P.P. - York.

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T H E

YORKSHIRE

Magazine.

OR,

Universal Repository

OF

Arts, Sciences,

and various other Branches of

POLITE LITERATURE,

For the Year 1786.

Vol. I.



Y O R K,

*Printed for T. Wilson, R. Spence,
and Crask & Lund.*

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P R E F A C E.

AS every person must justly think himself at liberty to form an opinion where the public attention is solicited, we here presume to offer an address, judging it highly reasonable that the world should receive some account of our pretensions respecting the present design.

Mature deliberation has prompted us to exhibit a New Monthly Publication (the only one ever attempted in this county) under the title of The YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE. In other parts of the kingdom there are already numerous periodical compilations of this nature. The excellence of these it is not our purpose to dispute. Our humble hopes aspire only to advance our own merit, without depreciating that of our competitors. Our happiness will consist more in obtaining the public approbation to our own Repository, than in withdrawing that attachment which our predecessors have already engaged.

The HISTORY of this extensive county is naturally an object of curiosity to the inhabitants, and on this it is our purpose to bestow particular attention. Both the civil and ecclesiastical branches will serve to introduce a display of its Antiquities, and under this head we propose to present the public with a selection from the numerous fine ruins with which it abounds. The scenes of great transactions shall be pointed out, and, where necessary, described; and such eminent characters as have done honour to this county in former times, shall, so far as we have an opportunity, be laid before the present age. It is impossible but that inscriptions, pavements, altars, &c. &c. must from time to time be found in a county in which the Romans had many stations, and a city which was itself, for a time, even their seat of empire. Such obliging communications therefore as may be made to us on this head, shall always find an easy conveyance to the public eye.—We shall also consider the British, Saxon, or Danish antiquities, equally intitled to our attention.

The natural history of a county so varied in its surface, will necessarily lead us to a description of many scenes remarkable either for their beauty or singularity. Under this head therefore we shall class such mountains, caverns, water-falls, &c. &c. as are intitled to the curiosity of the public. Mineral productions will be attended to, and such vegetables as

are in any wise peculiar to this county shall also be laid before the public. A due attention shall be paid to the several rivers by which we are watered, and springs, possessed of medical or other properties, shall likewise be noted. The fertile soil, with its varieties, together with the extensive manufactories of this opulent county, shall be communicated under this head.

The taste of the present times has raised many sumptuous modern edifices, of which a considerable number is appropriated to charity and other public uses; these are intitled to our attention, and we hope from time to time will prove an ornament to our MAGAZINE.

The Historical part will be enriched with plates; and whenever the favours of correspondents are of such a nature as to require engravings, we shall readily cause them to be executed in a masterly manner.

From the labours of the learned we shall endeavour to select the best and most important pieces. On this head it is proposed to extract with candour and impartiality, leaving the judiciousness of such abridgments for our readers to determine.

The objects of our regard will not be confined to books; they will extend to the researches of science, the discovery of any property in nature, or to whatever may be productive of public utility, or contribute to general entertainment.

The proceedings of parliament (as well as other national concerns) shall be minutely registered, and monthly occurrences shall be recorded in such arrangement as to render them a complete journal.

Our endeavours shall be uniformly exerted to acquire respectability in every selection; but, amidst such variety, many unconnected articles must of necessity occur. However, diligence and assiduity shall unite for the attainment of approbation; whatever may tend to immorality shall be carefully avoided, and every effort shall be employed to exhibit a publication worthy the patronage of refinement and taste.

The aid of the curious and candid is earnestly solicited, as every article of instruction, information, and entertainment, which comes recommended by merit, will always demand a place.

THE

THE
YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE,

For JANUARY, 1786.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

*** I HAVE sometimes thought it
*** a matter of surprize, that a
*** publication of the above kind
has never yet been attempted
here. The extensiveness of the county
of York, its population, the celebrity
of its capital, its distance from the
Metropolis, are all considerations fa-
vouring the attempt, and leave little
room to fear its being successful. A
similar work published at Edinburgh,
and continued for some time; and ano-
ther lately begun at Newcastle, are
the only attempts of the kind, that I
know of, out of London.

Magazines are, especially at this
day, read with avidity, particularly
by young people. This consideration
ought to put you upon your guard,
and make you very cautious in select-
ing proper subjects for insertion. As
the Roman Censors were to watch
over, and take care *ne injuriam ca-
piat respublica*, so the Editors of a
periodical work should act the same
part to the rising generation, by en-
couraging every thing that may pro-
mote the cause of good order, piety,
and virtue, upon which both our pre-
sent and future happiness depends.

In this view, your office is of pub-
lic importance, and you will have
much to answer for by an opposite
procedure. There is much to blame
in most of the works of this kind which
I have seen, yet doubt not but your

intentions are, answerable to your
printed proposals, carefully to avoid
such conduct. When I reflect upon
one particular Magazine now publish-
ing in Town, am almost led to wish
that the press was under stricter regu-
lations. But your intentions are, I
am well satisfied, very contrary to this,
to avoid every thing that may make
bad impressions upon the tender mind,
spread a blush over the face of virtu-
ous innocence, that may tend to in-
flame the sensual, or stimulate the vo-
luptuous. Your aim is, in fine, to
avoid not only *evil*, but *every appear-
ance of it*, to promote the cause of mo-
rality and virtue, and as such you
have my best wishes for success.

The history of nature, antiquities,
commerce, agriculture, natural phi-
losophy, police, &c. are plentiful re-
sources from which may be drawn a
rich fund of knowledge and instruc-
tion, necessary to the conveniences of
life, and favourable to our most im-
portant interests.

History, an object of consequence,
is in reality nothing but a collection
of human crimes and miseries; as
such, I have often thought should not
be put too early, and without pru-
dence, into the hands of young peo-
ple. It may give the best of them
too bad an impression of the human
heart, not easily eradicated after-
wards; and others, void of good prin-
ciples,

principles, may be irrecoverably lost to virtue, when they find such and such did so and so, who they are taught to look up to as great men, as heroes, and as conquerors of kingdoms. I only mean to intimate, that, regarding history, a degree of care is necessary to a proper selection.

As impressions made upon the ductile minds of young people prove in general strong and permanent, we cannot too soon shew them the nature of the political constitution of which they are members, and the true extent of the invaluable liberties they enjoy under it. In this view, politics are a useful and necessary part of learning. But let them be taught one

fundamental truth, that virtue alone can support our freedom; they must stand and fall together: that party cabals and violence, by inflaming the minds of men, setting them by the ears, destroying public concord and private friendship, and thus blinding their judgment, are the most effectual means of destroying that magnificent fabric, and probably will at last effect what no private individual durst have attempted.

If the above reflections coincide with your ideas, they may be inserted as a kind of bill of fare, an intimation of what the reader may expect in the course of the publication.

YORK, Jan 20.

E.

The Editors thank the above correspondent for the favourable opinion he is pleased to express of their undertaking, and hope their future conduct will merit his approbation.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE BILLS OF MORTALITY AT YORK.

By Dr. WHITE.

Faithful and accurate registers of the number of births and deaths kept in different places are of great importance to the community. The statesman, the philosopher, and the physician, are equally interested in inquiries which infallibly shew us the real state of the nation, as to population, healthfulness, and, as connected with the latter, virtue and temperance.

It must give great pleasure to a reflecting mind to find, from undeniable proofs, that this nation appears to be, in the above respects, in a general and progressive state of improvement. The births have become more numerous, the deaths fewer in proportion, in almost every place where the registers have been consulted: for proof of this, I refer to the Transactions of the Royal Society, Vol. LVII. LIX. LXI. LXIV. LXV. &c. and to a publication of Mr. Wales, F. R. S. intituled, "An Inquiry into the pre-

sent State of Population in England and Wales," lately published.

It would not perhaps be difficult, and as a physician I could with pleasure attempt the investigation, to discover the various causes to which such effects may be attributed; but here a wide field offers itself to our examination. It will, however, be necessary just to point out such as affect this city in particular, in a subsequent part of this paper.

Mr. Drake, F. R. S. in his Antiquities of York, has given us the number of births and burials for seven years, from August 5, 1728; to August 5, 1735, inclusive. This gave a favourable opportunity of comparing our present state after an elapse of 45 years. In order to this, the different parish registers were carefully examined from January 1, 1770, to December 31, 1776, inclusive: I added the number of males and females for the latter term, which Mr. Drake omitted.

TABLE

TABLE I. The number of births and burials in York, from August 5, 1728, to August 5, 1735.

<i>Different Parishes.</i>	<i>Births.</i>	<i>Bur.</i>
All Saints, Pavement	123	218
All Saints, North-freet	101	111
St. Crux	132	159
St. Cuthbert's	55	80
St. Dyonis	92	106
St. Helen's	113	122
St. John's	136	173
St. Laurence	60	77
St. Martin's, Conyngs-freet	73	110
St. Michael le Belfray	310	327
St. Mary's, Castlegate	150	221
St. Michael, Spurrier-gate	198	216
St. Martin's, Micklegate	92	117
Bishophill the elder	103	117
Bishophill the younger	57	73
St. Maurice	55	158
St. Margaret's	118	147
St. Olave's	147	181
St. Saviour's	70	103
St. Sampson's	188	228
Christ Church	140	119
Trinity, Goodramgate	143	144
Trinity, Micklegate	129	152
Dissenters	18	29
	2803	3488

The burials, therefore, exceeded the births 685 in seven years, or 98 annually.

TABLE II. The number of births and burials from January 1, 1770, to December 31, 1776, inclusive.

<i>Different Parishes.</i>	<i>Births.</i>	<i>Bur.</i>
All Saints, Pavement	240	153
All Saints, North-freet	96	88
St. Crux	146	109
St. Cuthbert's	102	126
St. Dyonis	109	96
St. Helen's	96	76
St. John's	183	124
St. Laurence	97	83
St. Martin's, Conyngs-freet	104	74
St. Michael le Belfray	297	298
St. Mary's, Castlegate	159	210
St. Michael, Spurrier-gate	151	113
St. Martin's, Micklegate	82	98
Bishophill the elder	124	151
Bishophill the younger	121	92
St. Maurice	76	138
St. Margaret's	182	142
St. Olave's	234	296
St. Saviour's	96	108
St. Sampson's	174	184
Christ Church	147	110
Trinity, Goodramgate	161	118
Trinity, Micklegate	122	164
Dissenters	24	24
	3323	3175

Decreased in burials 313, or 44 $\frac{1}{2}$ annually.

Births increased 520, or 74 $\frac{1}{2}$ ditto.

Births exceed the burials 148, or 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ ditto.

TABLE III. The number of births and burials, with the proportion of males and females, annually, from January 1, 1773, to December 31, 1776.

	<i>Births.</i>	<i>Males.</i>	<i>Females.</i>		<i>Burials.</i>	<i>Males.</i>	<i>Females.</i>
1770	467	237	230		417	203	214
1771	451	225	226		485	225	260
1772	490	238	252		508	220	288
1773	474	244	232		499	241	258
1774	453	214	239		382	173	209
1775	490	255	243		488	237	251
1776	498	255	243		396	177	219
	3323	1668	1665		3175	1476	1699

Number

Number of males born in seven years 1666, or 238 annually.

Number of males buried in seven years 1476, or 210 $\frac{1}{2}$ annually.

Number of females born in seven years 1657, or 236 $\frac{1}{2}$ annually.

Number of females buried in seven years 1699, or 242 $\frac{1}{2}$ annually.

TABLE IV. Mortality of the Seasons.

<i>Winter.</i>		<i>Spring.</i>		<i>Summer.</i>		<i>Autumn.</i>	
Jan.	320	April	277	July	223	Oct.	237
Feb.	282	May	265	Aug.	237	Nov.	230
March	316	June	274	Sept.	225	Dec.	292
918		816		682		759	

In order to find the number of inhabitants in any place, where, either from its bulk, or other reasons, a numerical survey cannot be obtained, two methods may be made use of. The first is, multiplying the number of houses by the medium of inhabitants in each. The second is, one recommended by Mons. Mohean, in a work intituled, "*Recherches et Considerations sur la Population de la France.*" He found, by very laborious calculations, that the number of inhabitants may be known by the births, the latter being to the former as nearly 1 to 27.

By an account given in to the House of Commons in March 1781, the number of houses in York subject to the new house-tax was 2285: if to those be added such as were too small to come under the tax, which may probably amount to one-third more, the total of the houses in York will be about 3000. This number multiplied by 4 $\frac{1}{3}$, which is nearly the medium of people in a house, gives 12,750 for the number of inhabitants.

By the second rule we have 12,798 for the number of inhabitants, which is the result of 474, the average annual births, multiplied by 27.

The remarkable coincidence of the above methods of calculation makes it very probable, that, if we estimate the number of inhabitants 12,800, we shall not be far from the truth.

However this may be as to the exact number of inhabitants, it affects

not the principal end of the present inquiry, which is to shew how we are improved in population and healthfulness within 40 years past.

In order to prove this, we must find the number of inhabitants in the year 1735, from TAB. I. We there find the average annual births to be 400; this multiplied by 27 gives 10,800 for the number at that time. This number divided by the average annual deaths 498, gives the proportion of deaths 1 in 21 $\frac{1}{2}$. Such was the state of this city, as to mortality, 46 years ago.

Very different from this is our present situation, the proportion of deaths being now decreased to 1 in 28 $\frac{1}{2}$, which is the quotient of 12,800, the number of inhabitants divided by 453, the present average of annual deaths. This is certainly a great rise in the scale of healthiness. From being near as fatal as London, we have become less so than many country places, as will appear from the following comparative view of the proportion of deaths in different places.

		<i>Dies every year.</i>	
At Vienna	- -	1 in	19 $\frac{1}{2}$
London	- -	1 in	20 $\frac{1}{2}$
Edinburgh	-	1 in	20 $\frac{2}{3}$
Berlin	- - -	1 in	21
Rome	- - -	1 in	22
Amsterdam	-	1 in	22
Dublin	- - -	1 in	22
Leeds	- - -	1 in	22
Northampton		1 in	26

At

Dies every year.

At Shrewsbury -	1	in 26
Liverpool -	1	in 27 $\frac{1}{8}$
Manchester -	1	in 28
York - - -	1	in 28 $\frac{1}{4}$

Hence in 1735, at York it would require 21 $\frac{3}{4}$ years to bury a number equal to that of its inhabitants; but in 1776, 28 $\frac{1}{4}$ years would be required for the same. One-third less die yearly now than in the former period; and we are certainly advancing still higher, for in 1777 the births were more than in any former year, being 516, the burials 464.

As there is no settled manufactory here, there is little increase or decrease of the people by acquisition or emigration, and probably what may happen in either case is nearly balanced by the other.

It appears from TAB. IV. that the summer season is by much the healthiest at York; autumn the next; then the spring; winter being by far the most fatal. Dr. Percival found much the same to be the case at Manchester. At Chester, Dr. Haygarth says November was the most sickly month. The difference in the registers makes it impossible to give the diseases of which the individuals died; yet a general idea of this may be obtained from the same TABLE. By the care and attention of the present Archbishop of this province, this may be easily perfected in future periods.

It appears from hence, that our diseases are chiefly of the inflammatory kind, which physicians know to be the general attendants of the winter and spring months. The disorders of the summer and autumn are more particularly such as arise from putreficiency and acrimony, such as flow and remitting fevers, dysenteries, cholera, and the like, those then being with us the healthiest seasons shew that we are not subject to putrid diseases. Dr. Wintringham has given us an account of the weather and the corresponding diseases at York for 16

years successively, in his *Commentarium Nosologicum*, to which learned work I refer the curious reader for farther satisfaction upon this subject.

Among the general causes of our increasing population and healthiness we may enumerate the introduction of inoculation, which has been the means of saving a number of lives: improvements in the treatment and cure of several disorders, the cool regimen in fevers, the admission of fresh air, the general use of antiseptic medicines and diet, have doubtless had a salutary and extensive influence upon the health of mankind, and have much obviated the malignity of some of our most dangerous diseases. To these may be added a general improvement and greater attention to nature in the management of infants.

After the general causes of healthiness, such as are particular, or of a more local nature, come under consideration. In this respect the city of York has been much improved within a few years past. The streets have been widened in many places, by taking down a number of old houses built in such a manner as almost to meet in the upper stories, by which the sun and air were almost excluded in the streets and inferior apartments. They have also been new paved, additional drains made, and, by the present method of conducting the rain from the houses, are become much drier and cleaner than formerly. The erection of the locks, about four miles below the city, has been a great advantage to it: for, before this, the river was frequently very low, leaving quantities of sludge and dirt in the very heart of the city, also the filth of the common sewers, which it was unable to wash away. The lock has effectually prevented this for the future, by the river being kept always high, broad, and spacious; and has thus contributed to the salubrity as well as beauty of York. In the above improvements, in others that are intended to take place, in the care and

expence

expence necessary to keep in proper repair the public walks about the city, the magistrates have exerted

much public spirit, and have added to the health as well as consulted the convenience of its inhabitants.

☞ *The Editors will be much obliged to any ingenious gentleman for statements (similar to the above) of the population, &c. of the principal towns in this county.*

SAINTFAR AND HORTENSIA. A TALE.

"**H**OW much I regret having been a coxcomb!" said Saintfar to his friend d'Alviane, an officer as well as himself, a coxcomb as he had been, but who felt regret at nothing. "I loved Sophia, and Sophia was worthy of my love. She was indeed, I confess, only a simple villager; but this flower of the fields seemed to have been transplanted from the most brilliant *parterre* of the city: and then Sophia was beautiful; and when a woman is beautiful, she is noble. In short, Sophia loved me; and yet I abandoned her for Arphise, an artful coquette, who wished to subdue every heart, while at the same time she preserved her own. I conquered her; but my conquest soon became burdensome to me: I had satisfied my pride, but my heart had little share in this satisfaction. I already began sometimes to think of Sophia. Our regiment was ordered to Martinico. Here have I resided now for two years, and the image of Sophia still continues to pursue me. Ah! my friend, continued he, cease to be what I have been. We possess only the shadow, while we lose the substance; our enjoyments are fleeting, not permanent. We subject ourselves at least to disagreeable reflections, if we be so fortunate as to escape the pangs of remorse."

D'Alviane made no answer, but burst into a fit of laughter; and after ridiculing his friend for some moments, ran to inform the whole garrison in the island of his conversion. This colony afforded more than one means of dissipating his melancholy. The war was begun. He was engaged in many of the most hazardous expeditions; he eagerly sought after every

opportunity of signalizing himself, he performed his duty in the most wonderful manner; but no sooner were his labours at an end, than Sophia again took possession of his thoughts.

Three years were now elapsed, and the regiment of Saintfar was ordered back to France. They landed at N—, where the principal citizens vie with each other in providing proper lodgings for the officers. M. de Valmont, whose rank exempted him from providing lodgings for any of them, addresses Saintfar, then busied in getting his baggage landed: Would you choose, Sir, says he to him, with an engaging frankness, to accept a lodging from one who will receive you with that openness to which gentlemen of your profession are entitled, and who is himself of the same profession?

Saintfar received with proper acknowledgments this obliging offer. He did not hesitate to accept it. Indeed he hesitated the less upon this account, that he had found, on his arrival, an order which forbade every officer to quit the city. No leave of absence, not even for six months, was at present to be expected. Saintfar forms his resolution immediately. Scarcely is he settled with his new host, when he hastily writes a letter, which he entrusts to one of his servants, upon whose judgment and fidelity he could depend. Go, says he to him, take post-horses, fly with the utmost rapidity; kill the horses, but arrive speedily at the dwelling of Sophia: give her this letter; throw my fortune at her feet, impart to her my sorrows, offer her my homage. Tell her, that my duty not permitting
me

me to fly to her, I invite her to come hither, tell her to fear nothing, not even the tongue of slander. The fortune which I prepare for her will shelter her completely from every malicious reproach.

The messenger departs. Saintfar begins to afflict himself by anticipation, because Sophia could not arrive, at the soonest, in less than a fortnight; and he said to himself, only two hours after the departure of his courier, The rascal is happy; he is already nearer Sophia than I am.

M. de Valmont now made his appearance. You anticipate me, Sir, says Saintfar to him. Business of a pressing and indispensable nature has obliged me to suspend a duty which is no less so. Pray introduce me to Madame de Valmont. With all my heart, replied her husband. She is one of the most excellent women in the world, although perhaps the most lively. She has traversed the seas with me; and I traversed them myself in order to re-establish my fortune, which I had exhausted by conferring too many obligations. I thought to make friends—in a short time I had nothing but creditors. I departed for St. Domingo. There I fitted out a vessel, of which I myself took the command. We were then at war with the English; they have paid for my ungrateful countrymen. I have repaired my losses, am again become rich, and you see that my former friends will revisit me whenever I please.

Madame de Valmont received Saintfar with the utmost complaisance. But where is Hortensia, cries M. de Valmont (Hortensia was the name of their daughter). She is indisposed, replied her mother; but it is only a slight disorder. You shall see her at supper, says M. de Valmont to Saintfar; and you will confess, continued he with the frankness of an honest sailor, you will confess that her charms would not be eclipsed in the most brilliant circle. Saintfar re-

plied, that he did not doubt it; and retired to think of Sophia.

It is time to inform the reader (tho' not Saintfar) that Hortensia was Sophia herself. She was very young when her father and mother embarked for Domingo. They did not wish to expose her to the dangers and fatigues of so long a voyage. She was committed to a person in whom they could confide; who carried her into the heart of a province far distant from the place of her nativity, and who brought her up under the name of Sophia. To enable her the better to bear her fortune, she was never allowed to learn the least circumstance of her birth. It was in this situation that Saintfar had known her. But her situation underwent a total change after his departure. She was brought back to her native city, restored to the authors of her birth, raised to the highest degree of opulence, and elevated to a rank to which she had been unaccustomed, and for which, therefore, she was unprepared. Her attention, however, aided by masters of every kind, and assisted still more by her own happy disposition, soon fitted her for that sphere in which she was designed to move; and bestowed upon her, in less than two years, all those graces and all that elegance which became the rank to which her birth entitled her.

She had recollected Saintfar, without being perceived, at the very instant he arrived in her father's house. This sight had excited the most violent emotions, and thrown her into the most inexpressible confusion. Ah! it is he, it is he! exclaimed she apart! What can I do? What shall become of me? He is to dwell, without doubt, in the same house with me: I shall meet him, in spite of myself, every day—but do not wish him to discover her whom he has despised.

For two days she feigned sickness. But Saintfar, perhaps, might at last ask to be admitted into her apartment, and the careless dress of a sick person

might bear too much resemblance to her original appearance. She formed therefore another resolution; this was to display the most excessive grandeur. Saintfar was instantly struck with the prodigious elegance of her dress, and dazzled with the uncommon beauty of Hortensia, and still more surprised at her striking resemblance to Sophia. Hortensia perceived all his emotions. She wished to rid him even of his slightest suspicions; she assumed that easy, gay, and somewhat assuming tone, which can be acquired only in certain companies. She had all the spirit which she wished to have, and spoke every thing in a way quite foreign to the manner of a villager. Saintfar was fairly routed; and, before the end of the repast, he abandoned every idea of Sophia to think only of Hortensia.

Next day he began to form his plan for conducting this new intrigue. Hortensia had a waiting-maid, who, as is usual with that class of females, loved talking. Saintfar thought he might draw from her some preliminary discoveries. She only answered with her tears.—What is the matter, pretty Agathe? why these tears?—Alas! it is because I know nothing: my young lady trusts nothing to me—Whom then does she trust? her father?—Oh, no.—Her lover?—Much worse!—Whom then?—Her mother? and at this word the tears of Agathe began to flow more plentifully; while Saintfar said to himself, Hortensia's confidante cannot be mine.

This confidante was already informed of every thing; of the first connection betwixt Saintfar and her daughter, of his original designs, and his sudden change. Hortensia had concealed nothing from her. Hortensia, indeed, was still afraid of herself. She felt at the bottom of her heart less hatred than resentment; it was irritated, not healed. She resolved notwithstanding, at the risk of her repose, and even of her happiness, that Hortensia should avenge Sophia.

Her mother encouraged her in the prosecution of this scheme, and pointed out to her the means of accomplishing it. She added to this, that Saintfar deserved no kind of confidence. He abandoned you, he betrayed you, when he thought you condemned to live in a state of obscurity; and he will now love the splendour alone of your present fortune. My mother is right, said Hortensia to herself, and suppressed a rising sigh.

She could not, however, avoid, some days afterwards, a particular conversation with him. He watched so eagerly for an opportunity, that he seized the first which fortune offered him. Hortensia herself, who wished to avoid every kind of affectation in her conduct, did not seek to withdraw. They were walking upon a terrace which looked into the courtyard, and from which they were themselves seen from all the apartments. Saintfar, certain of being heard at least by none but Hortensia, came quickly to the point; and attributed the bluntness of his declaration to the strength of the passion which governed him. Hortensia, on her side, had formed a resolution well adapted to give Saintfar vexation; this was, never to attend seriously to any thing he could say to her. This language, said she, must doubtless be as familiar to you as to your companions; you military gentlemen would think yourselves deficient in your duty to us if you did not talk of love.

Deign, replied Saintfar, to make an exception in my favour; I deserve it. Do you think so? added she smiling. I do more, I beg of you not to doubt it.—Fame tells a very different tale.—Fame alters, and enlarges, and disguises every thing.—It tells a very pitiable story of a certain Sophia, who was so silly, so report says, as to trust your constancy. What! Does this name throw you into confusion? They say, besides, that Sophia was only a milk-maid.

Report,

Report, replied Saintfar, astonished rather than disconcerted, report says true with regard to this last point; but it has indulged itself in too much freedom with regard to the rest: It speaks too seriously of a temporary wandering. I neglected Sophia only for a moment. I was upon the point of returning to her, when an order from the King obliged me to embark in pursuit of other adventures.—Ah! I understand you; Sophia was mistaken when she thought you inconstant.—Why did she not wait?—Yes, I think with you; she alone was fickle. But, now that I think of it, was she handsome?—She was your very picture.—Was that all? This is a better plea in your justification than any you have mentioned. You afflict me exceedingly, replied Saintfar, hesitating. Hear then what I did on my

return. Scarcely was I landed, when I dispatched instantly my domestic, upon whose fidelity and discernment I could chiefly rely. He is gone to offer, on my part, to Sophia every thing that can be offered to a woman whom we esteem, and even respect.—How, interrupted Hortensia with emotion, what do you offer her?—My fortune.—Is that all?—No; I added also my hand.—This offer demands my esteem.—But what is most embarrassing, I am afraid this headstrong rascal, Comtois, will have brought Sophia here to-morrow, perhaps to-day.—Well, he will only have executed your orders.—Alas! when I gave them, I had not yet seen the lovely Hortensia.—Traitor, said she, retiring a little; my mother's opinion of him is but too true.
[To be concluded in our next.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

YORK, Jan. 10, 1786.

AS Posterity will certainly wish to be informed of the progress of Aërostation in this kingdom, I think it will be of use to preserve the different accounts published during the early state of that most wonderful discovery. For it is from authenticated facts that the rise and progress of any new invention can be delineated. The inclosed letter, giving an account of what happened in this city as early as the year 1784, shews that we are not behind our neighbours in liberal enterprize. Your's,

Z. Z.

Copy of a letter from a Gentleman in York to his Friend in London, dated Dec. 1, 1784.

DEAR SIR,

THE discovery of America by Columbus has already effected great revolutions in the history of mankind; but, great as they are, they are small in comparison to what is likely to proceed from the disco-

very of the AIR-BALLOON by Mons. Montgolfier. The inhabitants of this city are, I assure you, become balloon mad—and there are no less than three manufactories already established for the construction of those machines.

A few weeks ago a balloon of 40 feet in diameter went off from St. Helen's-Square, in the basket of which two enterprising gentlemen embarked; but the passengers quarrelling, as supposed, about who should sit uppermost, the ball suddenly descended from a great height and fell into the Foss, where the two unfortunate men were drowned. Their bodies were immediately put into the hands of some gentlemen well skilled in the practices of the Humane Society; but, notwithstanding every thing was done that reason could suggest, or experience justify, not a spark of life could be restored. Some political papers, found in their pockets, gave rise to the supposition that the two unfortunate men had vainly entertained a thought of visiting the Moon. The Coroner's inquest, after

B 2

mature

mature deliberation, brought in their verdict, "The Falling Sickness."

These machines afford an ample field for speculation: The Physicians in this city propose to embark their patients in balloons, by way of change of air, in all diseases of the lungs; and the Bankers have it in contemplation to settle a correspondence with different houses in the Planetary System. But as paper money cannot circulate in the burning regions of Mercury, it is proposed that the intercourse shall be carried on in gold, a metal well known to resist the utmost heat, without the smallest diminution of substance. The Butter and Bacon Factors, a respectable body of tradesmen in this city, confine their speculations to Saturn, a planet very distant from the Sun. Different trades speculate according to their respective employments. Large cargoes of wine, silks, rouge, &c. are getting ready for Venus; swords, pistols, guns, and gunpowder, are preparing for Mars; and a large assortment of political pamphlets, in prose and verse, with all sorts of inflammatory and seditious writings, are making up for Saturn—and the Moon. The Public Brewers have agreed to send one of their body, to learn the method of brewing good small beer—and the Corporation, ever attentive to good eating, have delegated their Cook to accompany him. This last person has orders to inquire whether the Man in the Moon *really* drinks Claret, and, if he does, to inform him that the Corporation of York insist upon his drinking Red Port, as being the best wine to mend his complexion.

To ease the fatigues of the inferior Clergy, and to enable them to perform their duty in a cheap and expeditious manner, an ingenious Habit-Maker in this city has invented a balloon gown, the sleeves of which be-

ing filled with phlogificated air, the wearer instantly ascends, and, if the wind be favourable, will fly at the rate of nineteen miles an hour. It is impossible to enumerate all the advantages that may accrue to society from this unexpected discovery. As a cure for lunacy, a Physician has proposed to the Governors of the Lunatic Asylum to send all melancholic patients to the planet Mercury; and such as are flighty, frantic, and high-spirited, to Saturn. This is a new theory, and the Doctor is so convinced of its truth, that he has engaged to go himself with the first embarkation of Lunatics. It is here generally believed that floating cities, towns, and villages, will soon be constructed in the air, and we hear that a celebrated Calculator (who knows the theory of human nature much better than the practice, and whose visions are likely soon to deluge a once happy country with blood) intends to construct a set of tables for the use of such persons as may choose to underwrite those aerial adventurers.

A very speculative Politician has given it as his opinion, that the people at large ought to look up to these discoveries, as there is reason to fear that they may be the means of increasing the influence of the crown. A settlement in Mars would endanger the liberties of this country, and one in Venus would probably destroy the little religion that is left amongst us.

When we reflect upon the advantages that will probably accrue to the nation from this happy communication with new worlds, we shall have but little cause to lament the loss of America. Neither ought we to repine at the public debt, enormous as it is, since a trade, as beneficial as it is extensive, will soon enable us to discharge it. Thanks to the illustrious Montgolfier! I am, &c.

SKETCH

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LORD MANSFIELD.

TO delineate, in a manner suitable to the subject, the history and character of this nobleman, as it would require much greater abilities than we pretend to, so it would occupy more room than the nature of our undertaking will permit us to bestow upon any one essay. All that we mean to offer is a sketch. Nevertheless, we hope, that even the rough draught of a picture so interesting will be well received by our readers, especially by those who follow the same pursuits which have raised his Lordship to such eminence. Not that we would insinuate that he has pointed out a tract for other men to tread, or that by imitation they may compass what he has attained: We are sensible that none can imitate strength or swiftness but the strong or the swift; nor need any man propose Lord Mansfield for a model, who cannot, by the same giant-stride, command the stops and hindrances of an impracticable way.

Indeed his Lordship's life has been peculiarly fortunate. Almost every new exertion of his talents has added to the lustre of his former reputation. And though the public esteem for his character has sometimes suffered a temporary diminution by the success of the most insidious, though able and well-concerted attacks, yet has he triumphed undefended over them at last: And if we, who are at a distance from the Capital, may be allowed to give our opinion, we think, now that he is retiring from business, and the near prospect of losing him entirely opens itself, he never was so high in the public estimation, and that his name bids fair to descend to posterity honoured with a degree of veneration and respect greater than that which will accompany the most illustrious of his contemporaries: the falsehood and malice, avowed and dis-

avowed, of the enemies to his fame, will be held in detestation.

He was the fourth son of David Viscount of Stormont, and was born in 1704. He received his classical education at Westminster school; from whence he went to Oxford university, where he remained till 22 or 23 years of age. He then began to study law, having entered himself at Lincoln's-Inn, and was called to the bar in November 1730.

For several years he remained in obscurity, till an unforeseen accident brought to light his uncommon qualifications. It was towards the end of a session of parliament, when all the eminent counsellors were out of town, and Murray was employed to plead on an appeal to the House of Lords. His eloquence amazed the House, and occasioned a division; on which there was a majority of votes in favour of his client.

In 1742 he was appointed Solicitor-General; and his practice, which had continued increasing with his reputation, was now so great that there was scarce any cause of consequence in which he was not retained. The office he held made it necessary for him to be connected with Administration; but he always confined his attention chiefly to the duties of his profession, seldom taking the lead in politics. If at any time he interfered, it was not in that ardent, bold, and decided manner, becoming the superiority of his talents, and giving the tone to the assembly in which he sat: he allowed the turbulent and ambitious leaders of faction to retain the ascendant, and possess the helm, tho' none was qualified to dispute with himself the management of the vessel of State. His motives for acting in this manner was supposed to originate in constitutional timidity and irresolution, as he was always extremely cautious of embarking

barking himself in personal disputes, and was alledged to have declined taking up the gauntlet which Mr. Pitt, on several occasions, evidently threw down to him. We cannot help thinking that the worst side of his conduct is exposed in this manner. That he has all along had an aversion to politics, is true; but why from timidity? A man immersed in the employment on which, from the beginning of his life, he had rested his fame, might be averse to distract his attention by other interesting objects; and much, we are convinced, is attributed to his timidity, which could be better explained from his delicacy. When absolutely forced into personal altercation with Mr. Pitt, he never failed to exhibit a striking instance of spirit and eloquence. But men of delicate feelings are too much wounded in such scenes not to avoid them. Their souls are not wrapped up in that well-formed and impenetrable callus, which resists not only the impression of calumny, but the stings of conscience, and the attacks of shame. Some men, on the contrary, (and we fear the renowned Patriot we mentioned a little ago was of this number) are provided with this sturdy buckram of the mind: if they are allowed the unlimited use of illiberal invective against others, they care not what is said of themselves. Poor Murray, we believe, would have thought himself more dishonoured by using such scandalous arts, than by even the most bitter calumnies being poured upon him.

If we may be allowed another conjecture regarding the diffidence of Mr. Murray in his legislative capacity, perhaps his conduct may, in some measure, be accounted for from the principles which, it is said, were imbibed by him in his early youth. Though in our riper years, when reflection, improved judgment, more extensive information, assist us, we cast off our early prejudices; yet these operate by silent and secret means often so strongly as to give a colour and

tinge to our imagination and our sentiments; and while we think their effects are entirely eradicated, they are influencing every action of our lives. Mr. Murray, it is known, was once a Jacobite. The high Tory principles must have obtained an early possession of his mind; and though afterwards he renounced Jacobitism, yet he might be conscious of entertaining some remaining doctrines which were not calculated to gain popularity: or he might perceive that the general complexions of his mind on the subject of government, were, in some measure, different from the great majority and most respectable characters of the nation. His opinion concerning the power of juries; his sentiments on the American war; his uniform decency, as he may think it, towards our gracious Sovereign, in never counteracting him on any occasion, whether right or wrong; we cannot help thinking the effects, in some measure, of those wretched principles which overclouded the lustre of his youthful mind.

As a counsellor, Mr. Murray's success was chiefly owing to the astonishing superiority of his natural abilities. Amidst all his extensive business he was a man of pleasure. He loved company, and indulged himself in the social enjoyments. Nor did he sacrifice his hours of rest, unlike other men in the same situation, who watch while others are at their repose: he threw off his cares in the evening, and lay a-bed all the morning; making it a strict rule, never, on any occasion, to want regular sleep, nor neglect his health. His great quickness supplied the want of labour; and he made some of his most remarkable pleadings after scarcely reading over his brief.

To some this may appear incredible; but though we acknowledge that no ordinary talents could perform it, yet when it is considered, that at this time Murray was always the chief counsel of his side, and had the advantage

vantage in every cause of hearing the pleadings of the junior counsel, it will not appear above the human capacity: after two or three speeches, almost every man has a general view of a subject, and can form an opinion on it. Indeed it requires the promptness of a Mansfield or a Fox to digest these with such expedition, and remember them with such accuracy, as to be able to harangue with force and precision without an intermediate preparation. But such men may be equal to the task; and Murray always executed his part with an ingenuity and persuasive eloquence, which generally not only convinced his own clients of the justice of his cause, but even the opposite part that their plea was groundless. We have heard a noted instance of this, on occasion of a suit depending before the great Lord Hardwicke. Murray had exerted himself with uncommon energy, so as to satisfy not only the whole auditory, but the counsel employed against him, that his client had justice on his side; and the whole court were surprized to find they had been deluded, when the fallacy of his argument was laid open by the unerring judgment and penetration of the Chancellor.

Is it to be supposed that the eloquent Mr. Murray was deceived by his own ingenuity on this occasion? or was he aware of the defects of his argument, though determined to try its effects, like a champion whose only aim is to get the victory? Let those answer the question who enjoy the highest reputation at the bar. The business of a counsellor is not to judge, but suggest. The very argument which is false in the form in which he states it, may, when connected with considerations which had not occurred to him, be forcible and just; the Judge may find these; besides, the Judge must be supposed to be competent to his situation. He is not to be deceived by fine-spun arguments.

His receiving them is the test by which their solidity is proved.

Another astonishing instance of the power of his eloquence we have in the eulogium pronounced on him by Lord Lovat, against whose life he had been pleading. "I have heard him with pleasure, tho' pleading against my life. I heartily wish the country in which he was born may not prove a bar to the promotion his merit entitles him to."

About the year 1747, the Court of London was engaged in a very disagreeable dispute with the King of Prussia, on account of the seizure of some vessels belonging to his Prussian Majesty, laden with naval stores for the use of the French King. Strong remonstrances were made against the condemnation of these ships and their cargoes in our Admiralty Court. The King of Prussia complained of partiality; and stated in a pamphlet, published by his agent, that as the British subjects had a claim upon him for the Silesian loan, we were interested in the decision, and consequently improper judges. The merits of the cause were finally heard before the Privy Council; and Mr. Murray shewed himself to be as great a civilian as any in Europe. He refuted all the arguments of the Prussian agent and their counsel; the ships were finally condemned; and he is supposed to have been the author of a printed answer to all the memorials published by the Court of Berlin on the subject.

Upon the promotion of Sir Dudley Ryder to the office of Chief-Justice of the King's-Bench, in the month of April, 1754, Mr. Murray was made Attorney-General; and on the 25th of October, 1756, he was created a Peer of the realm, by the style and title of Lord Mansfield, Baron of Mansfield, in the county of Nottingham; at the same time he was nominated Chief-Justice of the King's-Bench; and he took his seat in that court.

court the following month, soon after the opening of Michaelmas term. On the 9th of April, 1757, Mr. Pitt having resigned the seals of Secretary of State for the southern department, Mr. Legge also resigned the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer; when Lord Mansfield was appointed, *pro tempore*, till a new Administration could be formed. In the month of January, 1770, by virtue of a commission under the Great-Seal, Lord Mansfield was appointed to supply the place of the Lord Chancellor, or Lord Keeper of the Great-Seal, as Speaker to the House of Lords, in case of the sickness or other unavoidable absence of the Chancellor or Lord Keeper for the time being. And by virtue of this commission his

Lordship has ever since sat as *locum tenens* upon such occasions.

On the 18th of October, 1776, his Lordship was created an Earl of Great Britain, by the title of Earl of Mansfield. Having now gone thro' the line of his Lordship's promotions, we have only to add, that it is generally believed he has repeatedly refused the dignity of Lord High Chancellor of Great-Britain, for which various reasons have been assigned; but that which appears most suitable to his exalted notions of honour and delicacy is, a diffidence of his abilities to render the same service to the State in the court of Chancery as he has done for many years in the court of King's-Bench.

[To be concluded in our next.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

If the following Essay be found worthy of a place in your Magazine, you will shortly receive another production from Your's, &c. T.

ON FLATTERY.

IF we strictly examine into this vice, we must be convinced that the love of flattery arises from that blind conceit which grows up with us; tho' the root of this evil seems to be lodged in the *insincerity* of mankind. From infancy we are continually accosted with epithets of praise: "Indeed you are a fine boy, or a lovely girl, and make charming progress in your learning;" tho' perhaps nature, in the first instance, has not betrayed any particular marks of favour, and perhaps supineness has appeared more conspicuous than diligence, in the latter.

As we advance to riper years, if Providence has allotted us an elevated situation in the world, how are we pestered with this tinkling cymbal, and exalted in ideas by the fawning insinuations of artful visitants! We are endowed with accomplishments never acquired; have merit never obtained; and virtues never possessed. At Court flattery stands at the en-

trance of the palace, and the *congé* passes upon *all* promiscuously.

But may we not construe *modern politeness* into flattery? Are not one half, nay three parts of the compliments we receive, tinged with this fullsome vice? If you are classed with the *beau monde*, can any thing be so ungenteel as freely to disclose your mind? Are you not compelled to praise that which you absolutely dislike; to admire that which you heartily abhor; and censure that which you cordially approve?

If this be flattery, happy is the man that has no claim to it. Plain-dealing is an ornament indeed, but flattery is a pest to any nation. If openness and candour were once rendered fashionable, what a pleasing change should we experience! Princes would then be faithfully served, and subjects would have every grievance redressed, because every grievance would then be known.

TO



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

J. Thompson Scul.^t

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

Quocumque te flexeris, ibi Deum videbis occurrentem tibi. SENECA.

WHEN the enlarged philosopher takes a survey of the construction of the heavens, his mind is impressed with an awful idea of the power and majesty of the Deity, and he bends in silent reverence. But the philosopher who views him through the medium of his lesser works, forms to himself a closer and more pleasing connection!

— *The men*
Whom Nature's works can charm, with
God himself
Hold converse.

AKENSIDE.

It is with a view to recommend the cultivation of this harmonious intercourse, that I here describe the state of a fecundated egg, on the 4th day of incubation. The subject indeed is humble, but the inference to be drawn from it is highly satisfactory and sublime.

Fig. 1. represents the containing and contained parts of an egg, as they appear upon the removal of the fore part of the shell. *Fig. 2.* The shell. *Fig. 3.* The membranes which line the inside of the shell, and inclose the whole contents. *a.* The shell. *b.* The cavity formed by the membranes, in which a small portion of air is inclosed. *c.* The inner membrane. *Fig. 4.* The white, which serves for the nourishment of the chick during incubation. *Fig. 5.* The yolk, with the speck of life and its blood-vessels. *a.* The yolk. *b.* The cicatricula, containing the speck of life. *c. c.* The chalazæ, or twisted extremities of the membrane that surrounds the yolk. Now, if we compare these chalazæ to the extremities of an axis passing through the yolk, we shall find that sphere composed of two unequal portions, its axis not passing exactly thro' its centre. And as the cicatricula, with the speck of life, is always placed on the side of

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the smaller portion, it follows that, in all positions of the egg, during the first five days of incubation, it must be uppermost, and consequently nearest the hen; for the yolk is a body specifically heavier than the white with which it is surrounded.

It is wonderful to observe the attention of Providence to the infancy of animal life, but our wonder is turned into adoration when we observe the same goodness continued thro' all the stages of animal existence. It is in the form of instinct that the finger of God operates during the advanced periods of animal life; a principle that never ceases to act for the preservation, as well as continuation, of animated nature.

Notwithstanding the great care that is taken in the preservation of animal life, it is well known that (to answer a very wise purpose) it is continually suffered to pass into dissolution; but that the SPIRIT of man, so feelingly attached to its Creator, should suffer the same dissolution, is an opinion greatly to be condemned. The comfortable words spoken by Christ to the Thief upon the cross, if received in their plain and obvious sense, cannot but have a good effect upon the morals of mankind. The idea of an immediate PRESENCE, as it is pleasing and comfortable to a good man, so it must be terrible and alarming to a bad one. And this being the case, it surely is ungenerous in any one to endeavour, by metaphysical subtleties, to shake and overthrow a faith that has no tendency but to make us better. Such disquisitions, however learned, seem to intrude upon the peace of mankind, as they go to the establishment of a doctrine that has a manifest tendency to damp the hopes of the dying Christian.

It is to be lamented that there are some men, who, treading the same
 C ground,

ground, carry their speculations beyond this point. Speculations, that insensibly steal from them those hopes and fears which God has assigned as the great springs of human conduct. "Till that cruel moment when the grave closes over those we love, we cannot sufficiently admire the excellence of that religion which teaches us to look beyond it. Ah! my friend, do they act agreeably to their own principles, who contend for the dignity of human nature, and yet believe that the soul of man—advancing daily in virtue and knowledge—aspiring after perfection—longing for immortality—cut off in the midst of its pursuits and wishes—shall share the same fate as the meanest reptile that crawls on the surface of the earth?"

What value can be put upon the sure and certain hopes of falling into the arms of an affectionate wife, or of drawing to our embraces a dutiful

and affectionate child, some time gone before us! The consolation is above all price, and he that robs me of it is as cruel as the man who takes from the sinking mariner the only plank on which he rests his hopes and fears.

If you wish to preserve the warmth of religion in its genuine purity, you would do well to avoid the opinions of metaphysical divines upon the soul of man. For these, to use the words of an author of solid sense, lead to nothing but doubt and darkness. They exhaust the vigour of the mind to no purpose; they extinguish the love of good learning; they withdraw the attention from the concerns of human life, and from those things in nature and art that warm the heart, and elevate the fancy; they pervert the rational powers, they corrupt good principles, and they poison the sources of human happiness.

YORK, Jan. 10, 1786.

H.

NATURAL HISTORY. N^o. I.

Among all the studies which employ the mind of man, none is more pleasing, none more extensive than NATURAL HISTORY. There we contemplate the works of that omnipotent Creator who spake the Universe into being, and whose unbounded wisdom supports every part of it in a beauty and harmony astonishing to the weak capacities of limited creatures. The variety of objects we survey is truly amazing! The surface of our globe is covered with the beautiful productions of the LORD of ALL, and its very bowels are filled with his bounties. The scene is immense, the science absolutely inexhaustible by the utmost stretch of human perspicuity. A single part so far exceeds the faculties of man, that the most diligent inquiries, after a long series of years, have left us only imperfect sketches of those complicated objects which compose it; these sketches we mean occasionally to lay before our readers, and hope they will prove acceptable, as the greatest care will be used in selecting them from the best authors.

ANIMALS OF THE CAT KIND.

OF all carnivorous animals, those of the cat kind are the most pernicious and terrible; for from their peculiar make, they at once unite force and agility, and are equally powerful both by their teeth and claws; but as they want the swiftness of some animals, and the sagacious scent of others, they may be the better avoided, and are re-

duced to a level with the other inhabitants of the forest.

THE LION.

The principal of this sort is the lion, whose head is very large, which is chiefly owing to the extraordinary thickness of the flesh that covers it, and the largeness of the bones of the jaws. The breast likewise appears to be very broad, because

cause it is covered with long thick hair; but in reality it is as narrow and contracted as that of the generality of horses and dogs. For the same reason the tail seems to be of an equal thickness from one end to the other, on account of the inequality of the hair with which it is encompassed, it being more short near the beginning where the flesh and bones are large, and encreasing in proportion to the lessening of the tail. The hair about the neck and breast is not different from that on the rest of the body, unless in length; nor is it pointed like that of many other animals.

He has 14 teeth in each jaw, and in the upper jaw there are six grinders, three on each side. Of the eight remaining there are three nippers on each side, and one dog-tooth. The nippers, or incisors, have two more pointed and longer than the rest, and are not of a shape at all proper for cutting; and therefore they may rather be accounted dog-teeth. Between the large incisors, and the dog-teeth, there are empty spaces to receive the dog-teeth of the lower jaw. The six fore-teeth of the lower jaw are all of the same size, and much alike in shape. The dog-teeth of this jaw are an inch and a half long, and there is likewise an empty space between the dog-teeth and the grinders to receive the dog-teeth of the upper jaw. The grinders of both jaws are of a very different shape; for those in the upper jaw, next the dog-teeth, are small, blunt, flat at the ends, as grinders generally are. The two last on each side are large and flat, with three points, which form a kind of flower-de-luce. The last of the grinders below is the largest, and has but two points; but the two others have three, which grow less as they approach the dog-teeth. The grinders are so placed, that when the mouth is shut they do not meet each other any more than the dog-teeth; for the teeth of one jaw slide on the

sides of the other, in the same manner as the blades of a pair of scissors. This structure of the lion's teeth is common to most of the animals that feed upon flesh.

The neck is very strong, as most naturalists have observed, which is owing to the apophyses of the vertebrae of the neck being tied together with strong hard ligaments, that have the appearance of bones; hence ancient authors that have treated of these animals, have mistaken the whole for a single bone.

The tongue is rough, and beset with prickles as hard as cat's claws, which are hollow in the lower part, and bend back towards the throat. Hence it seems probable, that a lion, tiger, or leopard, cannot lick the hands of a man without tearing off the skin; though several writers have asserted the contrary. These prickles at the base have small round eminences which are a portion of the papillæ of the tongue.

The eyes are bright and shining, even after death; and they are so clear, that the choroid membrane may be seen through the pupil, and appears as if gilt. The conjunctive is black throughout, except towards its extremity near the edge of the cornea, where it forms a white circle. The structure of the paws, teeth, eyes, and tongue, are the same as in a cat, and also the inward part of these two animals nearly resemble each other, according to the observation of the members of the Royal Academy at Paris.

One of the lions which they dissected, though very young, was seven feet and a half in length from the nose to the beginning of the tail, and four feet and a half in height from the top of the back to the ground.

When the lion was opened, the gullet did not appear so wide as to swallow the limbs of other animals whole, as some authors have pretended; for it was but an inch and a half in diameter, the stomach was eighteen

inches long, and six broad, and on the upper and fore part there were two unequal bunches. The whole length of the guts was only twenty-five feet; of which the colon was eighteen inches; the blind gut was three inches long. The pancreas was like that of cats and dogs; and the large glands of the mesentery were like those of the same animals. The liver was divided into eight lobes, as in cats, and was of a dark brownish red colour. The hollow part under the gall bladder abounded with bile, as well as all those that were next it; for which reason it was thought to have occasioned his death. The gall bladder was seven inches long, and one and a half broad. The spleen was a foot long, two inches broad, and half an inch thick; but it was not so black as the liver. The kidneys were almost round, and were three inches and a half long, and two and a half broad; as also of the same thickness. One of them weighed seven ounces and two drachms.

The urethra was not crooked, but entirely strait from the bladder to the extremity of the penis. It was eleven inches long in all; of which three inches and a half only proceeded out of the body; for this reason the lion throws out his urine backward, and does not lift up his leg as a dog.

When the thorax was opened, the mediastinum appeared to have many large vessels, and the membranes, of which it was composed, were pierced like a net; but they were united towards the diaphragm, and to the right of the point of the heart there was a large cavity. The same thing is observable in cats.

The lungs had six lobes on the right side, and three on the left, and all the annular cartilages of the windpipe were an intire circle, except two or three below the larynx. They were four inches in circumference. The heart was dry and without water in the pericardium; it was six inches

long, four broad at the base, and terminated in a sharp point. The ventricles were so large, that the right, which descended as far as the point, caused the thickness of the flesh that covered it to be but a sixth of an inch thick; but towards the base it was little more than half an inch, and the septum was not so much. The auricles of the heart were so small, that the right, which was biggest, was but half an inch in diameter. The brain was but two inches broad any way, and it was inclosed in a skull half an inch thick in the thinnest place, and near an inch on the forehead. The top was raised like the crest of a helmet, because the temporal muscles had their origin there. The pineal gland was transparent, and but a line long, and two thirds of a line broad at the base. The globe of the eye was an inch and one third in diameter, and the cornea was the third of a line thick in the middle, but on the circumference half a line. The iris was of a whitish yellow colour; but the cover of the choroide, called by the French the tapis, was of a yellow gold colour. The chrystaline humour was very flat, and its greatest convexity, contrary to what is common, was on the forepart.

THE LIONESS

Differed from the lion in having no long hair about the neck; but the muzzle was longer, the head more flat, and the claws not so large. She was three feet high to the top of the back; and five feet long from the nose to the beginning of the tail, which is two feet and a half in length. The length of the guts of a lion is twenty-five feet, and that of a lioness twenty-two feet and four inches. The liver is divided into five lobes, and the substance resembles that of cats and tigers, being more full of grains and glands than in other animals. The heart is very large in proportion to the size of the animal; whence appears

pears the falsity of the common opinion, namely, that a large heart is a sign of a fearful animal.

There are great numbers of lions to be found in Asia and Africa, but there are none in America, whatever has been said to the contrary. There is indeed an animal which they call the pumo, and we the American lion; but he is neither of the shape, colour, nor size of that creature. He rather seems to partake of the nature of a wolf, according to the most accurate accounts of the most sensible men that have been in those parts. Besides he is of so fearful a nature that he will run away from a man, and dares not face him whenever he sees one.

All the members of a lion in general express the strength of his body. At the Cape of Good Hope in 1707, a lion carried off an ox of a moderate size over a wall of a considerable height, which is one instance of its prodigious strength. He has also a very majestic gait, with a noble air. He has lively sparkling eyes, with dreadful paws, and his steady pace cannot but excite the attention of the beholder; to which the largeness of his mane does not a little contribute. The bones are not solid as some have pretended, for there is marrow in them, though not so much in proportion as in many other animals.

All his motions are impetuous and his desires vehement; he is however frequently found to despise a weak enemy, and disregard his provocations, as if he reserved his forces only for the hour of danger. When young, he is kind, and even caressing; but as he grows older his passions become more fierce, and, when enraged, he spreads terror and destruction wherever he goes. But for all this it cannot be said that this animal is naturally cruel, as necessity alone prompts him to carnage; he never kills more than he has immediate oc-

casion for, and, when satisfied, he becomes gentle and harmless; while the tiger, wolf, and other inferior animals, kill for the sake of mischief as well as appetite, and delight in unnecessary slaughter. When he meets with his prey he takes it by a bound, and never begins to devour it till it be quite dead.

When a lion is in anger, or oppressed by hunger, he erects his mane, and beats his sides with his tail. On these occasions, if he meets with any man, it is certain death. Sometimes he hides himself behind bushes, so that a passenger can see nothing of him but the motion of his tail, when he is too near to escape from him. But when there is no motion of his mane or tail, he will often let a man pass by him quietly. When a horse or an ox are aware of a lion, they run away as fast as they can; and if the horse has a man on his back, he endeavours to throw him off, that he may fly the swifter. Likewise when a horseman discovers a lion, his best way is to light as soon as he can; because he is generally contented with the horse, and will let the man escape.

Lions are very fierce at the time of following the female, and the lioness when she has brought forth young; and this is the case with all the savage kinds, the passions of each being most violent at those respective seasons. When the lioness is in rut, she is frequently followed by eight or ten lions, who roar and fight round her till one of them becomes victorious over the rest. She always brings forth in the spring, and that but once a year, and never more than three at a time. It was for a long time doubted whether this animal, when kept in confinement, would be prolific; but we have several late instances of their having cubs when confined in the tower of London.

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

Genuine CARDS from two French Milliners, who came to York on occasion of a late Dancing-School Ball.

MADAM JAMBlico present compliment to Madam —, and beg pardon for de liberty she now take. She come from Londres to drefs some lady of high birt to de splendid bal on tomorrow day, and as Madam — be come from de Cour of England, beg to know if de Aurorboreal train be come to Londres, and if de rond hop, or de half rond hop, be in de most habit. Vishes to know if de Semple Zuzee be vorn, and if de high hell or de low hell be in de most habit. Madam Jamblico vill wait upon Madam — at de hour before one to day. Madam Jamblico has a nombre of de new romp dat accomodat vell, and a new brest made by Madam Baptist, which go by spreng.

Nov. 17, 1785.

MADAM GALLINI beg leave to assure Madam —, and all de Lady in York, dat Madam Jam-

blico is a grand chate, and what she fell for de romp and de bomb, is not nor de romp nor de bomb, but tings of very bad kind. What Madam Gallini sell is very soft and very rond; and give no troble to any von. Madam Gallini sell all sort of millinaire, but has but small encorgment from Madam Jamblico lies. She has but fell von small bomb and von small romp for de bal, and one pair spreng pocket, vitch catch de tiff, and bring him to jugement. Madam Jamblico can but drefs lady vit a personne, but Madam Gallini vant but two speak eye, and a mout, to make a fine voman of a bonch straw. Madam Gallini was dis day keck down by a man bete, as she was come to pay devoirs to Madam — vit some romp, but hope to have her command on tomorrow day, at de hour before von.

Nov. 21, 1785.

ANECDOTES OF DR. HENRY MOYES,

THE ELEGANT READER ON PHILOSOPHICAL CHYMISTRY.*

THIS intelligent philosopher lost his sight by the small-pox in his early infancy. He never recollected to have seen: "But the first traces of memory I have," says he, "are in some confused ideas of the solar system." He had the good fortune to be born in a country where learning of every kind is highly cultivated, and to be brought up in a family devoted to learning.

Possessed of native genius, and ardent in his application, he made rapid advances in various departments of erudition; and not only acquired the fundamental principles of mechanics, music, and the languages; but, likewise, entered deeply into the investigation of the profounder sci-

ences; and displayed an acute and general knowledge of geometry, optics, algebra; of astronomy, chymistry; and, in short, of most of the branches of the Newtonian philosophy.

Mechanical exercises were the favourite employments of his infant years. At a very early age he made himself acquainted with the use of edged tools so perfectly, that, notwithstanding his intire blindness, he was able to make little wind-mills; and he even constructed a loom with his own hands, which still shew the cicatrices of wounds he received in the execution of these juvenile exploits.

Whenever he was introduced into company, he continued for some time silent.

* *He delivered his lectures a few years ago in York.*

silent. The sound directed him to judge of the dimensions of the room, and the different voices, of the number of persons that were present: His distinction, in these respects, was very accurate; and his memory so retentive, that he seldom was mistaken. He could instantly recognize a person, on first hearing him speak, though more than two years had elapsed since the time of their last meeting. He determined, pretty nearly, the stature of those he was speaking with, by the direction of their voices; and he made tolerable conjectures, respecting their tempers and dispositions, by the manner in which they conducted their conversation.

It must be observed, that this gentleman's eyes were not totally insensible to intense light. The rays refracted through a prism, when sufficiently vivid, produced certain distinguishable effects on them. The red gave him a disagreeable sensation, which he compared to the touch of a saw. As the colours declined in violence, the harshness lessened, until the green afforded a sensation that was highly pleasing to him; and which he described, as conveying an idea similar to what he felt, in running his hand over smooth polished surfaces. Polish'd surfaces, meandering streams, and gentle declivities, were the figures by which he expressed his ideas of beauty. Rugged rocks, irregular points, and boisterous elements, furnished him with expressions for terror and disgust. He excelled in the charms of conversation; was happy in his allusions to visual objects; and discoursed on the nature, composition, and beauty of colours, with pertinence and precision.

Dr. Moyes was a striking instance of the power the human soul possesses of finding satisfaction, even under the most rigorous calamities. Tho' involved "in ever-during darkness," and excluded from the charming views of silent or animated nature; tho' de-

pendent on an undertaking for the means of his subsistence, the success of which was very precarious; in short, though destitute of other support than his genius, and under the mercenary protection of a person whose integrity he suspected—still Dr. Moyes was generally cheerful, and apparently happy. Indeed it must afford much pleasure to the feeling heart to observe this hilarity of temper prevail almost universally with the blind. Though "cut off from the ways of men, and the contemplation of the human face divine," they have this consolation; they are exempt from the discernment and contagious influence of those painful emotions of the soul that are visible on the countenance, and which hypocrisy itself is scarcely able to conceal.

This disposition, likewise, may be considered as an internal evidence of the native worth of the human mind, that thus supports its dignity and cheerfulness under one of the severest misfortunes that can possibly befall us. Nor is this cheerful resignation peculiar to those who have been blind from their birth; we find it, also, generally prevail with such as have lost their sight, even at a more advanced age; and who must, undoubtedly, feel the misfortune with the utmost anguish. The distressing recollection which memory must present of former enjoyments, we find, however, soon subsides. Gentler and more pleasing reflections succeed. Contemplation takes her residence in her proper province, the human mind; and the blind, submissively and cheerfully resign themselves to the will of heaven, and the benevolent protection of the less unfortunate of their fellow-creatures. And hard, indeed, is the heart of him who will not stretch out his hand to succour the blind; or who, by injustice, illiberality, or unkindness, adds a sting to the conscious dependence to which, whilst they live, they must ever be subject.

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

METHOD TO RECOVER PERSONS APPARENTLY DROWNED.

AS many accidents have lately happened from drowning, it may be useful, particularly at this time, to give a few directions regarding the recovery of such as are apparently so; principally for those who may happen to be near the object, and ignorant of the mode of proceeding, the faculty-being perhaps at a distance.

It is not intended here to enter upon that disputed subject, the proximate cause of death in drowned persons. Suffice it to say, that the vital principle may be suspended in an animal body, from various accidents, for a considerable length of time, and yet be capable of resuscitation from exciting causes, provided that no organ of immediate importance to life be materially injured.

In drowned persons, where the *foramen ovale* is closed, and the contrary is rare after ten or twelve years of age, death is caused by the action of the heart ceasing, which is produced by the stoppage of respiration, and the consequent stagnation of the blood in the pulmonary vessels.

Hence, the rational means of restoring the person, is by such methods as are adapted to rouse the dormant vital principle in the heart, excite its action, and put the blood, now stagnating in the lungs, into motion.

For this purpose, let the body be stripped and put into a warm bed, into a warm bath, if near a brewery, amongst the warm grains, at least near a warm fire; it must be then diligently rubbed with hot flannels, salt, hot grains, or camphorated spirit of wine, as may be most convenient or near at hand.

The smoke of tobacco must, if possible, be injected; or clysters of warm water with some salt, or of warm wa-

ter with a little brandy, rum, or geneva, may be given.

A few drops of *warm vinegar* blown up the nostrils, or a feather moistened in *spirit of hartshorn*, or *sal volatile*, introduced therein, are effectual stimuli, and often very useful in rousing the patient.

But the most important part of the cure is the restoration of the action of the lungs, which, if effected, will soon be followed by that of the heart. In order to this, it is necessary that they should be inflated; and this may be attempted while the measures above recited, for restoring the heat and action of the body, are employed.

In order to inflate the lungs, I shall give the methods recommended by Dr. Monro, who made many experiments in order to ascertain the readiest means of performing it. He found that it may be much more conveniently done by blowing into the nostrils than by blowing into the mouth. That, by the assistance of a wooden pipe, &c. fitted at one end for filling the nostril, and at the other for being conveniently blown into, any person will be able sufficiently to inflate the lungs. A pair of bellows may answer the purpose. It is hardly necessary to observe, that, during the blowing, the other nostril and mouth must be closed, to prevent the escape of the air through them. When the breast is by this means distended, the air must be expelled again by pressing the breast and belly, and thus the natural respiration imitated.

If the lungs cannot be inflated by this means, a crooked tube, as the catheter used for a male adult, must be introduced into the trachea. But as this requires the hand of a dextrous surgeon, it is unnecessary here to enlarge upon it.

W.

P O E T R Y.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR,

BY THE REV. MR. WARTON, POET LAUREAT.

I.

"**D**EAR to Jove, a genial isle;
Crowns the broad Atlantic wave;
The seasons then in mild assemblage smile,
And vernal blossoms cloath the fruitful prime
There, in many a fragrant cave,
Dwell the spirits of the Brave,
And braid with amaranth their brows sub-
lime."

So feign'd the Grecian bards of yore;
And veil'd in Fable's fancy-woven vest a
visionary shore,

That faintly gleam'd on their prophetic eye
Through the dark volume of Futurity:
Nor knew, that in the bright attire they
drest

Albion, the green-hair'd Heroine of the west;
Ere yet she claim'd Old Ocean's high com-
mand,
And snatch'd the trident from the tyrant's
hand.

H.

Vainly flow'd the mystic rhyme!
Mark the deeds from age to age
That fill her trophy-picur'd page:
And see, with all its strength, untam'd by
Time,

Still glows her valour's veteran rage.
O'er Calpe's cliffs, and steepy towers,
When stream'd the red sulphurous
showers,

And Death's own hand the dread artillery
threw;

While far along the midnight main
It's glaring arch the flaming volley drew;
How triumph'd Eliot's patient train,
Baffling their vain Confederate foes!

And met th'unwonted fight's terrific form;
And hurling back the burning war, arose
Superior to the fiery storm!

III.

Is there an ocean that forgets to roll
Beneath the torpid pole?

Nor to the brooding tempest heaves
Her hardy keel the stubborn billow cleaves.
The rugged Neptune of the wintry brine
In vain his adamant breast-plate wears:

To search coy Nature's guarded mine,
She bursts the barriers of th'indignant ice;
O'er sunless bays the beam of Science bears:
And rousing far around the polar sleep,

Where Drake's bold ensigns fear'd to sweep,
She sees new Nations flock to some fell
sacrifice.

She speeds, at GEORGE's sage command,
Society from deep to deep,
And zone to zone the birds;
From shore to shore, o'er every land,
The golden chain of Commerce winds.

IV.

Mean-time, her patriotic cares explore
Her own rich Wool's exhaustless store;
Her native Fleece new fervour feels,
And wakens all its whirling wheels,
And mocks the Rainbow's radiant dye:
More wide the labours of the Loom she
spreads,

In firmer bands domestic Commerce weds,
And calls her sister isle to share the tie:

Nor heeds the violence that broke
From filial realms her old parental yoke!

V.

Her cities, throng'd with many an attic
dome,

Ask not the banner'd bastion, massy-proof;
Firm as the castle's feudal roof,

Stands the Briton's social home.
Hear, Gaul, of England's liberty the lot!—
Right, Omer, Law, protect her simplest
plain;

Nor scorn to guard the Shepherd's nightly
fold,

And watch around the forest-cot.
With conscious certainty, the Swain
Gives to the ground his trusty grain,
With eager hope the reddening harvest eyes;

And claims the right autumnal gold,
The mead of Toil, of Industry the prize.
For our's the King, who boasts a Parent's
praise,

Whose hand the People's sceptre sways:
Our's is the Senate, not a specious name,
Whose active plans pervade the civil
frame;

Where bold Debate its noblest war dis-
plays,

And, in the kindling strife, unlocks the
tide

Of manliest Eloquence, and rolls the tor-
rent wide.

VI.

Hence then, each vain complaint, away
Each captious doubt, and cautious fear!

Nor blast the new-born year,
That anxious waits the Spring's slow-
shooting ray:

Nor

Nor deem that Albion's honours cease to bloom.

With candid glance, th'impartial Muse
Invok'd on this auspicious morn.

The present scans; the distant scene pursues,
And breaks Opinion's speculative gloom :
Interpreter of ages yet unborn.
Full right she spells the characters of Fate,
That Albion still shall keep her wonted
state :

Still, in eternal Story, shine,

Of Victory, the sea-beat shrine;

The source of every splendid Art;

Of old, of future worlds the universal mart.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

To M I R A.

WHERE! where is fled the soul-enchant-
ing scene?

The genial warmth of Sol's enliv'ning ray?

The blooming face of Nature all serene,

The warbling choir that pour'd th' harmon-
ious lay?

Wrapp'd in Oblivion's deep-involving shade,
In Fate's dark scenes, in past events obscur'd,
All, all but me remembrance can evade,
Since none, like me, the pleasing cause ador'd.

But late was seen a more than vernal bloom
Where Winter now resumes his stern domain;
Prolific Spring diffus'd a sweet perfume,
And Flora's offspring deck'd th' enamel'd
plain.

Each breeze bore fragrance on its balmy
wing.

Ambrosia scented ev'ry passing gale;

Glow'd brighter beauties than adorn'd the
Spring,

And pleasures smil'd on ALTON's happy
vale.

Here well might Fancy think Elysium reign'd,
For lovely MIRA blest'd the fleeting hour
That Spring's soft blush each dreary scene
retain'd,

Or radiant Summer's unexhausted store.

But ah! how soon is fled the fleeting joy,

The short-liv'd gleam of transitory bliss!

Scarce rigid Fate allow'd a parting sigh
To mourn the exit of my happiness.

Say ye, who e'er have known a nymph like
mine,

And felt the fond solicitude of Love,

Could you such joys contentedly resign?

Without despair the pangs of absence prove?

Yet more than this my throbbing bosom
knew—

(Superior pangs, superior sorrows claim)

See MIRA snatch'd from my distracted view,
While cruel Sickness tore her tender frame.

Could you, unmov'd, behold your fair one's
eyes,

As down her cheeks the liquid crystal stray'd,
See her soft bosom heave collected sighs,
Which all her anguish, all her pain betray'd?

E'en this I saw, while agonizing Fear
Deny'd my tortur'd heart its wish'd relief,
Till Pity lent the sympathetic tear,
And burst a copious tide of gushing grief.

Nor scorn I still my speechless woe to own—
'Twas Love impell'd fresh moisture to my
eye—

O'er such a scene Humanity might moan,
Insensibility itself might sigh.

But now to know thee well, thy health re-
stor'd,

(For late my ear such pleasing accents
charm'd)

Does more than transport to my soul afford,
Has all my breast to beating raptures warm'd.

Still may Hygia's countless blessings pour!

Benignly smile on ev'ry future day!

Unrival'd Happiness exhaust her store,

And soft-ey'd Peace her hov'ring wing dis-
play!

And, whilst thou tread'st on Life's bewild-
ring maze,

May Guardian Angels ev'ry step sustain!

Then ope at once on thy transported gaze

The scenes where Love and Bliss immortal
reign!

YORK.

ALEXIS.

RESIGNATION.

BE calm, my soul! nor more lament
At Fortune's adverse gale;
Can sighs or tears restore content?
Can grief o'er ills prevail?

When heav'n this mass of earth deforms,
And clouds obscure the skies;
The fix'd foundation braves the storm,
Its boisterous rage defies.

By Faith so fix'd, the virtuous mind,
Of sacred stores possest,
Misfortunes hurt not—calm, resign'd,
Hope cheers the patient breast.

By Hope inspir'd, still may I view
Each joyless day retire!
May Polly's frowns my love subdue,
And damp each warm desire!

So shall I, in Affliction's school,
With care each lesson gain;
Instructed learn each painful rule,
Each precept sound retain.

Then shall no guilty, impious deed,
My innocence destroy;
But Wisdom teach, and Virtue lead,
To happiness and joy.

PAR.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Whitehall, January 24.

THIS day his Majesty came to the House of Peers, and being seated on the throne with the usual solemnity, and the Commons being sent for, opened the session of Parliament with the following speech:

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Since I last met you in Parliament the disputes which appeared to threaten an interruption to the tranquillity of Europe have been brought to an amicable conclusion; and I continue to receive from foreign powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition towards this country.

At home my subjects experience the growing blessings of peace in the extension of trade, the improvement of the revenue, and increase of the public credit of the nation.

For the farther advancement of those important objects, I rely on the continuance of that zeal and industry which you manifested in the last session of Parliament.

The resolutions which you laid before me, as the basis of an adjustment of the commercial intercourse between Great Britain and Ireland, have been, by my direction, recommended to the Parliament of that kindom; but no effectual step has hitherto been taken thereupon, which can enable you to make any farther progress in that salutary work.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I have ordered the estimates for the present year to be laid before you: it is my earnest wish to inforce œconomy in every department, and you will, I am persuaded, be equally ready to make such provision as may be necessary for the public service, and particularly for maintaining our naval strength on the most secure and respectable footing. Above all, let me

recommend to you the establishment of a fixed plan for the reduction of the national debt. The flourishing state of the revenue will, I trust, enable you to effect this important measure, with little addition to the public burthens.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

The vigour and resources of the country, so fully manifested in its present situation, will encourage you in continuing to give your utmost attention to every object of national concern; particularly to the consideration of such measures as may be necessary in order to give farther security to the revenue, and to promote and extend, as far as possible, the trade and general industry of my subjects.

After his Majesty had made his speech, and the Commons were retired, a Committee was appointed to draw up an address of thanks; the House resolved itself into the said Committee, and an address was drawn up, read, and agreed to, and the Lords with white staves ordered to wait on his Majesty, to know when he will be attended therewith.

Jan. 25. The House went in state to St. James's with their address, to which his Majesty was pleased to give the following most gracious answer:

"My Lords,

"I thank you for this very dutiful and loyal address. I receive, with great satisfaction, your assurances, that you will give the strictest attention to the important objects of national concern which I have recommended to your consideration."—
Adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Jan. 24. The House having returned from the Lords, and his Majesty's speech being read by the Speaker,

D 2

Mr.

Mr. John Smyth, after expatiating on the subject of it, moved that an humble address be presented to his Majesty for his most gracious speech from the throne. The address was, as usual, an echo to the speech.

Mr. Addington seconded the motion.

Lord Surrey opposed the address from an entire want of confidence in the present Administration; and moved, as an amendment to the address, that the part mentioning Ireland, &c. should be omitted.

Mr. Fox seconded the motion, and, in a long harangue, expressed his astonishment at a speech from the throne, in which scarce any thing was mentioned; nay, so little did it contain, that it seemed to him as if it were only a compliance with the custom for the Minister to put it into the mouth of the Sovereign. That the revenue is increasing, and the public credit flourishing, is not due to the merits of the present Administration; men of all parties agree in the importance of those objects, and are equally concerned in their prosperity.

Mr. Pitt opposed his assertions relative to the insignificance of the surplus intended to reduce the National Debt; he asserted that he would produce, at the proper period, an account, at which the public should rejoice.

Mr. Francis, Maj. Scott, and Mr. Martin, said each a few words, when the amendment was rejected, and the address ordered to a Committee, to be reported to-morrow.—Adjourned.

Jan. 25. The House met this day, when the only motion before them was, that the report of the Committee to whom it had been referred to draw up an address to his Majesty, should be brought up. There was no opposition given to the motion, but still it gave rise to a short conversation.

Lord Surrey, alluding to that part of the speech which states that a permanent fund might be secured, with very little addition to the public burthen, for reducing the National Debt,

expressed a wish that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would give the House some idea of what that addition was to consist. If it was to be formed from a modification of old, rather than an imposition of new taxes, he said that for one he would have no objection to it.

Mr. Pitt did not think proper to give an answer. Upon this

Mr. Fox said he thought the Minister could not act more injudiciously than by enveloping himself in mystery. The very apprehension of new burthens had already had an effect upon the bank; and until the public should be let a little into the Minister's plan, it was to be feared that the stocks would suffer still more.

After this conversation had terminated, the question for bringing up the report was carried: The report was then agreed to.

A petition from Halifax against the shop-tax was presented to the House, and ordered to lie upon the table.

Ordered an account of the number of vessels sailed from America to Newfoundland; and also vessels with provision from Christmas 1784, to Christmas 1785, to be laid before the House.

Also an account of the amount of the shop-tax to Michaelmas 1785, and from that time to Christmas 1785, and up to January 5, 1786.

A motion was made for "An account of the amount of the duties on all coals imported coastways within Great-Britain, specifying the sums raised at each port, from the 1st of January 1780, as far as the same can be made up, distinguishing each year."

Jan. 26. Lord Courtoun reported, that his Majesty had been waited on, pursuant to their order of yesterday, to know when he would be attended by this House with their address of thanks, and his Majesty appointed this day at two o'clock, at St. James's.

Took into consideration his Majesty's speech, which was read by the Speaker.

A motion was made, that a supply be granted to his Majesty.

Resolved, That this House will, tomorrow, go into a Committee, to consider farther of the said motion.

After which they went up with their address.—Adjourned.

Jan. 27. Took into consideration the motion made yesterday for granting a supply to his Majesty. Came to a resolution that a supply be granted to his Majesty. *Resolved, nem. con.* that this House do agree with the Committee on the said resolution. Ordered the report on Tuesday.

Ordered that leave be given to bring in a bill for confining the trade between the ports of the United States of America and Newfoundland to bread, flour, India corn, and live stock, imported in British-built ships only.

One of the Sheriffs of London presented a petition from the Lord Mayor, &c. against the shop-tax. Ordered to lie on the table.

Received and read a petition from Wakefield against the shop-tax. Ordered to lie on the table.

MONTHLY OCCURRENCES.

L O N D O N.

MR. Meriton, second mate of the Halfewell East-Indiaman, Capt. Richard Pierce, bound to Madras and Bengal, which was unfortunately lost on the Rocks of St. Purbeck, between St. Alban's Head and Peverel Point, near Portland, is arrived at the India-House, and gives the following melancholy particulars, viz.

The pilot had left the ship on Tuesday noon; after which she sailed down the channel with a fair wind till about four on Wednesday morning, when a very hard gale, with a heavy fall of snow, came on, by which the ship received so much damage as to admit six feet water into the hold. About eleven on Wednesday morning, when they thought they were between the Lizard and Start Points, they cut away the main and mizen masts, then wore ship, and endeavoured to make Portsmouth under jury masts. They stood up the channel on Wednesday afternoon, and all the day on Thursday. In the afternoon of the last-mentioned day a heavy gale blew from the south, which by degrees drove them on a lee-shore, in spite of all their endeavours to avoid it. Between one and two on Friday morning they saw land, and came to anchor, at which they rode about an hour; but having either

driven or parted, they then let go the only anchor left them, with which they were unable to bring up the ship, as the hurricane continued to increase. In this state the vessel drove upon the rocks at the Head-Land of St. Alban's, about three leagues to the east of Portland, and in less than an hour was dashed to pieces.

The circumstances attending this unhappy wreck are dreadful in the extreme. Capt. Pierce, a little while before the ship went down, called Mr. Meriton into the cuddy, where his two daughters, two nieces, and three other beautiful young ladies, were clinging round him for protection, and on being told that it was impossible for the ladies to escape, he nobly resolved to share their fate, and addressing himself to his daughters, and enfolding them in his arms, he said, "Then my dear children we will perish together." The ship disappeared in a few minutes. The unhappy wretches who gained the rocks were in a more dreadful situation; they were, by the force of the returning surge, dashed to pieces, except the second mate, who fell into a fissure of the rock, and was some time up to his chin in water.

The chief mate said, in the fatal moment when the second mate was quitting

quitting the ship, that he would die with his uncle, the captain, and his cousins, the Miss Pierces; for were he to leave such dear relatives behind him, he could only expect the worst of deaths, to be discarded for ever from the service!

Mr. Thompson, the quarter-master, was the first who climbed up the rock and got on shore; he saw a light about a mile off, whither he went: the people very humanely came down with him to the shore with ropes, which were the means of saving many lives, though several, after being drawn part of the way up the rock, from fatigue let go their hold, and were dashed to pieces.

The following is an authentic list of those passengers who were lost: Miss Eliza Pierce and Mary-Ann Pierce, daughters of Capt. Pierce; Anne Paul and Mary Paul, nieces of Capt. Pierce; Mary Hoggard, Elizabeth Blackburn, and Ann Mansell.—The two Miss Templars, of Bedford-square, it is said, are also among the ladies which are lost.

Capt. Pierce's daughters, who were drowned in the arms of their father, were going to India to be married to gentlemen of considerable fortunes. The eldest was only 17, and the youngest but 15 years of age.

The following is a correct list of the officers and men who were saved: Mr. Meriton, second mate, Mr. Rogers, third ditto, and Mr. Daniel, sixth ditto; Mr. Duncan Mac-Doual, midshipman, and Mr. Mac-Manus, ditto; 40 of the ship's company, and 25 soldiers.—The few men who have escaped are most terribly bruised, and some have had their limbs broken from being dashed ashore on the rocks. The East-India Company's loss is valued only at about 6000*l*.—Capt. Pierce has left a wife and seven children behind, to lament the loss of a husband and two daughters, a father and two sisters!

Capt. Pierce was the oldest Captain in the service of the Hon. East-

India Company, and proposed to retire, had it pleased Providence to permit his return from this intended voyage.

A Letter from the Hague, dated Jan. 18, says, "Their High Mightinesses have come to a resolution to present his Most Christian Majesty with two ships of the line, one to be called the Alliance, the other the Gratitude, in return for the good offices he has, during many years, and particularly in the recent circumstances, been pleased to exert in their favour, and as a token of their gratitude."

Jan. 28. We have the satisfaction to inform our readers, that the commercial treaty between this country and Russia is settled and signed. This treaty is highly advantageous to England, though not so much so as the former, since Russia has also concluded a treaty with France, by which the French merchants are to have the same privileges in Russia as the English. Formerly we engrossed their markets, and had such peculiar advantages there, that France sent her manufactures to England to be transmitted by our merchants to Russia.

From the late returns made to the Tax-Office, it appears that England and Wales contain houses and cottages which are *exempted* from the window-tax, on account of poverty, to the amount of 284,459; and the number of houses which *pay* the window-tax amounts to 714,911; which together make 999,370 houses and cottages in the kingdom.

The houses having 50 windows and upwards, are stated at no more than 5385.

Of houses in Scotland returned to the tax-office, the number is only 87,734.

Y O R K.

Jan. 13. During the Sitting of the General Quarter-Sessions of the Peace at New-Malton, a most alarming accident happened, by a centre beam which supported the floor, giving way, and

and part of the floor fell in. The court being much crowded, it is supposed 300 people fell into the area upwards of 12 feet. Several persons were much bruised, and ten others received fractures of their legs and arms. Most providentially for the magistrates, a beam supported that part of the court near the bench, but the attorneys, suitors, &c. who sat at the table with their backs to the bar, went down. The counsel, clerk of the peace, his deputy, and attorneys, who sat on the opposite side of the table, under the bench, escaped; in which manner they remained suspended for above 20 minutes, expecting to share the like fate, before any assistance could be given them, or that they were informed of their safety, when they were obliged to be taken out of the windows by ladders. The building was looked upon as an exceeding strong one, not having been built above 30 years, and was one of the best court-houses in the north-riding. On examination it appears that the beam which gave way, tho' of oak, was quite decayed.—It most providentially happened, tho' there was a great concourse of people about the court-house, that no person was under it when it fell in; if any had, they must inevitably have perished.

The justices on the bench were Nathaniel Cholmley, William Strickland George Watson, Thomas Hayes, and Warcop Consett, Esqrs. the Rev. William Dealtry, and the Rev. Bernard Foord, who, with several other gentlemen that were on the bench, escaped unhurt.

Jan. 16. This day at the Guildhall, Thomas Smith, Esq; was chosen Lord Mayor for the year ensuing: At the same time the following gentlemen were elected Chamberlains, viz. Mr. Edw. Bell, Mr. Edw. Benson, Mr. S. Brewster of Newcastle, Mr. John Wormald, Mr. Tho. Tireman, sen. and Mr. John Wriglesworth.

Thomas Cornforth, Esq; is elected Mayor of Richmond for the third time.

Jan. 30. A cowslip is now at Knaresbrough, which was pluck'd on the 24th inst. in the ground of Mr. Jacob Bruce, of South-Stainly, containing 14 stems, 11 whereof have blown exceedingly strong and bold.

Earl Mansfield and Mr. Justice Willes have chosen the northern circuit the ensuing assizes, and Lord Chief Baron Skinner and Mr. Justice Heath the midland circuit.

Wm. Hanson (who was apprehended at Hull, and conveyed to London) and John Lake were examined before Sir Sampson Wright, Knt. and W. Addington, Esq; on suspicion of robbing the Hull mail on the 2d inst. when they were fully committed to Tothill-Fields, Bridewell. Thomas Lake was at the same time committed as an accessory after the fact.

B I R T H S.

The lady of Sir T. Gascoigne, Bt. of a son and heir, at their seat at Parlington.—The lady of the Rev. Geo. Auriel Drummond, son of the late Archbishop of this province, of a son, at Brodsworth.

M A R R I A G E S.

Mr. J. Wilson, attorney, to Miss Brodrick, both of Hull.—Mr. Clubley, confectioner, to Miss Brabbs, both of York.

D E A T H S.

In her 96th year, Mrs. Ann Bland, of Kippax-Park, daughter of Sir John and Lady Frances Bland.—At his seat at Tong-Hall, in Yorkshire, in his 36th year, John Tempest, Esq; major in the Horse-Guards.—Mrs. Hutton, wife of Mr. G. Hutton, merchant in Leeds, and one of the daughters of the late Alderman Matthews of York.—At Hull, in an advanced age, John Booth, Esq; who had been thrice Mayor of that corporation.—At Exeter, Mrs. Wilson, daughter of the Very Rev. the Dean of York, and wife of Richard Wilson, Esq; of Follisfoot, in Yorkshire.—Mrs. Remington of York.

The

The STATE of the WEATHER at YORK,
Beginning JANUARY 1, 1786. (To be continued.)

The commas over the quarter from which the wind blows denote its violence, viz. ' a breeze, " a brisk wind, "' high wind, "" a storm. The same in rain and snow, shew the quantity.

1786.	Barom.	Thermom.	Wind.	State of the Atmosphere.
JAN. 1	— 29.75	— 22	— N. W."	— Snow, sharp frost.
2	— 29.90	— 16	— N. N. W.'	— Snow, intense frost.
3	— 30. 0	— 7*	— E.'	— Hazy, excessive cold.
4	— 29.79	— 16	— S."	— Heavy. Snow."
5	— 29.75	— 30	— S."" †	— Snow.""
6	— 29.05	— 32	— S. E."	— Heavy. Rain.""
7	— 29. 0	— 40	— S. W.'	— Clouded.
8	— 29.40	— 40	— W.'	— Clouds.
9	— 28.86	— 39	— S. E.'	— Heavy rain."
10	— 28.90	— 41	— S.'	— Clouds. Rain.
11	— 28.75	— 41	— S.'	— Heavy.
12	— 29.15	— 40	— W."	— Clouds. Rain.
13	— 29.45	— 37	— N. W."	— Ditto.
14	— 29.55	— 31	— N.'	— Cloudy.
15	— 29.12	— 32	— E."	— Heavy. Snow.'
16	— 29.22	— 30	— N. E.'	— Snow.""
17	— 29.50	— 28	— N."	— Few clouds.
18	— 29.75	— 15	— S. E.'	— Intense frost.
19	— 29.95	— 18	— S. S. E.'	— Ditto.
20	— 29.85	— 29	— S."	— Cloudy.
21	— 29.20	— 35	— S. W.'	— Few clouds.
22	— 30. 0	— 43	— S. W."	— Rain.""
23	— 29.80	— 36	— S. W."	— Few clouds.
24	— 29.65	— 38	— S."	— Misty.
25	— 29.70	— 45	— W. S. W.""	— Heavy.
26	— 29.75	— 44	— S. W."	— Ditto. Rain."
27	— 30. 0	— 45	— W."	— Heavy.
28	— 29.09	— 43	— W." ‡	— Cloudy.

* The Thermometer has not been lower than this for many years.

† A violent storm all the night, which appears by the papers to have been general through this island; much damage done with it to the shipping all over the coasts.

‡ The Helleborus Niger, or Christmas Rose in flower.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Proprietors of this Magazine offer their best thanks to the several Gentlemen who have favoured them with the numerous essays, &c. now in their possession. Such of them as are proper for publication, and are omitted this month for want of room, shall find an early insertion in the future numbers.

The Wonder of Health and the Evening's Thought, in our next.—Phrenzy, a poem, and an Essay by W. C. S.—On False Pleasure—An Hymn to Philosophy, and Winter, a poem, are not sufficiently correct for the public eye.

The Poem on the Lunatic Asylum is a miserable plagiarism from a prologue written a few years ago by Mr. Kemble.—We beg to be excused inserting the Biographical Sketch from N. A. it having already appeared in several neighbouring publications.—The Topographical Rebus is not calculated for our Magazine.

Every communication tending to enrich or improve this work, addressed to T. WILSON, or R. SPENCE, York, will be thankfully received, and duly attended to.

THE
YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE,

For FEBRUARY, 1786.

THE TRIFLER. N^o. I.

Miscuit utile dulci. HOR. Ars Poet.

Profit and pleasure here together mix. FRANCIS.

OF all the inventions which have appeared since the cultivation of letters, nothing seems to lay a greater claim to the attention of the public than a periodical paper; and nothing more fully exemplifies this observation than the repeated encomiums a *Spectator*, a *Rambler*, or an *Adventurer*, have received, and the several imitations they have raised. A periodical paper has all the advantages of variety, time, and place; it affords a continual fund of entertainment, as well serious as comic, both seasonable and local; it enlarges the understanding, without crowding it with superfluities; and charms the heart without palling the appetite. Many valuable, though early geniuses, which are unequal to a more laborious or more useful task, may here indulge their inclinations, or, perhaps, their vanity, in short and animated strains, until time and practice shall mature their understanding, and exchange the warm effusions of a youthful imagination for the more serious and weighty employments of judgment and capacity. Indeed, there have been many men whose whole province was works of this nature, where the imagination and pas-

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sions are to be affected, who have left us nothing beside these valuable remains; yet many of those hours, which would otherwise have been squandered away in idleness and obscurity, were happily employed in composing those precious jewels for the improvement and entertainment of mankind. We had not experienced any considerable loss, if, instead of dry, cold, and accurate narrative, the taste and elegance of Hawkesworth had furnished us with a second *Adventurer*, as Johnson attempted to do with a second *Rambler*. Had we not been better pleased to have viewed the ingenious author of *Roderick Random* dancing in the airy circles of romance, though on the brink of futurity, than amid the barren deserts of chronology, toiling after the drudgery of unsuccessful historians?—*Miscuit utile dulci*, is a saying which a periodical publication comprehends in its largest signification, and which may at once supply the places of a motto and an introduction to the *Trifler*. In this number, therefore, I shall forbear to make any apology for the appearance of a new paper, but content myself with laying out in reality what I have

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sketched

sketched in idea, and must leave my impartial readers to judge of its execution.

It would be at once useless and presumptive to deviate from the general tract of periodical writers, and it would discover a weak and prejudiced understanding to follow the beaten path of any particular favourite. I shall, therefore, neither confine myself to the strictness of a *Rambler*, nor the levity of a *Spectator*; neither awed by the gravity of a Johnson, nor captivated by the gaiety of an Addison:

Virtus in medio est.

As to the mottos, I shall select them as to the various authors I may have recourse to, or as my bare memory may sometimes supply me; and shall give such translations as I find best adapted in the course of my studies: but, as it may sometimes happen, in case I meet with no translation that suits my purpose, either in prose or verse, I shall take the liberty of giving one of my own, as my predecessors have done before me, which the reader will know by the letter F. Or if, at any time, I should be favoured by my friends or acquaintances with either a translation or a paper, I shall give them one general title of A FRIEND, which, it must be remembered, will be the common signature of all such papers, &c. which are not the genuine productions of the *Trifler*.

The numbers, in general, will be rather brief than tedious, rather gay than grave; and since a magazine is the mean through which I purpose conveying my *trifling* labours to the public, the narrow compass to which that is confined must plead for their brevity, and the very nature and intention of such a mean must account for their gaiety. But I would by no means have it thought, that the *Trifler* will contain a repeated fund of light and airy scenes, without a proper mixture of serious and useful digressions; that is far from my in-

tention: a continual series of essays of the same nature, though ranged ever so methodically, and executed ever so masterly, must, in the end, prove disgustful to the reader, and of course considerably lessen the author's reputation. Whenever the same course of objects (though at first sight never so captivating) is repeatedly presented to the view, without an agreeable intermission of novelties, the appetite becomes palled, and no longer possesses a relish for what was once so charming and desirable. A garden of variegated flowers captivates more than a long range of trees, whose prospects must be equally dull, and whose shadows are always the same.

If the sentiments and dispositions of mankind have not been considerably changed since the commencement of this century, I flatter myself no inconvenience will arise from the insertion of some poetical lucubrations, which I shall now and then take the liberty of doing, provided they are short and delicate, as well to vary the scene, as to oblige a friend: But, lest the world should censure me on this account, let it reflect, that entertainment depends upon variety, and variety in a great measure on surprize; and that entertainment (as I mentioned above) will be rather the purport of the following papers than information; but entertainment itself, when enforced without variety, and enjoyed without even hopes of intermission, becomes at length tasteless, and perhaps irksome. But, when the attention is suddenly snatched from the noisy impertinences of the town to the soft securities of solitude, the mind is agreeably surprised with the change, and returns with fresh vigour to its wonted amusements: But, on the contrary, when that mind is seriously employed in the contemplation of any favourite object, when all its faculties are engaged in exploring the depths of antiquity, or bewildered in the mazes of enquiry, to draw aside the attention
by

by the dazzling charms of temporary amusement, would be to break that train of ideas which it might be as tedious to re-assemble as difficult to re-unite. But this is not the case at present; speculative philosophy is the province of philosophers; let the *Trifler*, content with the appellation he assumes, amuse himself *amid the lower employments of life*, with this pleasing reflection, that there has been a time when he no more thought himself capable of writing such a paper as this, than he now thinks himself equal to what an Addison or a Johnson have written before him.

But, perhaps, the female part of my readers are now waiting impatiently for my opinion of them, and whether I intend to employ any of my speculations either as their *Advocate* or their *Enemy*. I must confess, I have frequently indulged my vanity so far, as not only to profess myself an advocate for the generality of them, but even in some measure to think myself their favourite; and could never be brought to a belief that innocence and beauty are two opposite endowments, or that modesty and constancy are not the active characteristics of the fair sex. But if I should ever have occasion, from the irresistible impulses of love on the one side, and the cruel stubbornness of beauty on the other, to reverse these sentiments, it may happen, that my belief in their depravity may be equally strong as my prejudice in their favour is now universal. But such an occasion as this is, I hope, will never offer itself to the heart that now dictates, or the hand that now writes, either that the one may be obliged to regret, or the other erase, what is now written; nor so opposite a change be wrought in one, who, while he strongly believes in the universal power of love on the human feelings, as strongly denies (what has been so frequently asserted) that beauty can be so cruel, or the heart of woman so stubborn, as to hear the

piercing groans of a dying lover without any visible emotions of pity and distress; this may be reckoned a frailty, but it cannot be reckoned a fault: and even if it were a fault, *to err is human*; and since *to err* is not confined to any certain rank of the human species, but even *the best may err*, surely an error of so slight a nature as this is will rather be imputed to the frailty of our natures than any breach of our morality; nor will it either cast any reflection on the character of the *Trifler*, nor draw upon him the censure of gravity or strictness. By this time, I suppose, my fair readers will have great reason to conclude, that *not* a few of my speculations will be taken up in the contemplation of their perfections, and the improvement of their weaknesses, by exalting the transcendent beauties of the one, and exposing to public view the fatal consequences of the other.

Thus I have given the full intention of my present design, as far as I could be able to comprehend its extent; how much I shall fail in the execution, time and patience must determine. But let it be remembered, that I have not the vanity to hope, from so trifling a production as this is, any degree of success equal to what may be expected from more extensive and more laborious employments; that even the *smallest* attention will deserve my *greatest* respect; and that a *tolerable* share of commendation will be fully adequate to the utmost extent of my labours.—But, perhaps, there are some who may find their expectations disappointed, and themselves displeased, at this first specimen: Let them, in pity to the inscription I have taken, contain their censure till the perusal of some future numbers, when the improvement, which time and application must naturally ensure, may take away their former prejudices, and claim some share of their approbation. And, perhaps, there are others who, at the very sight

of the inscription, will immediately pass it over without allowing it even a bare perusal, considering themselves no ways obliged to throw away their time in what is professedly *trifling*: of this rank I shall hope to have very few, when they recollect, that, if the grave author of the *Rambler* was content to *idle* away so many valuable hours of his time for the instruction and amusement of the public, surely a person of these days may not be ashamed to *trifle* away some portion of his time (which, perhaps, had otherwise been spent in total inactivity and obscurity) in humble imitation of so glorious an original. And as there are frequently found, concealed in a

pair of mouldy, moth-eaten covers, many precious remains of antiquity, many interesting lights to posterity; so, under the appellation of the *Trifler*, many scenes of amusement may be contained, and many useful observations on life may be gathered.

With these considerations, therefore, I commit the fruits of my labour to the public, requesting that, before they resolve upon any rash conclusions, they will favour me with an attentive perusal, and seriously consider the nature of my design; for neither the eye can be offended at what it never saw, nor the ear be grated with what it never felt.

SAINTFAR AND HORTENSIA. A TALE.

[Concluded from our last, p. 11.]

AT this very instant a noise is heard in the court-yard. I am ruined, says Saintfar to Hortensia: Comtois is arrived, and Sophia doubtless not far distant. Hortensia wished to enjoy the utmost extremity of this panic terror. I hope, says she to Saintfar, that you will not intrust me with only the half of your secret. I want to hear Comtois; I wish to see Sophia, if he brings her: I will do more, for she shall stay in the same apartment with me. Saintfar trembled all over; but he must obey.—Comtois is called; he comes up to the terrace in boots, and protests to his master that he has completely fulfilled his orders. So much the worse, says this last to himself. Comtois went on: I have, as you ordered me, outrun the post; I have almost killed the horses, the postillion, myself, and every thing. Well! says Hortensia, with an air of eagerness. Well, I arrived, continued Comtois, at the door of Sophia; I knocked twenty, thirty times, in a manner enough to have overturned the house. Nobody answered; and for a good reason—nobody was within. How!—Is it possible! exclaimed Saintfar, while Hor-

tensia turned aside to smile. I applied, continued Comtois, to her neighbours, that is, to those who dwelt about a quarter of a league from her house. I was informed, that one clear night the aunt and the niece had decamped secretly, and that they had never since heard a word of either one or the other of them. After all, says Saintfar, the fate of Sophia distresses me. For the rest, do you go refresh yourself, and take a little repose. Comtois departed, and, as he left them, looking at Hortensia, My master is cooled pretty well, whispered he to himself, on the quarter from whence I come; he may perhaps have grown warm on this.

Hortensia had no doubt of this; but she was not over-grateful on that account. You see, madam, says Saintfar to her, that I could neither foresee nor prevent the disappearance of Sophia. She does not seem to distress you much, says Hortensia to him. The military school is not the school of constancy; nor does it teach lessons of attachment to a first and humble love. But for all this, Sir, you may again find Sophia; what will you do then? I have already anticipated that objection,

objection, says Saintfar; I have answered it too, and I continue to answer, that you alone are the occasion of all the evil of which you accuse me. Hortensia was going to reply; but the arrival of her mother put an end to the dialogue.

Business called Saintfar elsewhere, and he politely took leave. Madame de Valmont was soon informed of every thing she had not learned before. This is an additional reason, said she to her daughter, for putting Saintfar to the trial on which we have agreed. The side he shall espouse will determine our conduct.

What if he should hesitate? replied Hortensia, sighing.—If he hesitate, he deserves not to be regretted. The time is now favourable; your father sets out to-morrow, and will be absent three days; this is time sufficient for us. Agathe herself may be of use on this occasion. She is fond of talking, and I know that Saintfar often questions her: I wish, for the first time, to put it in her power to give him some information.

Saintfar slept little the following night. The event of his new intrigue occupied all his attention. Sophia herself too frequently rushed upon his memory. What is become of her? What is she doing? Is it a lover who has carried her off? or is it misfortune that pursues her? I grieve for her unhappiness; I would wish to relieve her. Yes, I feel that I esteem Sophia; but I feel still more that I love Hortensia.

He wished ardently for a second interview with her. He used to go every morning to pay his respects to Madame de Valmont; and presented himself at her apartment about eleven o'clock. You see me, says she, in a very perplexing situation: my husband will be absent yet for two days; my daughter is very ill, and I am obliged to dismiss her waiting-maid instantly. Saintfar inquired eagerly what was the matter with Hortensia. A dreadful head-ach, a devouring fe-

ver, replied Madame de Valmont. Then at least, said Saintfar, you must in this situation leave her Agathe.—Agathe is already discharged; I have found a person who suits me better in every respect. I have strong reasons for not keeping Agathe a day longer: with regard to that, I shall take care of her as long as she shall have need of me.

Saintfar retired and met Agathe, who burst into tears. What, do they send you away? says he to her.—Alas! yes, Sir.—Why?—I know not. You know they never tell me any thing. It is true I listen, that is my way; and I heard they were going to put in my place one Sophia, a little country girl, who is as like my young lady as one drop of water is to another. What do I hear! exclaimed Saintfar, and retired in a hurry.

Can it be possible, said he to himself; can it be possible that this should be the Sophia whom I knew, whom I loved, and whom fortune has reduced to this humiliating condition? I will watch her steps; I will see her, speak to her; I will prevent her disgrace and mine.

He charged Comtois, and another faithful domestic, to watch together, and to inform him if a young person from the country, who was very like Hortensia, presented herself in the house. They did not wait long. A domestic of Madame de Valmont came to invite him to her apartment, when Comtois entered, crying, There she is! Saintfar burst out of the room, and was soon in the anti-chamber, by which Sophia was to enter. She appeared. It is she! he exclaimed: these are her eyes, her features; it is her whole person; it is even her manner. Sophia looked at him with astonishment, then with terror. Alas! it is he, said she, with a faint and melancholy tone: why have I come hither? Why must I see him yet again?

Charming Sophia, said Saintfar, renounce your intentions of servitude. You have still a friend. I offer you,

to save you from this disgrace, every thing which fortune has put in my power.

And I, for my part, refuse it all, said Sophia: keep your riches. I rejected your offers at a time when I believed you sincere. I know you better; judge, judge yourself, whether I should accept them now.

Consider, replied he eagerly, consider what you yourself accept. What! Sophia descend so low! I know nothing that is base, replied she, except infidelity; nothing that is disgraceful, but falsehood. You have despised me, after having endeavoured in vain to seduce me. You first made me know tears, with which I was before unacquainted. I have paid dear for the satisfaction I received in seeing you and listening to your love. I have suffered so much, that I have nothing now to fear; and then sobbing a little, I hope that my lady, continued she, will be a good mistress.

You overwhelm me, cruel girl! replied Saintfar. What a word have you pronounced! What! you, Sophia, you who have seen me prostrate at your knees; shall I, can I see you abandoned to the most humiliating offices? Choose a retreat; let it be in the city or in the country; near or at a distance: command there, I can this moment furnish you with the means: I engage even never to appear there, if you demand it. There you will find happiness and repose. It is not in servitude that you can meet with it.

My happiness, says she, shall consist in forgetting you. My repose—It is long since I have lost it.—Perhaps I may recover it: Adieu, Sir, continued she, in a soft and melting tone; my new condition may not perhaps be without its vexations, but I feel myself strong enough to support them: you have accustomed me to greater. Having said this, she entered into the apartment of Madame de Valmont; and Saintfar in despair retired to his.

He remembered, however, that Madame de Valmont had desired him to wait upon her; but he excused himself, by saying that a sudden illness obliged him to keep his room.

This visit could not be dispensed with. He had met the pretended Sophia; he had spoken to her: it was all they wanted. Hortensia recounted to her mother the whole detail and result of this interview. You see, says Madame de Valmont, that Hortensia is still an overmatch for Sophia: you cannot be secure if Sophia do not at length prevail over Hortensia.

Saintfar, on his side, was confused and agitated in the extreme. The illness which he had feigned became real. He determined, however, to make an effort; and waited next day upon Madame de Valmont. She was at her toilette. What does he see? Sophia equipped with a large white apron, a comb in her hand, and in the attitude of a waiting-maid who is just going to begin one of her functions. This is what I will not suffer, exclaims he. Quit, my dear Sophia, quit this dress, which was never meant for you. What, Sir! says Madame de Valmont, with an air of astonishment, do you pretend to take away my waiting-woman? She is not made for this employment, replied he with vivacity: Sophia was born to command, at least she is worthy of it. For God's sake, Madam, send her back.—Do not disgrace her! do not humble me!—Truly, Sir, I understand nothing of what I either see or hear. Answer me, Sophia, and be sincere. Do you know the gentleman?—Yes, Madam.—What right has he over you?—None.—Had he any before?—Perhaps—or rather, I confess it, he had. But he has spared nothing to lose them, and he has lost them. Consult your heart sincerely, added Madame de Valmont; are you fully resolved to attach yourself to me?—Yes, Madam, and for ever. Honour me with your goodness;

ness; you never shall have a more faithful servant.

This is too much! exclaimed Saintfar; this is too much! I am vanquished, subdued. Yes, my dear Sophia, continued he, falling at her feet, I have wronged you; I confess it, and I will expiate my faults. An error separated me from you; I was returning to you again: a second error had nearly driven me from you once more; I now return to you for ever. My heart is again your's, let your's again be mine, and accept the hand which I offer you.

Ah! my mother, cried Hortensia, throwing herself into her arms; what must I do? what must I do? Command; but at the same time pity your daughter!—Your mother! cries Saintfar, in his turn; amazed, and almost distracted.—Yes, Sir; Sophia is my daughter, and Sophia is Hortensia.—How happy I am!—But what do I say?—Shall I be happy?

M. de Valmont entered at this very instant. I have finished my business, said he, sooner than I expected, and returned immediately. It is a pleasure too great to be delayed to find myself again with my wife, my daughter, and my friend.—But what means this air of confusion and embarrassment? And why is Hortensia thus disguised?

He was informed of the reason of all this; as also of many other things of which he had hitherto been ignorant. Well, what think you of it? says Madame de Valmont. Must we reject Saintfar? For my own part, this is not my opinion. Nor mine, replied M. de Valmont; and I believe I may answer for Hortensia, that it is not her's either.

Hortensia kissed her father's hand, then her mother's, and cast a tender glance upon Saintfar. How happy am I! cried he; I obtain her whom I love; and she whom I love cannot refuse me her esteem.

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

THE ORDER OF THE LEAFING AND FLOWERING OF THE DIFFERENT TREES DESCRIBED BY MR. EVELYN, INTENDED AS A DIRECTORY FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WHO WISH TO COLOUR THE PLANTS FROM NATURE.

1. OAK. **T**HE oak has male and female flowers upon different parts of the same tree. The flowers come out about the 14th of April, and the leaves make their appearance about the 20th. The acorns are ripe in autumn.
2. ELM. The flowers of this tree blow about the beginning of April. The leaves appear about the middle of the month, and the seeds are full ripe about the middle of June.
3. BEECH. This tree has male and female flowers on different parts of the same plant. The leaves come out in April, and the flowers appear in May and June. The mast, or fruit, is ripe in autumn.
4. HORNBEAM. This tree has male and female flowers on different

parts of the same plant. The leaves come out about the middle of April, and the flowers are in full blow about the end of the same month.

5. ASH. The flowers of this tree are hermaphrodite and female on the same, and on different plants. They come out in April and May. The leaves are fully displayed about the middle of May.
6. CHESNUT. The chesnut is a species of beech, and has male and female flowers upon different parts of the same tree. The leaves are out about the end of April, and the flowers appear about the middle of May. The fruit is ripe in the autumn.
7. HORSE CHESNUT. The flowers of this tree appear early in June, and

- and the fruit is ripe in autumn.
8. WALNUT. The flowers of this tree are male and female upon different parts of the same plant. They appear in April and May. The leaves are full out in May, and the fruit is ripe in October.
 9. WHIREBEAM. The flowers appear in May and June, and the fruit is ripe in autumn.
 10. WILD SERVICE. The flowers appear in May and June, and the fruit is ripe in autumn.
 11. BLACK CHERRY. The flowers of this tree are in full blow in May, and the fruit is ripe in August and September.
 12. MAPLE. The flowers of this tree come out about the middle of April, and are in full blow about the beginning of May. The leaves come out about the 18th of April, and the seeds are ripe in autumn.
 13. SYCAMORE. This tree is a species of maple, and flowers in the same manner.
 14. LIME-TREE. The flowers of this tree open about the middle of May, and are in full blow about the middle of July. The leaves come out about the 12th of April, and fall off early in autumn.
 15. POPLAR. This tree has male and female flowers upon two distinct plants. These appear about the beginning of May, the male flowers first, and the females about a week after. In five weeks after flowering the seeds are ripe.
 16. QUICKEN TREE. The leaves of this tree come out in April, and the flowers are in full blow in May. The fruit is ripe in October.
 17. HAZEL-NUT TREE. This tree has male and female flowers upon different parts of the same tree. The male flowers appear about the middle of September, and the female flowers open about the first week in February. In a month they are in full blow, and the fruit is ripe in September.
 18. BIRCH. The birch has male and female flowers upon different parts of the same tree. The catkins are formed about the end of September. The leaves are out by the beginning of April, and the flowers blow about the middle of the same month.
 19. ALDER. This tree being of the same class with the former, observes nearly the same time of leafing and flowering.
 20. WILLOW. The willow has male and female flowers on separate trees. The leaves are fully out in April and May. The flowers appear in March and April.
 21. YEW. The yew has male and female flowers generally on separate trees. These appear about the end of April, and the berries are ripe in autumn.
 22. HOLLY. The flowers of this tree are white, and come out in May. The fruit is ripe about Michaelmas.
 23. SCOTCH FIR. This tree has male and female flowers upon different parts of the same plant. The flowers come out in April and May. The male flowers are collected in conic bunches, and the females are in close cones containing the seeds, which are ripe in November.
 24. WEIGHMOUTH PINE. Ditto.
 25. SILVER FIR. Ditto.
 26. SPRUCE PINE. Ditto.
 27. The LARCH. Ditto.
 28. The CEDAR. Ditto.
 29. MULBERRY. The mulberry has male and female flowers upon separate parts of the same tree. The leaves come out about the end of May, soon after which the flowers appear. The fruit is ripe about the middle of September.
 30. OCCIDENTAL PLANE-TREE. The flowers of this tree are so small as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye. They are male and female upon different parts of the

the same tree, and come out in spring.

31. ORIENTAL PLANE TREE. Ditto

32. CORK TREE. This is a species of oak, and the flowers are, in like manner, male and female upon different parts of the same tree.

33. STRAWBERRY TREE. The flowers of this tree appear in the

months of October and November. At the same time the fruit of the former year is full ripe upon the tree.

34. HAWTHORN. The flowers come out in May, and the fruit is ripe in September. The flowers at first are white, but afterwards change to a delicate flesh colour.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LORD MANSFIELD.

[Concluded from our last, p. 16.]

IN the course of presiding nearly 31 years in the sovereign court of justice, it is impossible for any man to have avoided censure and calumny; and perhaps the greater the genius, and the more strictly impartial the conduct of a chief justice of all England, the more liable he may be to incur popular odium, and to experience every sort of disappointment, malice, and resentment. The office itself is in some measure rendered obnoxious, because it takes cognizance of, and severely punishes, offences, which the people in general, from mistaken notions of civil liberty, are apt to consider in a less criminal light than that in which the law places them.

As a judge, he has almost uniformly attracted the esteem and admiration of the public. The prompt decision on the most difficult cases which came before him, evinced that his judgment equalled his ingenuity. He grew extremely popular; men of all ranks thought they saw in him a barrier against every civil wrong. He had supported the utmost integrity and purity of morals; and his judgment was thought to approach infallibility. He received the most flattering marks of the public approbation.

During the administration of the Duke of Grafton, the popular discontent increased exceedingly. Lord Mansfield, the most respectable among those who countenanced the ministry,

was consequently a prominent mark for the opposition. Junius, the only instance of a newspaper champion, whose writings have by the elegance and vigour of the style outlived the heat of the hour, attacked him with virulence and success. Junius was read and admired for his abilities, even by those who saw through and detested his arts; but the bulk of the nation were deceived by his misrepresentations. He is read to this hour, and will be read perhaps as long as elegant English is held in any value. Lord Mansfield's popularity declined: it was remembered that he was a Scotchman, and had been a Jacobite; the two characters most obnoxious to the popular prejudices of the time.

The subject on which Junius made his grand attack was the opinion which Lord Mansfield entertained on the powers of a jury; different in appearance, but very little so in reality, from that of his contemporaries. His doctrine amounted to this, That the law did not properly fall under the decision of the jury; yet, if they chose, they might likewise give verdict upon that as well as upon the fact: but it is now generally received, even in the united parts of the kingdom, that they are sovereign judges of both. His Lordship's doctrine on libels we entirely subscribe to. *A thing may be true and yet a libel*; a plainer proposition cannot be conceived. The good name of any man may be blasted (however fault-

less he may be) by *telling the truth*. Even those demi-reps in character, whose half-virtues yet in some measure adorn and strengthen society, ought not to be left to the mercy of *the truth*; which may always be so artfully managed in the display, that it is, if possible, more malicious and wicked, and even more *false*, if we may be allowed the expression, than falsehood itself: but *non tali auxilio*.

More open and avowed attacks were afterwards made upon Lord Mansfield; of which the most celebrated was that of Mr. A—— S——, agent for the unsuccessful party in the famous Douglas cause. It is curious to reflect how great an effect Mr. S——'s letters had upon a considerable part of the public, considering the foundations upon which that gentleman rested his hypothesis. We shall not, however, enter more into this question than to observe, that his chief grounds of crimination against Lord Mansfield were, 1st, Paying any regard to the evidence of a witness *whom all the judges on the same side thought unexceptionable*. 2dly, Attacking his, Mr S——'s, conduct, *when the same judges to a man had done so*. 3dly, Deciding against the filiation in the Anglesea cause, which Mr. S—— insisted was the same, *when the two causes had no correspondence either in the proof or in the point of law*.

But it would be wasting the time of our readers to give an account of every attack that has been made upon his Lordship. We have no doubt that time will obliterate the most of them entirely, from the able and pointed efforts of Junius and Mr. S—— down to the miserable attempts of the biographer of Sir William Blackstone. It is not to be supposed that Lord Mansfield is perfect, because humanity is not capable of perfection; but he certainly is far above the pitiful tricks and fruitless crimes which these prejudiced and angry writers have imputed to him. In

other respects his character is well intitled to that lasting and unsullied fame, which we make no doubt it will receive.

The last remarkable incident which happened to him was the burning of his house during the riots in 1780. That there was a design upon his life, is certain. Lady Mansfield and others of his family asked allowance to leave the house and pass through the crowd in safety: "Let them go, (said a leader of the multitude) *it is not them we want*; but where is Lord Mansfield?" To be marked for destruction by the flagitious, is an honour. The daring and ambitious nobleman, who was suspected as a prime mover in these disturbances, and then anxiously hovered round the capital like a bird of prey, while his friends and dependents were in secret and suspicious situations in the city, was, it is known, an inveterate enemy to Lord Mansfield.

Soon after the riots, several interesting questions arose concerning the duties and powers of the civil magistrate in the application of a military force for preventing popular disturbances or dispersing the rioters. The legislature had on former occasions been extremely puzzled upon this subject; and the famous riot act, which required that it should be read over before proceeding to force against the rabble, or even before any degree of criminality was supposed to be incurred by the rioters remaining assembled for the worst purposes, was no doubt extremely defective. For an active mob could generally prevent the act even being read, or, while it was reading, commit the intended mischief; or they might continue assembled, though not exactly in the same place. Then the concurrence of a magistrate was held necessary, who could not always be found: and if the rioters were numerous, a sufficient number of magistrates could not be procured to authorise the military in every quarter. But Lord Mansfield,

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at once, by a novel, but seemingly just doctrine, solved the difficulty. He asserted, that in a riot every man was a magistrate, and could prevent mischief even by shedding blood. We believe that his Lordship's sentiments were generally assented to; a circumstance which proves to us how high his authority must be, and the great confidence given to his opinions. If we are not mistaken, his Lordship, on an after-occasion, led the public in an affair of the greatest consequence

which this country has been engaged in since the revolution. We have been informed, that it was he who first discovered the objection to Mr. Fox's India bill, which became afterwards so popular a topic; and that the sanction of his opinion was one of the chief causes of its becoming so. Whether he was right or wrong on this point, we will not pretend to determine; but we cannot think, if it be true, that he is so unpopular as some would fain represent him.

A NARRATIVE of the LOSS of the HALSEWELL EAST-INDIAMAN being just published under the authority of Mr. HENRY MERITON and Mr. ROGERS, the two chief officers who happily escaped the dreadful catastrophe, we have extracted from it the following affecting account of the last tender scene, where the afflicted father is pressing to his bosom his mournful daughters in the moments of their impending fate:

THE ship was driving fast on shore, and those on board expecting her every moment to strike; the boats were then mentioned, but it was agreed that at that time they could be of no use, yet, in case an opportunity should present itself of making them serviceable, it was proposed that the officers should be confidentially requested to reserve the long-boat for the ladies and themselves; and this precaution was immediately taken.

About two in the morning of Friday the 6th, the ship still driving, and approaching fast to the shore, Mr. Meriton went into the cuddy, where the Captain then was, and a conversation took place. Capt. Pierce expressed extreme anxiety for the preservation of his beloved daughters, and earnestly asked the officer if he could devise any means of saving them; at this dreadful moment the ship struck with such violence as to dash the heads of those who were standing in the cuddy against the deck above them, and the fatal blow was accompanied by a shriek of horror, which burst at one instant from every quarter of the ship.

The seamen, many of whom had been remarkably inattentive and remiss in their duty great part of the storm, and had actually skulked in their hammocks, and left the exertions of the pump, and the other labours attending their situation, to the officers of the ship and the soldiers, roused by the destructive blow to a sense of their danger, now poured upon the deck, to which no endeavours of their officers could keep them whilst their assistance might have been useful, and, in frantic exclamations, demanded of heaven and their fellow sufferers, that succour which their timely efforts might possibly have succeeded in procuring; but it was now too late. By this time all the passengers and most of the officers were assembled in the round-house, the latter employed in offering consolation to the unfortunate ladies; and, with unparalleled magnanimity, suffering their compassion for the fair and amiable companions of their misfortunes to get the better of the sense of their own danger, and the dread of almost inevitable annihilation Capt. Pierce sitting on a chair, cot, or some other moveable, with a daughter on

each side of him, each of whom he alternately pressed to his affectionate bosom; the rest of the melancholy assembly were seated on the deck, all of them tolerably composed.—At this moment, what must be the feelings of a father—of such a father as Capt. Pierce!

But soon a considerable alteration in the appearance of the ship took place, the sides were visibly giving way, the deck seemed to be lifting, and other strong symptoms that she could not hold together much longer; Mr. Meriton therefore attempted to go forward to look out, but immediately saw that the ship was separated in the middle, and that the fore part had changed its position, and lay rather farther out towards the sea. In this emergency, when the next moment might be charged with his fate, he determined to seize the present, and endeavour to make his way to a shore, of which he knew not yet the horrors.

Among other measures adopted to favour these attempts, the ensign-staff had been unshipped, and attempted to be laid from the ship's side to some of the rocks, but without success, for it snapped to pieces before it reached them; however, by the light of a lanthorn, handed from the round-house, Mr. Meriton discovered a spar, which appeared to be laid from the ship's side to the rocks, and on this spar he determined to attempt his escape. He accordingly laid himself down on it, and thrust himself forward, but he soon found that the spar had no communication with the rock. He reached the end of it, slipped off, received a violent bruise in his fall, and, before he could recover his legs, he was washed off by the surge, in which he supported himself by swimming, till the returning wave dashed him against the back part of a cavern, where he laid hold of a small projecting piece of the rock, but was so benumbed that he was on the point of quitting it, when a seaman, who had already gained a

footing, extended his hand, and assisted him till he was out of the reach of the surf.

Mr. Rogers, the third mate, remained with the Captain near twenty minutes after Mr. Meriton had quitted the ship. The Captain asked what was become of Meriton? and Mr. Rogers replied, he was gone on deck to see what could be done.—After this, a heavy sea breaking over the ship, the ladies exclaimed, "Oh! poor Meriton, he is drowned! had he staid with us he would have been safe;" and they all, and particularly Miss Mary Pierce, expressed great concern at the apprehension of his loss.—On this occasion Mr. Rogers offered to go and call in Mr. Meriton; but this was opposed by the ladies, from an apprehension that he might share the same fate.

At this moment the sea was breaking in at the fore part of the ship, and had reached as far as the main-mast, and Capt. Pierce gave Mr. Rogers a nod, and they took a lamp, and went together into the stern gallery; and, after viewing the rocks for some time, Capt. Pierce asked Mr. Rogers, if he thought there was any possibility of saving the girls? to which he replied, he feared there was not. The Captain sat down between his two daughters, struggling to suppress the parental tear which then burst into his eye.

The sea continuing to break in very fast, Mr. M'Manus, a midshipman, and Mr. Schutz, a passenger, asked Mr. Rogers what they could do to escape? who replied, "follow me;" they then all went upon the poop; and whilst they were there a very heavy sea fell on board, and the round-house gave way, and he heard the ladies shriek; at that instant Mr. Brimer joined the party, and seizing a hencoop, the same wave, which proved fatal to those below, happily carried them to the rock, on which they were dashed with such violence as to be miserably bruised and hurt.

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At the time Mr. Rogers reached this station of possible safety, his strength was so nearly exhausted, that had the struggle continued a few minutes longer he must have been inevitably lost.

They could yet discern some part of the ship, and solaced themselves, in their dreary stations, with the hope of its remaining entire till day-break; but, alas! in a very few minutes after they had gained the rock, an universal shriek, in which the voices of female distress were lamentably distinguishable, announced the dreadful catastrophe; in a few moments all was hushed. The wreck was buried in the remorseless deep, and not an atom of her was ever after discoverable.

Thus perished the Halsewell, and with her, worth, honour, skill, beauty, amiability, and bright accomplishments; never did the angry elements combat with more elegance; never was a watery grave filled with such precious remains. Great God! how inscrutable are thy judgments! yet we know them to be just; nor will we arraign thy mercy, who hast transferred virtue and purity, from imperfect and mutable happiness, to bliss eternal!

What an aggravation of woe was this dreadful, this tremendous blow, to the yet trembling, and scarcely half-saved wretches, who were hang-

ing about the sides of the horrid cavern! Nor were they less agonized by the subsequent events of this ill-fated night; many of those who had gained the precarious stations which we have described, worn out with fatigue, weakened by bruises, battered by the tempest, and benumbed with cold, quitted their holdsfasts, and tumbling headlong either on the rocks below, or in the surf, perished in sight of their wretched associates.

At length, after the bitterest three hours which misery ever lengthened into ages, the day broke on them, but, instead of bringing with it the relief with which they had flattered themselves, served to discover all the horrors of their situation; the only prospect which offered, was to creep along the side of the cavern, to its outward extremity, and on a ledge, scarcely so broad as a man's hand, to turn the corner, and endeavour to clamber up the almost perpendicular precipice, whose summit was near 200 feet from the base.

The first men who gained the summit of the cliff were the cook, and James Thompson, a quarter-master. By their own exertions they made their way to the land, and the moment they reached it, hastened to the nearest house, and made known the situation of their fellow-sufferers.

CHARACTER OF LORD ROBERT MANNERS,

LATE COMMANDER OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP THE RESOLUTION.

IN a country, like this, which has long laboured under the calamities of war, it is but natural to look back upon the events by which it was terminated, and to make some enquiry after those to whom we are indebted for the return of peace; and this not with the view of informing ourselves whether the conditions by which it was obtained were or were not adequate to our situation, but with a grateful remembrance of those, without whose signal courage and vigorous exertions, we might not have been

able to have insisted on any conditions whatsoever.

The victory gained by the British fleet on the 12th of April, 1782, was unquestionably of the greatest importance to this kingdom, and in the highest degree contributed to our present repose. Those brave men, therefore, who then fell in the service of their country, claim our most grateful remembrance, and all the honourable testimony which the living can pay to departed worth.

Among

Among these was Lord Rob. Manners, a young nobleman remarkable for his naval genius, and the many excellent endowments both of his person and mind. In the following pages it is designed to lay before the public some anecdotes of this heroic young commander, who fell in their service; sacrificing the ease of his former situation, the indulgences of a splendid fortune, and the pleasures of private society, to the dangers of a perilous element, and the honourable hazards of a military life.

Lord R. Manners was the youngest son of the late Marquis of Granby, by the Lady Frances Seymour, daughter of Charles Duke of Somerset. He was born the 5th of February, 1758, and placed with his brother, the present Duke of Rutland, at Eaton school, in which great feminary of education he acquired a complete knowledge of the classic authors, for which he ever after retained an excellent taste, and bestowed many hours in the perusal of their most admired compositions. His mind, however, was found to be active, vigorous, and enterprising, and his genius evidently adapted to his station. His intreaties, when he was fourteen years old, prevailed over the apprehensions of his grandfather, the late Duke of Rutland, and obtained his permission to enter upon his profession in the navy, giving that the preference to the land-service, to which he might be conceived to have had an hereditary bias, as his father so long commanded the army of Great Britain with singular reputation.

So early a dedication of himself to the severity of naval discipline, and so full a resignation of all the pleasures which his age and rank might have led him to expect, in places where he was admired for his accomplishments, and beloved for his disposition, is of itself a subject of no inferior praise, and ought to be distinguished from the reluctant compliance of those who are called into danger, by the urgency of their circumstances, or

the importunity of their friends; this alone might secure him from the oblivion which waits upon the many millions who in every century take their turns upon this stage of human life, and depart undistinguished by the performance of any actions eminently great or good.

The first three voyages of Lord Robert were made to Newfoundland, with Lord Shulldham, to whose care he was committed, and under whom he served as a midshipman; after which he went in the same capacity to the Mediterranean, in a frigate, and visited many of the different courts of Italy; on his return to England, he was appointed Lieutenant on board the Ocean, a 90 gun ship, commanded by Captain Laforey, in which rank he was present at the action of the 27th of July, off Ushant, under Admiral Keppel, who, a few days after the action, took him to his own ship.

His next appointment was to a Lieutenancy on board the Alcide, in which he served in the action off Gibraltar, when Lord Rodney gained a complete victory over the Spanish fleet, commanded by Don Juan de Langara; and immediately after this Lord Robert was appointed Captain of the Resolution, which ship he commanded in nine separate actions, before that glorious, but fatal one, which put a period to his life.

There is perhaps but little to be gathered from this account of his various promotions, and the steps of an almost certain advancement, in the line of his profession; but it is necessary to remark what all, with whom he sailed, are unanimous in declaring, that Lord Robert was equally excellent, if not equally conspicuous, in the inferior stations, as in the more exalted; a continual attention to his duty, joined with a real knowledge of the service, where his claims to promotion, and a constant care and precision in the discharge of his subordinate stations, were the great causes

causes of his speedy progress to the rank of a commander.

Lord Robert, in his return from Gibraltar, in the *Resolution*, engaged and took the *Prothé*, a French line of battle ship, going to the East-Indies: the *Resolution* was then ordered to America, and continued there till Lord Rodney sent for her to the West-Indies: at St. Eustatius, the *Mars*, a Dutch frigate, struck to the *Resolution*; after which she was detached, with the squadron under Lord Hood, to cruise off Martinique.

Some time after this, in an engagement between Admiral Graves and the French fleet, off Martinique, on a confusion of signals, which prevented the rear of our fleet coming to action; Lord Robert broke the line of battle, bore his ship into the centre of the enemy, and so narrowly escaped in this dangerous attempt, that a part of his hat was struck off by a grape-shot.

In one of the three engagements off St. Kitt's, (in all which he was eminently distinguished) he, together with Capt. Cornwallis, supported the commander of his division, Commodore Affleck, with such unshaken fortitude and perseverance, that those three ships beat off the whole French fleet, and protected the rest of their own; a circumstance which Lord Hood mentioned in his letter to the Admiralty, with high terms of eulogium.

His last action was that memorable one on the 12th of April, when the *Resolution* engaged very desperately nine or ten of the enemy, in breaking through their line, which she did the third ship to the Admiral. It was in this attempt that Lord Robert had both his legs shattered, and his right arm broken at the same instant, the former by a cannon-shot, and the latter by a splinter: his mind, however, remained unsubdued; for neither at that, nor at any future period, neither when he was under the most painful operations, nor when he became sensi-

ble of his approaching fate, did he betray one symptom of fear or regret.

It was with great reluctance he suffered himself to be carried to the surgeon's apartment, and he objected to the amputation of his leg, because he had conceived it would prevent his continuance on board his ship; but being assured to the contrary, his objections ceased, and he permitted the surgeon to proceed: at this time all his thoughts and enquiries were directed to the event of the day, which being soon after announced to him, every consideration of his own misfortune was suspended, and he both felt and expressed the greatest joy and exultation in a victory so important to his country, and so fatal to himself.

Being persuaded to return to England, he was removed on board the *Andromache* frigate; but before he quitted the *Resolution*, he ordered every man, whose good conduct had been remarkable during his command, to come into his cabin, where he thanked him for his attention to his duty, and gave each a present of money, as a token of his particular regard: on his leaving his ship, he asked whether the colours of those which had struck to the *Resolution*, during his command, were in his baggage, but suddenly recollecting himself, and being conscious that his motive for the question might be imputed to vanity and ostentation, he begged leave to retract it, hoping that an idea so weak would be buried in oblivion: it was natural for a young hero to make such an enquiry, and his reflection on having made it, would have done honour to the oldest.

Lord Robert's behaviour, during the short remainder of his life, was singularly great; his conversation was cheerful, and his mind serene; his fortitude never forsook him; he betrayed no signs of impatience, nor suffered his resignation to be broken by ineffectual wishes, or melancholy regret:

regret : these he left to his survivors, who deeply feel them ; he had given himself to the service of his country, and forbore to indulge any fruitless expectations of living, when the purposes of life were completed, and the measure of his glory filled up : his attention to the lives of his seamen had made him previously acquainted with the nature of his own case, and the fatal symptoms that so frequently follow : before these appeared, he was busied in planning future regulations and improvements on board his ship ; and afterwards, he himself first acquainted his surgeon with their appearance, he prepared for his approaching fate with the utmost calmness and composure of mind ; and having settled his worldly affairs, with his accustomed regularity and dispatch, he ended a life of glory with resignation and prayer.

So fell this brave young nobleman, on the 24th day of April, 1782, having, at the age of twenty-four years, served his country in eleven general actions.

His eulogium was loudly uttered in the grief and lamentation of the whole navy ; victory appeared too dearly bought, while they considered the price which was paid for it ; and indeed, such was the attention of this nobleman to the welfare of the seamen, as well as to the order and regularity of the fleet ; such was his skill to find out, and resolution to reform abuses, that the loss of such a commander may be regretted, when the victory in which he fell shall cease to be mentioned.

The person of Lord Robert Manners was worthy of such a mind ; he was tall and graceful ; strong and active ; his features were regular, and his countenance beautiful, without effeminacy ; his eyes were large, dark, and most expressive ; his complexion inclined to brown, with much colour, which remained unimpaired by the West-India climate ; indeed, his whole appearance commanded

love and respect, and was a strong indication of superior merit.

Lord Robert possessed, in an eminent degree, the happy art of gaining the affections of his men, while he preserved the strictest discipline among them ; nor is this his greatest praise ; for while he was admired by the officers of every rank, for his affability and engaging deportment, he was trusted by the highest in command, and consulted by many, who judged his great skill and attention in the line of his profession, more than balanced their longer experience.

The bravery of Lord Robert was accompanied by a disposition tender and merciful ; his obligations to use severity were punishments to himself ; and he was always unhappy in feeling the necessity of bestowing correction ; yet his lenity was always judicious, and seldom ineffectual : he had once the opportunity of pronouncing pardon on thirteen offenders ; (who were a part of sixty-four, condemned in several ships for mutiny) on which occasion his feelings overcame his power of utterance : he began with representing to them (who were ignorant of the intended grace) the nature of their crime, and the punishment due to it ; but when he came to speak of the offered mercy, he partook of their sensations, and could only deliver it by bursting into tears : it is but just to remark, that these men were truly sensible of the worth of such a commander, and were afterwards conspicuous for their good behaviour among the best seamen of the navy.

Lord Robert, however he possessed the virtue, was without the weakness of a tender disposition ; he was grave, prudent, and reserved, never speaking his opinion but upon sure grounds, and then at proper times, in the company of his select friends, or when truth and justice called upon him to rescue an action or a character from suspicion or reproach ; yet his reserve was not of that kind which damped his love for society ; he was

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of a convivial turn; generous, condescending, and benevolent; emulating the humanity as well as bravery of his father, and his father's house.

His chief study was that of his profession, in which he read and understood the most approved authors, not neglecting other kinds of reading, in some of which he was peculiarly and wonderfully versed; some indeed which might be thought foreign to his pursuits, if any can be so thought, to the vigorous and comprehensive mind which he possessed: in short, he seemed to be deficient in no qualification which might render him the best private friend, and one of the greatest and ablest officers this, or any other country, has produced.

To crown all his virtues, he had that of unaffected diffidence, being perfectly modest in his opinion of himself, and an enemy to all ostentation: he never listened to his own praise, but either forbade any to speak of the honour he so well deserved, or withdrew from the applause which he could not suppress. This disposition continued to the last, when he conversed with the same unaffected ease; and wishing to write to a friend, he made use of his left hand, and gave him an account of his situation in

terms brief, easy, and affecting, because most unaffected, discovering the greatest magnanimity of soul, by not taking any pains to have it discovered by others.

Nor is this eulogium to be considered as proceeding from any partial regard, or prepossession; the testimony of public gratitude, which was voted in the House of Commons, is a sufficient proof of the national sense of his merit; but the many private relations of his virtues, could they be universally diffused, would place him in a still stronger point of view; these are given by men whose testimony is voluntary and disinterested, whose experience could not be deceived, and whose eminence in their profession must entitle them to every degree of credit and attention.

Such is the character of Lord R. Manners; and these anecdotes of him are related from the best authority.

Those who knew him well, will think themselves indebted for the intention; and by those who did not, little apology, it is hoped, will be wanted for making them acquainted with the worth of a brave and heroic young nobleman, who was an ornament to their country, and died in its defence.

OBSERVATIONS ON DIET,

BY THE LATE DR. FOTHERGILL.

NOTHING is of so much consequence to invalids, and the more delicate of both sexes, as attention to quantity.—There are many people who seem to be possessed of such powers of digestion as to be under no restraints on that account, and who never feel themselves incommoded either with quantity or the most heterogeneous qualities of their food. They rise from the most plentiful mixed and rich repasts, without any kind of apparent uneasiness. But this is not the case with the generality. They are affected with uneasiness, some in one way, some another, by

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the unnatural load. And how often do we hear such complaining of the ill effects of this or that particular kind of diet, when, perhaps, their sufferings arise from the quantity of all, rather than the disagreement of any!

It demands attention to observe that just medium, and no less resolution to keep to it, which the stomach invariably points out in respect to quantity. The *how much* must be determined by every individual; and those who are happy enough to abstain at the first sensation of satiety, have made great progress in the art of maintaining

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maintaining such a command of appetite, as, under most chronic indispositions, is one of the greatest aids of recovery, and, in health, is one of the surest preservatives against them.

It is a doctrine, however trite and familiar, which cannot be too strongly inculcated; as a neglect of this attention to the quantity of food proportioned to the necessity of each individual, is sooner or later followed with the most serious consequences. To the strong and robust inflammatory diseases happen, and all such as proceed from plenitude and acrimony combined, as the gout, and many other chronic indispositions. To the more tender and delicate, it is the parent of a numerous progeny of distempers affecting both body and mind: there is scarcely a malady that can be named, which either does not originate from this neglect of diet, or is not increased by it, till the disease at length bids defiance even to temperance itself and all prescription.

What renders this attention to invalids of this order still the more necessary is, that they are often subject to a false appetite, to a craving that does not arise from the demands of health, but from the morbid piquancy of the juices in the stomach, which prompts them to eat more, and more frequently, than nature requires. Whence it happens that such people are often disposed to take in much more than can be digested; to devour their food, rather than eat it; by which means their sufferings are increased, the disease gains ground, defeats every purpose of the physician, and leads them into some permanent and incurable malady.

And should the patients have admitted an opinion (and such an opinion occurs but too often) that their recovery will be aided by taking in a greater share of food, their misfortune is complete. These are not ideal traits in the history of the sick; they are known to be but too true by every

physician of observation; and they cannot be mentioned too often, or with too much fervency, for the sake of those who are liable to become the victims of appetite or inattention.

Early habits of self-command are of the utmost benefit to all; and even those who do not feel any immediate distress from the utmost repletion at present, would find it their interest to be moderate and discreet.

The customs of countries, in respect to meals, are different. Breakfast, dinner, and supper have been, in this country, habitual. Suppers, at present, are discouraged among the affluent; and excessive ones, such as have been in use among our ancestors, very probably with good reason; yet there are some constitutions to which this practice may not be beneficial: two very moderate meals, at a suitable distance, may perhaps be digested with much more ease than one full meal, and be made more consistent with the duties of life in various situations. From observation I am led to suspect, when people assure us they eat no supper, that it would be better for them if they did, than to oppress nature with a cumberous load, that may be much more detrimental.

The general breakfast of people, from the highest to the lowest, is tea, coffee, or chocolate. I say general, because there are many exceptions; some for one reason, some for others, making choice of other substitutes, as their inclinations or opinions guide them.

To the articles I have mentioned, bread of some kind, with more or less butter and sugar, are commonly joined to make up the meal. We are often asked, and not improperly, what our opinion is of these articles respectively, in respect to their being more or less wholesome? Perhaps the most pertinent answer in common would be that which is reported of the late Dr. Mandeville, of famous memory, who being often the convivial guest (I think it was) of one of the first Earls of Macclesfield,

Macclesfield, was frequently interrogated on the subject of diet: Doctor, is this wholesome? Does your Lordship like it? Yes. Does it agree with your Lordship? Yes. Why then it is wholesome.

Perhaps this is the best direction that can be given, provided we can caution the enquirer against the *too much*.

From many incontestible proofs that butter in considerable quantities is injurious, it is less used in many families. It is found, by many, to be very difficult of digestion, especially when toasted before the fire, or fried, as well as in sauces. Many people, apparently robust, and whose organs of digestion are strong, often find themselves much disordered by large quantities of butter. Nothing more speedily and effectually gives the sick head-ach, and sometimes within a very few hours. After breakfast, if much toast and butter has been used, it begins with a singular kind of glimmering in the sight; objects swiftly changing their apparent position, surrounded with luminous angles, like those of a fortification. Giddiness comes on, head-ach, and sickness. An emetic and warm water soon wash off the offending matter, and remove these disorders. These are circumstances that often happen to people who are inattentive to the quantity of butter they eat at breakfast, and which are very often attempted to be cured by very different remedies, and improper ones. A sudden giddiness, let it arise from what cause it may, and it arises oftener, I believe, from some disorder in the stomach than from all other causes put together, is a sufficient motive to call the surgeon, who must have a large share of disinterestedness and skill, not to be compelled to bleed the patient, sometimes under circumstances that do not admit of it with impunity.

A moderate quantity of fresh butter, with bread exposed as little to

the fire as possible, or not at all, but used cold, appears to me to be wholesome: it is capable of becoming, with the other aliments, as soft and inoffensive chyle, perhaps, as any part of diet.

The same thing may, perhaps, be said of coffee as of tea; the heat, the strength, and the quantity make it unwholesome or otherwise. There are nations who almost live upon it, as others do on tea; amongst neither do we meet with diseases that can justly be ascribed to these ingredients in the common course of living.

Chocolate may seem to require more consideration. It is, as we all know, the fruit of a tree growing in the West-Indies, ground into a paste with other ingredients, and serves as a repast to multitudes of people of all conditions. It has not been observed, I believe, that those who, in this manner, make chocolate a part of their food, are subject to any particular distempers. It may be considered, therefore, as a wholesome kind of breakfast to those who like it, and with whom it agrees. It is of an unctuous nature, therefore little or no butter should be used with it. Were it commonly made thinner than is the general practice, and a large portion of milk added, it would seem to be much more proper for common use, than as it is generally served up at present.

To all these, sugar is for the most part a necessary addition; and, perhaps, much depends upon the quantity of this addition, whether they are to be styled wholesome or otherwise. Nothing is more common than to hear persons complaining of the heart-burn after breakfast, ascribing it to the tea, or other articles they have been drinking. The liquors themselves have no share, or very little, in producing this complaint. It arises from the bread, the butter, the sugar, in conjunction; and is a proof that more of some of these, or all of them together, has been taken

than the stomach could digest: and this circumstance ought to be a standing monitor against excess in quantity, even of things deemed the most inoffensive.

Coffee, perhaps, is an exception to what was said above, that the liquors themselves have little or no share in producing the heart-burn. Coffee made sweet seldom fails to produce it: and it would be right to use as little sugar with it as possible.

The effects of improper conduct in respect to those things which now constitute our breakfasts, are of little consequence, compared with those which arise from the well-covered table at noon. The indulgences of breakfasts supply but very few materials for destruction. The repeated excesses at dinner, are serious affairs. It has been thought, that more people suffer by hard drinking than immoderate eating. My observation leads me to take the opposite side. At present, indeed, the former practice is generally banished to the vulgar; but whilst it prevailed to the utmost, it seems to me that more were

injured by excess of diet, than of drinking. But leaving this to other enquiries, I haste to a few observations on a subject very interesting to the generality of mankind.

Though I think the quantity of food is a matter principally to be regarded, yet the quality is not a matter of indifference. I am not to be ranked among the robust and athletic; perhaps I am a good deal below the middle point of general strength.

It was necessary for me to observe some management in respect to my own health, and to attend to the *juvantia* and *ledentia*, yet without adopting it as a rule, that others ought to live as I found was most consistent with my strength and ability. A great part of my life has been spent amongst the infirm and invalid: it was easy, it was necessary to observe what kind of diet, what kind of conduct was proper to be attended to by the generality. From this source I have endeavoured to draw instruction; and for the benefit of such, these reflections are offered.

[To be concluded in our next.]

OPULENCE. A DREAM.

I Found myself one day in the laboratory of a chymist. A little pale man was standing in a thoughtful posture near a furnace, on which was placed a vessel of red copper.—The reverberation of the fire illuminated his wan countenance: his hair stood on end, his beard was long and neglected; a visor of glass covered his countenance, and he was wrapped in a dirty linen gown. As soon as he perceived me, he put his finger on his mouth.

I was silent. He blew with his bellows for some minutes, and all of a sudden, looking up to heaven, he shewed me a cloud very black and stormy-looking. He listened, saying, 'It thunders; Good.' Joy enlightened his dull countenance. 'Be-

hold a storm,' added he; 'let us go out.'

The lightening began to flash. He took me by the hand: 'Ah! how fortunate is this! the thunder begins to roll above us, and perhaps—let us go into the open air.' He seemed to wish to meet the storm; he mounted a little rising ground; he held out his arms to a man who came from a distance. The man who perceived him made him a sign, and came running towards us. At that moment a flash of lightening from the cloud fell on the man who was running, and consumed him like phosphorus. The chymist cried for joy, and ran to the place where the fire from heaven had decomposed the human body: he stooped down, picked up

up

up a little triangular stone, and rising up, cried out, 'We have now no longer occasion for any thing: behold the philosopher's stone.' And how is it so more than others? 'Oh,' replied he, 'for these forty years I have watched the thunder and the lightening. The great work which I have sought after for so long a time, could only be accomplished by the sudden and instantaneous dissolution of a man: It is the thunder alone which is capable of dissolving this precious matter.'

He put into my hand the philosopher's stone; and while by gestures he endeavoured to express the different emotions which arose in his mind, a second clap of thunder, more dreadful than the first, decomposed him in his turn. I was not tempted to examine the place to endeavour to find a second stone, without doubt more perfect, as the person who furnished the materials was a philosopher. I ran off as fast as possible, holding in my hand the stone which I had inherited by means sufficiently strange.

I went and settled in a great city, where I hired a spacious garret. I bought the whole stock of a brazier; and that very evening, after securing the door, I changed the whole porridge-pots into pure gold. I broke them, or rather sawed them, in pieces; and from these precious fragments I soon raised prodigious sums.

Then all the world paid court to me: I had a hotel, a cook, carriages remarkable for the flexibility of their springs. The women found me charming, and the little understanding I had became genius.

I was young, and it was necessary I should be married. They employed all their affected airs to accomplish that point: they were lavish in their praises; their attentions had no end.

In the midst of these coquettish and ambitious fair ones who sought my hand, and who employed all the artillery of sighs and artificial graces against me, I chose a young person of an open and ingenuous appearance, who had never made any attempt upon me either by words or looks.

My nuptials were splendid and dazzling; and I congratulated myself on having chosen, among that prodigious number of young women, the person who appeared most gentle and most timid.

A genealogist discovered for me an ancestor slain at Cerisoles, and gratified me with a coat of arms, of three pales sable on a field or. As for my spouse, he made her a descendant of Troila the I. the 4th king of Asturias.

I lay down with her in a most magnificent bed, and I contemplated the sumptuousness of my furniture, when I perceived a crowd of Vampires* enter, who began to unfurnish my apartment. I took an opportunity to give them a sign to leave off; they carried off every thing, making, at the same time, most profound bows. All the servants of my house, while they called me *My Lord*, filled their hands with some of my effects. Black gowns, red gowns, a thousand people whom I knew not, came to reclaim a part, and every one made themselves master of something that belonged to me. They shewed me papers which had the virtue of carrying off my moveables before my eyes. I saw them take away even the casket where my precious stone was deposited; it was seized by the figure of a man who held in his hand a rod, and who cried out *justice!*

I then returned to my dear wife, and told her, in the fulness of my heart, "The Vampires have carried off every thing—you alone are left me."

* In Poland, and some other countries, a notion is entertained that some persons, after they are dead and buried, have the power of sucking others till they die, and to them they give the name of Vampire. A consumptive person, therefore, is supposed to be sucked by a Vampire.

me." I saw her weep. I believed they were tears of affection; but my spouse, so sweet, ingenuous, tore herself from my arms, and run about the apartment with the gestures and eye of a shrew. Perceiving it was left bare, she seized a purse the Vampires had overlooked in one of the pockets of my coat; and coming up to me, gave me a hearty box on the ear, and disappeared.

Quite stupified by this scene, I raised myself up to run after my wife, for I was really fond of her. I was become somewhat fat with good-liv-

ing, when a little Vampire, more famished even than the others, leaped upon me, and began to suck my blood while living. He became puffed up upon my body in proportion as I grew thin; he dried me up from the foot to the head in filling himself with my blood; and I became so light, that the wind blew me off my magnificent bed through the rich curtains fairly out at the window. I fluttered about some time in the air, and at last tumbled on a pointed rock; which so affrighted me that by good luck I awaked.

ORNIPHILA; OR, THE OLD MAID. A CHARACTER,

Meriting the attention of female readers, and shewing the unhappy effects with which the affectation of superlative sensibility, and nervous weakness, is frequently attended.

ORNIPHILA is a lady who entertains her acquaintance with a most sumptuous display of this foible; for she is unluckily possessed of such opulence, as enables her to indulge her most extravagant caprice. Orniphila was extremely handsome in her youth, and, as she inherited both fortune and beauty, she would probably have settled happily in marriage, had not the affectation of superlative sensibility rendered her more an object of ridicule than of desire. She had the misfortune to fancy, that true delicacy consists in an apparent debility of nerves, and she, therefore, with the figure of an Amazon, affected the timidity of a fairy. No ghost could start with greater trepidation at the crowing of a cock. On the sudden beat of a drum, she would throw herself in a kind of convulsion; and she has frequently wished, that heaven had made her the inhabitant of some more tranquil globe, on which the air is never wounded by any sound more powerful than the notes of the nightingale. This gentleness of disposition did not, as the lady might possibly wish, induce any sympathetic swain to amuse her with the soothing whispers of

love. She became an Old Maid; and, as she approached the age of 40, perceiving that she wanted something to care for, she began to provide herself with a train of animals, which she has enlarged to such a degree, that her house is a kind of little ark; though I believe it tends rather to destroy, than to preserve the life of the various creatures it admits. Whether she is offended by that neglect which she has experienced from mankind, or whether a passion for animals annihilates our regard towards our own species, may admit of dispute; but it is certain, that her attachment to birds, dogs, and monkeys, which has grown, perhaps, from an affected tenderness into a real passion, appears to have rendered Orniphila utterly insensible to the merit of human nature. She professes to have an aversion to children, because she is distracted by their noise; yet, so inconsistent is affectation, she has chosen for her constant companion, and even for her bed-fellow, a great furlly Pomeranian dog, whose incessant barking is more offensively loud, than the most noisy infant that ever squalled in a cradle! She has many nephews and nieces, to whom little presents of money

money would be very acceptable ; but Orniphila will not bestow even a crown to treat one of these children with a play ; yet she will frequently throw away a guinea to purchase a little fruit from a hot-house, as a delicious indulgence to her old talking parrot.

Our foibles, like our vices, are very fruitful sources of vexation and distress ; and I happened to be an ocular witness of a very heavy punishment, which accident inflicted on the unamiable weakness of Orniphila. As she does me the honour to rank me among her distant relations, and as she thinks I have some knowledge of natural history, she lately sent me a very pressing invitation to tea, that she might consult me on a new foreign bird just presented to her by one of her dependents. I was pleased to find two of her nieces, and their brother, admitted to her tea table. The girls, who are almost women, were going from school to their parents in the country. The boy, a lively lad of thirteen, was just arrived from Eton, to escort his sisters, and appeared to divert himself not a little with the oddities of his aunt. She is always seen, like Circe, surrounded with animals. A few tame little birds, who fly unconfined about her chamber, are generally perched on her shoulder or her cap ; the fat Pomeranian, when he is not growling, reposes at her feet ; and a large squirrel occasionally peeps from her pocket, as he is indulged with a kind of banquetting-house under her hoop : but of all the creatures who usually reside in her room, the most striking is a

very large and magnificent, but ill-tempered mackaw. The two girls had contemplated the fine plumage of this bird with great admiration, which he appeared to return ; for, allured perhaps by an ornament of flowers which she wore in her cap, he hopped, on a sudden, from his stand upon the head of the eldest. The poor girl was exceedingly alarmed, and her brother hastened, with infinite good-humour, to her relief. He, at first, endeavoured to remove the bird very gently ; but the mackaw did not choose to relinquish his prize, and, in a scuffle which ensued, tore off the thumb-nail of his opponent. In the keen resentment which this violent anguish produced, the young Etonian exerted all his strength, and wrung off the neck of his antagonist, without a single reflection on the feelings of his aunt. Orniphila, who was utterly unaffected by the wound of her nephew, fell into extreme agonies on beholding the mangled body of her favourite bird ; and, leaving all her guests to take such care as they could of themselves, she summoned her servants to convey her instantly to bed, for the calamity rendered her unable to support her own frame. I have not seen her since, and nothing, I believe, will ever tempt me to visit her again, as I hear that, instead of atoning for her ill-behaviour, she sent for her lawyer the next morning, and made him erase from her will the name of the spirited youth, who had excited her implacable resentment by ridding the world of her mischievous mackaw.

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

NOMENCLATURE OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

IN giving names to the ships of the Royal Navy, I conceive that the original intention must have been either to compliment some hero of our own time, or, by affixing to a ship the name of some ancient warrior, to

keep seamen in perpetual remembrance of his virtues, or to impress some virtues upon their minds.

Considering the matter in this light, I will venture to say, in opposition even to the *Gentlemen of Opposition*, that

that no nation ever possessed a Navy similar to *our's*. We have every Hero, great or good, or good for nothing, that ever, trod the stage of Antiquity, existed in History, or in the Poet's brain, which, it is well known, has long been a noted repository for ideal perfection and spiritual wonders.

In the first place, therefore, to begin with Gods and Goddesses, we have of them as follows: *Mars, Jupiter, Æolus, Juno, Minerva, Venus, Pallas*, and many others, who may be spoke with any day off the Point at Portsmouth; nay, have we not in our service *Pluto*, the judge of hell, *Cerberus*, the keeper, and *Charon*, the Stygian boatman? indeed we have reason to wish that these Tartarean gentry had not been employed in such active service as they were the last war. Again, have we not employed the most tremendous elements of heaven, *Thunder* and *Lightning*, for the annoyance of our enemies? But I am sorry to find that *Providence* is at present out of commission.

By a happy contrivance too we have formed alliance with some of the most renowned Heroes of Antiquity; a scheme particularly prudent in times like these, when *heroes* are so scarce. We have *Ajax, Alfred, Hector, Romulus*, &c. always ready to fight our battles; and have found out a much more dignified employment for *Alexander*, than the dirty one of being a bung to a beer-barrel.

The ladies too seem altogether to have shaken off the effeminacy of their sex; and although the *Prince of Wales* is now out of commission, yet it is well known that Admiral Rowley was never able to do any thing without the *Princess Royal*, who always carried,

and is still ready to carry, 98 irresistible arguments in favor of her country.

Nor was the *Princess Amelia* behind hand in her efforts, as Capt. Macartney can best testify. We have an *Amazon* too in our service; and *Queen Elizabeth* again joins with her friend *Raleigh* to protect our coasts; which, with the *Windfor Castle* and *Prince William*, will no doubt prove an *Impregnable Bulwark* to the *Royal George* and *Britannia*.

Then the Virtues which we send against the French ships, are, *Formidable, Inflexible, Intrepid, Invincible*, and *Magnificent*, and they afford us *Defence*, and, by using *Diligence* and *Resolution*, will procure us *Fame* and *Triumph*.

Vengeance is likewise a powerful ally to us, and we have a *Resource* which the French cannot deprive us of.

We have *Assurance of Victory*, and, in imitation of our northern neighbours, we have even used *Sulphur* to annoy our enemies.

Lastly, there is a very precious collection of Wild Beasts which his Majesty can at any time let loose among his foes. There is the *Buffalo, Centaur, Camel, Antelope, Dromedary, Hyæna*, and *Wolf*, with many others, as the *Lion*, the king of quadrupeds, &c. &c. Nor does our security entirely depend upon the aid of these ferocious animals: the *Great Deep* itself hath even vomited up its strength for our support; the huge *Leviathan* and the all-devouring *Shark* being constantly ready to arm for our protection.

Hence let no man despair; for it is impossible that our country should fall, while thus defended by *Gods, Heroes, Ladies, Virtues*, and *Wild Beasts*.

W—.

THE POWER OF GOLD.

THOU' Gold be styled *The root of all evil*, yet I am of another opinion. Are you sick? present the golden picture, and the doctor will effect your recovery. Are you pester'd with a lawyer?—Administer the

golden fee.—Repeat the same to a priest, and he will not forget his benediction.—Touch the hand of a courtier with this magic spell, and he will quickly do your business.—Offer it to a friend, and he'll serve you effectually.

P O E T R Y.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

AN EVENING'S THOUGHTS.

THE sun beneath the western hills was gone,
And ting'd the fleeting clouds with roseate hue,
Mild evening came "in dusky mantle on,"
Spreading profusely round a pearly dew.

The tuneful choir were hush'd, all was serene,
No songs melodious issued from the grove,
While from the east slow-rising Night's pale queen
In silver majesty began to move.

The timid Hare from out the covert creeps,
And to the lawn betakes herself for food;
The lonely Partridge in the furrow chirps,
Calling the remnant of her scatter'd brood.

Hark! from yon mould'ring turtlet, ivy-bound,
The Bird of Night discordant hoots her song,
Echo reverberates the hollow sound,
And wafts her notes the distant hills among.

With scythe and can across his shoulder thrown,
Tow'rd's his thatch'd cot the Hind pursues his way,
With nimble step he whistling hies him home
Nor e'er regrets the labours of the day.

In tender care 'gainst his returning hour
His smiling mate the table has bespread
With rustic food—they take refreshment pure,
And happy eat Industry's sweeter bread.

What tho' no costly viands meet their taste,
But such as honest labour will afford,
Their humble meal is sure a rich repast,
For blest Content still hovers round their board.

See where the winding footpath mazy leads
To the lone Church-yard's solitary shade;
Each lighter thought be hush'd e'er I proceed
To the still regions of the peaceful dead.

Wrapt in the bosom of their mother earth,
Gay Youth and silver Age promiscuous lay;
The Peasant, near the Man of Noblest Birth,
Rests his poor bones, and turns to kindred clay.

Here all are equal, nor distinctions known,
Save some surviving friends respectful care,
In kind remembrance rear the instructive stone,
To tell succeeding ages who lies there.

Yet ah! how oft th'indented marble lies,
Gives Worth to Vice, Merit where never due:
Wealth dictates, and the Sculptor has his price,
When lo! the splendid tomb appears to view.

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Aided by thee, kind orb, my eye can trace
Th'inscriptive matter of this new-raised tomb:
"Here lies, once blest with each attractive grace,

"A Virgin snatch'd in life's endearing bloom.

"Sixteen revolving summer suns had shone
"Auspicious on the maid; when, woe to tell,
"Death's unexpected eve came chilly on,
"Nipt the fair flower—it faded and it fell!"

Pale is that face where roses lately glow'd;
Clos'd the bright eye, whose glance the soul
could cheer;

The tongue where soft Persuasion ever flow'd,
No more can charm the all-attentive ear.

And is it thus? Must even blooming youth
Become, like drooping age, the food of worms?
Hear this ye Fair, peruse this humbling truth,
Nor pride yourselves, tho' blest with sweetest forms.

Soft be thy slumbers, Julia, gentle maid,
From hands unhallow'd still protected rest:
May friendly spirits hover round thy shade,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast.

And ah! ye sorrowing fair, forbear to mourn
Wipe off the tears which thus incessant flow;
You richly have bedew'd her virgin urn,
And felt each sad variety of woe.

What tho' no more she move within your sight,

Or charms you with the music of her tongue,
She fills a space in yon pure realms of light,
And aids celestial spirits in their song.

Yes, in a robe of heav'n's own tint array'd
She stands immortal: Cease to murmur more;
Happy the change Omnipotence has made,
True bliss is her's—be silent and adore.

Let ever-timid maidens trembling tell
Of shrowded spectres gliding thwart the green,
What hollow groan, or ear-arresting yell,
Breaks on the silence of the solemn scene.

I dread no meagre phantoms—ghastly forms
Which none, save Superstition's eye survey;
I feel no awe, save that which Death demands,
Nor fly with hasty steps my kindred clay.

These kind mementos of my sleeping friends
Instructions purest ray alternate give;
Each humbling spot some kinder lesson lends,
And eloquently tells me how to live.

By pale Disease oppress'd, and wan with grief,

Your long repose I ardent wish to share;
Death's dreaded stroke will prove a kind relief,
And put a period to a life of care.

Or should yon Pow'r supreme, whose tender eye

Beams mildly on the erring sons of earth;
Bid rosy Health with all its joys be nigh,
And give to drooping Hope a second birth;

H

My

My morning songs shall gratefully ascend,
As op'ning flow'rs expand to meet the sun;
Or, if Affliction's clouds should still attend,
Be this my theme—the will of Heav'n be done.

E'en now my drooping spirits ask repose;
I go to throw me on my restless bed;
Yet once, O Sleep, bid me forget my woes,
And shed thy kinder influence on my head.

Renew'd by thy invigorating aid,
With the shrill Lark, Morn's messenger, I'll rise;
I'll hie me chearful to some friendly shade,
And tune my grateful song till it ascend the skies.

W.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

The P E T.

MAMMA's sole comfort, all her joy,
Was center'd in one darling boy;
She doated on her petted WILLY,
Yet never cub more pert or silly;
He ne'er was suffer'd to be chid,
And all was right that Willy did:
The little bird-eggs, plac'd in rows
High-strung, his many thefts disclose;
In drowning kittens, tort'ring flies,
Destroying nests, with cruelties
Of a like wanton barb'rous sort,
Were master Willy's fav'rite sport.
To humour him, mamma intent,
Gave to each with encouragement;
Whate'er he ask'd was got to please him,
She cou'd not bear to fret and tease him.

One day young Willy truant play'd,
(An adept Willy in that trade)
At noon no darling came to bless
Mamma, and claim the fond caress;
Alarm'd, she sent the village round—
No master Willy to be found—
At length impatient, out she went,
To chide and lecture fully bent;
She sought and sought, but all in vain,
A thousand fears distract her brain,
When lo! a distant crowd espying,
As anxious she was thither hying,
A neighbour met her with a look
That strongly some disaster spoke:
He told her that her son was drown'd,
His body in the river found;
That old CATHARTIC passing by
Had mark'd it with a careful eye,
And, after much observance, said
"The boy was positively dead."
Mamma turn'd pale, she ran, she flew,
She found her neighbour's tidings true;
She beat her bosom, tore her hair,
She rail'd at Heav'n, she scream'd despair,
When from a yew-tree near the road,
That in th' adjacent church-yard stood,

A little Linnet, sore oppress'd,
The wailing mother thus address'd:

'Thou wretch! tho' to another's moan
'Thy heart more obdurate than stone,
'You now for your own child can show
'A mother's wild extreme of woe;
'How many little ones of mine
'To please that savage brat of thine
'Have been tormented, rack'd, and torn!
'(Alas! that ever I was born!)
'For which just Heav'n thro' him has sent
'Your long-deserved punishment.

'His murd'rous searchings to elude,
'And save my little unfledg'd brood,
'Deep in a tree that form'd a shade
'Over the stercor, my nest I made;
'Twas all in vain, his prying eye
'Caught my sequester'd privacy
'But in th' attempt my peace to wound,
'His own too lenient death he found:
'Had he surviv'd to plague the earth,
'You wou'd have curs'd his hour of birth;
'Filial ingratitude, that pest,
'Had planted daggers in your breast:—
'Hence! fly! and on your knees thank Heav'n
'That such a kindly exit's giv'n;
'His days prolong'd to man's estate,
'A halter must have prov'd his fate.
'Had you, when Reason's dawn began,
'To Goodness form'd the future man,
'The weeds of Vice pluck'd by the root,
'The moment when observ'd to shoot,
'And by Example mark'd the road
'That leads to Virtue's bright abode,
'He then had prov'd a diff'rent creature,
'For Custom gives a Second Nature.
'You are his murd'rer:—'Tis to You
'His crimes and death are chiefly due.'

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

The GEM and SOLITAIRE.

WITHIN a shop, whose treasur'd blaze
Arrested ev'ry passing gaze,
A Diamond of the richest shine,
A first-rate from GOLCONDA's mine,
Yet with a flaw that struck the eye
Of hypocritic Nicety,
Close to a Solitaire was laid,
Of Paste PARISIAN neatly made,
That with a look sarcastic ey'd
The Gem, and thus disdainful cry'd:

'Hence! ill-bred, rude Barbarian! hence!
'Mong Savages thy glare dispense,
'Whose partial folly blindly pours
'Applause on blemishes like your's;
'Dare not, in dirt and darkness bred,
'Near cloudless lustre shew your head,
'Near me! by Man on Art begot,
'Fair, degagée, without a blot:—
'Hence! Distance and respect are due
'To worth like mine, from dirt like you.'

Offspring

'Offspring of Vanity,' (reply'd
The modest Gem) 'restrain thy pride;
'Yourself examine well, and know
'Perfection not exists below;
'A thousand faults perhaps are mine,
'But are some few errors thine?
'A patch'd-up bawble at the best,
'In meteor blaze by Folly dress'd:
'Where centers all your vanity,
'But to deceive, and pass for me?
'To Phœbus' beams I owe my birth,
'She stamp'd me in the womb of earth,
'While you—but hold;—your pride, disdain
'Or rather pity should obtain.'

He said;—when, lo! a connoisseur
Who just had finish'd the grand tour
Of Judgment, Taste, and Rank high rais'd,
Enter'd the shop, the Jewel prais'd,
Admir'd its beauty, water, size,
To Court convey'd the noble prize,
Where soon on CHARLOTTE's royal breast
Its matchless lustre shone confest;
Whilst the assuming Solitaire,
Maugre irs proud Parisian air,
Upon a Haberdasher's dame
Was doom'd to glare a short-liv'd flame,
At city balls by Fools admir'd,
It blaz'd, grew dim, and soon expir'd.

The modest Gem and Solitaire
Depict a SHAKSPEARE and VOLTAIRE.

On the DEATH of THOMAS ROSS.
HE's gone! the hoary saint, to take his flight
To endless glory and celestial light;
With kindred saints and angels to adore
The blest effulgence, uncreated Pow'r,
In full extatic bliss for evermore.

This vet'ran soldier in his Captain's cause
Ne'er sought for grandeur, or the World's
applause,

But nobly gave up all he held most dear,
To cross the vast Atlantic, void of fear.
He boldly preach'd experimental truth,
To rouse the careless, and to draw the youth
From Error's mazes, Satan's artful toils,
Which to Perdition lead unwary souls.

What boundless love has form'd Redemption's
plan,

To snatch from torment poor degen'rate man!
'Twas love divine, Omnipotence alone
Commission'd the Messiah to atone
For sin. Mysterious gift! to mortals giv'n,
To change man's lot from hell for glorious
heav'n!

May then each soul obey the mystic call
That Heav'n has sent to counteract the fall,
The Still Small Voice that points the certain
To Peace, to Piety, to Bliss, to God: [road
Obedience the condition on our part,
In purity and singleness of heart;
Then we, like him, may join seraphic strains,
And sing high praises on celestial plains.

YORK.

N. BELL.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

February 8.

IN a committee went thro' the New-
foundland trade bill, with several
amendments.

Lord Effingham presented a bill
for the relief of insolvent debtors,
which was read a first time.

Feb. 15. The Lords were fum-
moned for this day, to ballot for cer-
tain members of both Houses, who are
to form the supreme court of judica-
ture over India affairs. A committee
was chosen to cast up the list, who
withdrew a short time, and returned
with their report, which was agreed to.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Jan. 31. Received and read peti-
tions from Bath, Exeter, Liverpool,
Thirsk, and Sheffield, for a repeal of
the shop-tax. Ordered severally to lie
on the table.

Mr. Marsham, in consequence of a
former notice relative to the laws for
the regulation of the militia, mov'd
for leave to bring a bill to amend and
reduce into one, all the laws respect-
ing the militia, which was agreed to.

Feb. 1. Received and read petitions
from Manchester and Southampton,
for a repeal of the shop-tax.

Mr. Pitt gave notice that he should
shortly bring forward the state of the
revenue, and, preparatory thereto,
moved for various accounts to be laid
before the House.

Feb. 2. Received and read a peti-
tion from Bristol against the shop-tax.
Ordered to lie on the table.

The Secretary at War presented fe-
veral army estimates. The titles were
read, and ordered to lie on the table.

Feb. 3. Agreed to the amendments
made to the Newfoundland trade bill.
Read a third time, and ordered to the

H 2

Lords.

Lords.—Received a petition from Preston against the shop-tax. Ordered to lie on the table.

Feb. 6. In a committee of supply, resolved, That 1,500,000*l.* be granted for paying off loans and exchequer bills, for the service of 1785. Also 1,000,000*l.* for the same purpose.

Petitions, praying a repeal of the shop-tax, were presented from Westminster, Southwark, Cirencester, Birmingham, and Leeds, and a third petition from the citizens of London. All ordered to lie on the table.

Feb. 7. Mr. Pitt said, that as the resources of expenditures were to be investigated, he hoped that a little time would be given before this inquiry was prosecuted.

Feb. 8. Received and read petitions from Carlisle and Lancaster against the shop-tax.—To lie on the table.

Resolved, in a committee of supply, That 647,005*l.* be granted for maintaining 17,638 men, guards and garrisons for 1786.—234,160*l.* for the forces in the Plantations and Gibraltar.—63581*l.* for the difference of pay between the British and Irish establishments of 6 regiments of foot.—6409*l.* for the pay of general and staff officers in Great Britain.—24,378*l.* for defraying the charge of half-pay to reduced officers—8230*l.* for pay to the troops in the East-Indies.—59,320*l.* for allowances to the postmaster-general, &c.—11,409*l.* for the widows of commissioned officers.

The land tax of 4*s.* in the pound, passed without opposition; as did also the tax on malt, cyder, and perry.

Feb. 10. Mr. Gilbert brought up the report from the committee of supply, of the vote of the army, which was agreed to unanimously.

Capt. Luttrell presented the ordinance estimates for the current year.

Received and read petitions from Coventry, Shrewsbury and Worcester, against the shop-tax. Ordered to lie on the table.

Mr. Brett moved that 18,000 seamen be granted for the service of 1786,

and 4*l.* per man per month, to maintain them.—Passed without debate.

Feb. 13. Agreed to the report of the resolutions on the supply.

Mr. Fox made his return for Westminster, and a new writ for Kirkwall was ordered.

Received and read a petition from Alton against the shop-tax, which was ordered to lie on the table.

Feb. 14. Adjourned without proceeding to any business.

Feb. 15. Received and read a petition from Sarum against the shop-tax, which, with all the other petitions, were ordered to be referred to a committee of the whole House.

The House then proceeded to the ballot for members to form the court of judicature, for the trial of such persons as might be charged with delinquencies in India; and all the members in the House having delivered in lists, a committee was appointed to examine them, who, after withdrawing a little time, reported the names contained in the said list.

Feb. 16. Sir Robert Smith moved for a continuance of the bill for restraining the exportation of hay; which was agreed to.

Received and read a petition from the debtors in York gaol.

Feb. 17. The bill for restraining the exportation of hay was prolonged to the opening of next session of Parliament, and one month after.

Mr. Jenkinson said, that the regulation of commerce between the United States of America and our West-India islands, and that of trade between this country and the United States, claimed the attention of the House. He moved that the temporary act for keeping up that intercourse should be prolonged. Leave was given to bring in the bill.

Mr. Burke made a speech three hours long; in which he charged Mr. Hastings with the most flagrant maladministration in India. The justice of the nation, he said, called aloud for a victim, that future governors might

might be deterred from ruining the countries they should be sent to govern. He made many motions respecting the business, ten of which were carried.

Mr. Pitt moved that the papers on the subject of fortifications might be printed. Ordered accordingly.

Feb. 20. Mr. Brent, from the tax-office, attended the House, and presented, according to order, an account of the total sums assessed in Great Britain for horses, carriages, shops, &c. which was as under:

Houses for $\frac{1}{2}$ a year	£259,224	5	11
Shops, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a year	- 55,481	4	9
Male serv. $\frac{3}{4}$ of a year	66,997	9	4
Female servants - -	24,426	16	6
Horses, $\frac{1}{2}$ a year - -	67,115	4	5
Four wheel'd carriages	87,992	10	2
Two-wheel'd ditto -	19,907	9	0

The debate on Mr. Burke's motion for papers was resumed, which gave rise to a long and tedious conversation: however it contained nothing more than the determinations of Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox to bring forward the articles of impeachment against Mr. Hastings, tho' the House should refuse the liberty of a more enlarged examination of East-India papers.

Feb. 21. Adjourned without proceeding to any business, on account of the thinness of the House.

Feb. 22. Received and read petitions from Leicester, Norwich, and Edinburgh, against the shop-tax. Referred to a committee of the whole House on petitions.

Passed the land-tax bill.

Mr. Fox moved, "That the electors of Westminster be heard by counsel at the bar against the shop-tax;" which was agreed to.

Feb. 23. Petitions from Derby and Stockport, for a repeal of the shop-tax, were presented to the House, read, and ordered to lie on the table.

Mr. Dudley Long presented to the House "Minutes of the evidence of Lieut. Col. Robert Stewart, taken by the select committee for inquiring into the judicature in Bengal," which was ordered to be printed.

The House, in a committee, (M. A. Taylor, Esq; in the chair) proceeded to take into consideration the various petitions against the shop-tax, when Mr. Mingay, Mr. Boyer, and Mr. Philips, were called in as counsel to plead to the allegations contained in the petition of the city of London.

MONTHLY OCCURRENCES.

L O N D O N.

BY accounts from the West-Indies we learn, that scarcely a day passes at the French or English islands without some American vessels being seized. The French officers in particular are so strict that no American, except in the greatest distress, can even procure a puncheon of water, (the free ports excepted) and then not without officers till they have returned on board.

The commercial adjustment between the sister kingdoms, brought forward during the last sessions of Parliament, has been much reprobated at a meeting of the merchants and freeholders of Dublin, who have entered

into resolutions to prevent its revival in future.

Letters received by the Matty and Betty, Capt. Holmes, from Dominica, mention, that the enormities of the run-away negroes on that island are become so alarming, that the planters are under continual apprehension for themselves and property. The rapine and murders they have lately perpetrated are of the most shocking nature.

Private letters from the Cape of Good Hope, assure, that the plan of revolt meditated by the legion of Luxemburgh against the island of Ceylon, was discovered in time to prevent any fatal effects, and that several of the fomenters of the intended insurrection

insurrection are bound in irons, and sent to Batavia.

Feb. 23. The famous diamond of Col. Owen was brought to the hammer. This brilliant, which, as Mr. Christie elegantly said, would be the brightest *jewel* in any crown, and would be itself an empire, was bought in at 15,000 guineas; a proof that there is either less money or more good sense in the kingdom than formerly.

When the Colonel came from India, it was offered to the Queen at 50,000 guineas; but her Majesty, like the Roman matron, shewed her children, and said, *There are my jewels.*

Col. O'Kelly bid 11,000 guineas for it, and 15,000*l.* were offered, but this was not an adequate price.

Feb. 25. The insurrection of the negroes in the West-Indies is not confined to the British settlement of Dominica. An alarming insurrection has also taken place in the French settlement of Cape François, 12,000 negroes having taken up arms, who are secretly supplied with arms, ammunition, &c. by the Spaniards. The French have sent to Martinico for a supply of troops, which went to their assistance the end of December.

A letter from Gloucester says, "The master of a ship arrived at Newnham, from Seville, in Spain, related the following fact: Whilst he was at Seville, he dined in company with an English captain, who came the day before from Algiers, and said that his ship was boarded by an Algerine corsair, to whom he shewed his passport, and gave every evidence to prove that he was a British ship. The Algerine, however, was determined not to be convinced, said he was an American and an impostor, and carried him to Algiers. The day after they came into the road, the villain sent the English captain and his crew into the slave market to be sold. Fortunately the captain met with two Algerine merchants who understood English. To

them he stated his pitiable case, which they instantly communicated to the Dey in such affecting terms, that, without any ceremony, the Algerine captain was ordered to be brought on shore, and his head struck off in the middle of the market-place. The captain and his crew were released, and his ship and property restored.

Y O R K.

A matter has been argued in the court of King's Bench respecting the legality of a bye-law, made by the corporation of cutlers in Sheffield, to enter the warehouses and shops of the manufacturers of that town and neighbourhood, and to seize and take away all such goods as they should think deceitful and unworkmanly goods. After a solemn argument of the said matter, the court unanimously declared the said bye-law to be bad and contrary to law.

The anniversary of her Majesty's birth-day was celebrated here in the usual manner, and in the evening there was a splendid ball at the assembly-rooms upon the occasion.

Feb. 7. A little after three o'clock this morning a violent storm of hail fell in this city, accompanied by a tempestuous wind, some claps of thunder, and several flashes of lightning. The continuance of the storm was but for a few minutes, and we have not been informed of any damage done by it. By accounts from many places this storm seems to have been general, and in some of them more violent and of longer duration.

Feb. 12. We have the pleasure to communicate to the public, that in consequence of many respectable persons in this city and neighbourhood having already signified their intention of becoming subscribers to Sunday-schools, there is the pleasing prospect of this valuable institution being speedily set on foot here.

Feb. 13. This night as a young man was going from this city to Tadcaster,

cafter, he was stopped upon Tadcaster Moor by two footpads, one of them an elderly man, the other young, the latter of whom presented a pistol to his breast, and robbed him of four guineas and a half. This is the third robbery that has lately been committed there.

Richard Langley, Esq; of Wykeham-Abbey, is appointed High-Sheriff of this county for the present year.

The assizes for the northern circuit, before Earl Mansfield and Mr. Justice Willes, begin on Saturday the 11th of March in this city, and at Lancaster on Wednesday the 29th.

Feb. 17. This evening a young man was stopped upon Winn-Moor by two footpads, one of whom nearly pulled him to the ground, whilst the other presented a pistol to his breast, threatening him with instant death if he made the least resistance, and robbed him of one guinea and a half and some silver.

Feb. 24. This morning about half past five, as Richard Porrit, miller at Haram, near Helmsley, was returning home from this city, he was attacked on the Horse Fair by two stout footpads, with waggoners frocks, the collar of one of which was lined with fur, had crapes over their faces, and each of them a pistol. They cut his breeches pockets, taking what cash was in them, and then stripped him of his coat and waistcoat, in the former of which was his pocket-book, which contained some York bank bills and bills of exchange, making the whole of their booty about 100l. One of the villains mounted his horse and rode towards Easley-bridge, near which place the horse was afterwards found; the other cross'd over the fields towards Clifton.

His Grace the Archbishop of York has been pleased to appoint Mr. J. Martin of Ripon, attorney at law, to the offices of under steward, chief bailiff, and clerk of the peace for the liberty of Ripon, Sutton under Whittoncliff, Kilburn, and Marton, in

this county, vacant by the resignation of Samuel Lunn, Esq; who is since deceased.

BIRTHS.

The Right Hon. the Countess of Mexborough delivered of a daughter, at the Earl's seat at Methley-Park, in Yorkshire.—The lady of W. Carr, Esq; of a daughter, at their house in York.—The wife of Mr. T. Sheraton, jun. of Stockton upon Tees, of three girls, who are named after Job's three daughters, Jemima, Kezia, and Keren-happuch.

MARRIAGES.

At Thorne, Thomas Seger Swan, Esq; to Miss Gilderdale of that place.—Mr. T. Cockshaw, bookseller in Barnsley, to Mrs. E. Hutchinson of Long Houghton.—Mr. Daniel Marsh, to Miss Smith, both of Snaith.—In London, Henry Drummond, Esq; to Miss Dundas.—Mr. C. Poppleton of Staveley, to Miss Pennington of Stainley-Hall.—Mr. J. Eden to Miss Dalby, both of Harrogate.—In York, G. Crathorne, Esq; to Mrs. Tasburgh. Mr. T. Flintoff of Durham, to Miss B. Ellin of York.—The Rev. R. Fawcett, clerk of Leeds parish church, to Miss M. Bainbridge of Headingley.—Mr. Lindroth, merchant, to Miss Peacock, both of Hull.

DEATHS.

At Holgate, near York, T. Rofs, aged 78, (one of the people called Quakers) who some time since left his wife and children in America, to pay a religious visit to his brethren in this kingdom, for which undertaking he was eminently qualified, in delivering experimental truths, in a powerful and clear manner, to the edification of his auditors. His mission was sealed with the Divine evidence, his doctrine being accompanied with true gospel love, that yearned for the restoration of all. During several months he endured a painful complication of disorders, which he bore with singular christian patience. In the intervals of ease he was enabled to administer suitable advice to his numerous visitors, and often expressed his entire resignation to the All-wise Disposer of all things; and at length he closed this life, in a full assurance of enjoying the glorious fruits of a well-spent life.—The lady of Sir T. Gascoigne, Bart.—Mrs. Jackson, wife of the Rev. Mr. Jackson of Drax.—Mrs. Wilson, post-mistress of Rotherham.—At her house without Bootham-bar, York, Mrs. M. Taylor.—Mr. T. Beckwith of York, F. A. S. At Beverley, the Rev. T. Constable, rector of Sigglethorne, and Archdeacon of the east-riding.—At Sleights, near Whitby, Mrs. Bower, relict of Rob. Bower, Esq.—Mrs. Atkinson, wife of Mr. Atkinson of Aulthorp, near Leeds.

STATE

The STATE of the WEATHER at YORK.

[Continued from our last.]

1786.	Barom.	Thermom.	Wind.	State of the Atmosphere.
JAN. 29	— 30.20	— 55	— W. S. W."	— Cloudy.
30	— 30.25	— 56*	— W."	— Ditto.
31	— 30.20	— 52	— S. W."	— Heavy.
FEB. 1	— 29.85	— 49	— N. W."	— Ditto. Rain.'
2	— 30.17	— 38	— N."	— Heavy clouds. Rain.'
3	— 30.10	— 32	— W."	— Few clouds.
4	— 30.0	— 39	— W."	— Cloudy.
5	— 29.80	— 39	— S. W."	— Heavy. Rain.'
6	— 29.40	— 46†	— W."	— Ditto. Rain." Stormy.
7	— 29.10	— 35†	— W."	— Ditto. Snow." Ditto.
8	— 29.40	— 32	— W."	— Cloudy. Snow."
9	— 29.90	— 27	— N."	— Few clouds. Sharp frost.
10	— 29.25	— 34	— S. W."	— Heavy clouds.
11	— 29.70	— 36	— N. W.'	— Ditto. Rain.'
12	— 29.95	— 40	— N. W."	— Few clouds. Stormy.
13	— 30.37	— 42	— S. W.'	— Ditto. Rain.
14	— 30.25	— 46	— W."	— Heavy. Rain.'
15	— 30.40	— 49	— W. S. W.'	— Cloudy.
16	— 30.20	— 35	— S. S. E.	— Thick mist.
17	— 29.90	— 47	— W.'	— Few clouds.
18	— 30.10	— 44	— N. E.'	— Thick and misty.
19	— 30.15	— 40	— S. E."	— Hazy. Rain.'
20	— 30.30	— 40	— S. E."	— Ditto. Rain."
21	— 30.20	— 39	— S. S. E"	— Cloudy.
22	— 30.30	— 30	— S. E."	— Few clouds.
23	— 30.25	— 30	— S. E."	— Ditto.
24	— 30.20	— 29	— S. E."	— No clouds.
25	— 30.10	— 31	— E."	— Cloudy.

* The *Vesperilio Domestica*, or common Batt, flying about this Evening. I believe this animal is never seen but when the Thermometer is about 52, when it is lower than this the animal becomes torpid, consequently the insects upon which it feeds.

† The *Mezereon* in flower, and the common *Honeysuckles* in leaf.

‡ The *Crocus Vernalis* in flower.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are obliged to a Well-Wisher from Hull, but the publication of his letter in our Magazine would have too much the appearance of vanity. The limits we are prescribed will not permit us to give a list of the prizes in the present State Lottery, nor do we conceive that such list would be acceptable to a majority of our subscribers.

We cannot perceive any thing sufficiently striking in *Philidor's Bagatelle* to induce us to reprint it. In answer to his Query—*Criticisms, Dissertations, &c.* of sterling merit will certainly find admission into the *Yorkshire Magazine*. Original Pieces, however, must have the preference of Extracts from other Works.

The Thoughts on Inland Navigation—An Address to Mira—An Elegy on the Death of Capt. Pearce—A Pastoral Ballad, and an Invocation to Fancy, possess not that degree of merit which is requisite in every article we presume to offer to our readers.

We are under the necessity of rejecting *Dr. Stonehouse's Receipts*, they having already appeared in numberless publications.

Natural History, No. II. in our next.

Correspondents are requested to transmit their favours to the Publishers on or before the 20th day of the month, otherwise they cannot be inserted in the succeeding number. Letters to the Editors must be post-paid, or will not be noticed.

THE
YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE,

For MARCH, 1786.

THE TRIFLER. N^o. II.

*Paulum sepultæ distat inertiae
Celata virtus.*

HOR.

“ In earth if it forgotten lies,
“ What is the valour of the brave ?
“ What difference, when the coward dies,
“ And sinks in silence to his grave ?”

FRANCIS.

IT is the duty of every man, in whatever station of life he is placed, to render himself as subservient to his fellow-creatures as lies in his power ; if he is the favourite of fortune, to cheer up the hearts of all who are drooping with age, want, or infirmity ; but more especially those who have been the miserable objects of *accidental* poverty. If he is blest with talents to please and instruct, it should be his first care to cultivate those talents with application and perseverance, that in time he may be able to exert them successfully in the several causes of of Virtue, Learning, Liberty, and Religion. These are the four grand points upon which the happiness of mankind principally depends ; and since the possession of these is not distributed equally amongst us, but is enjoyed by some in a greater degree of perfection than by others, in this paper I intend to encourage those who, though they are gifted with solid and extensive abilities, have been prevented from exercising them by the dread of disappointment, or the

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stubbornness of selfish vanity, and whose modesty or pride still forbids to call them forth as the friends and champions of letters.

A desire of being admired is the first principle that actuates a man to assume the character of an author ; it is this that nourishes him in the toilsome act of composition, that animates him to pursue, patiently, the endless mazes of literature, that gives life and vigour to his sentiments, and it is the accomplishment of his design that instantly insures him *monumentum ære perennius*—eternal glory. It would indeed be impossible to enumerate all those who have been bewildered in their eager pursuit after fame, and have discouraged others by attempting to establish their own reputation. But however frequently this passion of applause may be baffled in its attempt to break through the clouds that obscure it, when raised by public and disinterested motives, it is highly worthy of attention, and, though it should fail in its first attempts, so far from discouraging others,

others, should excite them to the same laudable example.—Man is not born to continue merely an individual separate from the rest of his species, but should look upon himself as the member of one common body. It is enough for him that he has neither corrupted nor diminished the republic of letters, but he must make additions of his own. What excuse can be pleaded for him whose abilities would have readily placed him considerably high in the esteem of the public, for not exercising those abilities in the general improvement of mankind, and, though he has the power, has not the will to be a profitable member of society? Such a man as this is will be found highly culpable in the eye of Reason, for defects and prejudices which, in those whom Providence has only endowed with a common share of understanding, would have been at least excused, if not guiltless. The spirit of malignity will fall upon him with greater acrimony for refusing, like a dark lantern, to extend the rays of that light which others might have shared with him, without any diminution of his lustre, beyond the narrow circle of his own conceptions, than if, in total ignorance of every enjoyment, except rustic solitude, he had ‘Liv’d unregarded, unlamented died.’

It would be difficult to determine whether this kind of singularity is the effect of modesty or pride; I hope more frequently from the former than the latter. That may in time be worn off, as a man’s literary merit gradually steals upon the world, without his knowing the reason; and as soon as the *aura popularis*, the gale of applause, hath wafted it beyond the borders of private conversation and domestic occurrences, his wonder will be excited while his consequence is established. Caresses from the great, and praises from all, will crowd the ideal world; favours and rewards will present themselves to his mental eye, and he will catch every

opportunity to call forth the latent sparks of genius and solidity, nor blush to countenance a rising reputation.

But when this proceeds from pride or caprice, neither the caresses of the great, nor the praises of all, will be sufficient to lure him from his long-frequented paths of vanity and idleness. He will amuse himself with the flattering idea of a conscious superiority over the rest of mankind; exclaim with astonishment because man still continues to wander amidst such a world of errors, exposed to thousands of temptations, and weak enough to be captivated by every charm that dazzles only to allure, and allures only to ruin. He will expose the vices and defects of mankind without being willing to correct them, and censure those frailties which himself is mostly to be blamed for. This sort of men may be deemed rather an evil than a blessing to society, and it had been much better for themselves, and all about them, if their parents had taught them some honest trade, instead of the pedantry of school-boys, and the vanity of affected philosophy.

Plurimum enim intererit, quibus artibus, et quibus hunc tu Moribus instituas.

“For much it boots which way you train your boy,

“The hopeful object of your future joy.”

We should think it almost impossible to find even an individual of this stamp, were we to reflect for a moment upon the astonishing propensity which man discovers to be caressed and applauded; with what raptures of imaginary bliss he clasps the dazzling charm of popularity in his arms, and what blasts of malignity he will endure, without shuddering at the danger, merely to continue in the enjoyment of his darling favourite! But that there are some of this stamp I am fully persuaded, and my own knowledge

ledge of the world has brought me acquainted even with the persons and characters of them. To dispute their abilities, would be as absurd as to imitate their practice. But if these abilities are suffered to lie dormant and forgotten, from a want of courage or inclination in the possessor to exert them, we are certainly not obliged to reward them as though they were exerted, nor esteem them as sufficient to make up for those crimes which can only be ascribed to himself. We may impute to him the loss of many additions and improvements to the republic of letters, and refuse to treat him as a member of that body which the stubbornness of his nature refuses to ornament.

Perhaps one reason (and that a strong one too) why these kind of men object to appear in a more public character is this: that, being conscious of a reputation already established, so as not easily to be lost, and diffident of their abilities when exposed to the rigour of partial criticism, and the cavils of every scribbling puppy, they would prefer a name built upon a temporary foundation to the honours of immortality, and the veneration of posterity. What a mortifying reflection must this be, that, as soon as their last breath shall leave them, just on the brink of annihilation, their popularity must instantly cease, and that merit which, when living, was so applauded and caressed, be buried in sudden oblivion, without leaving a single trace of its existence behind!

Perhaps there are many who fix the principles of their absurdity upon the custom of the ancients, and, despising whatever is modern and prevalent, hold nothing good and worthy of imitation but what the remotest periods of antiquity have recorded as the then prevailing opinion. I remember an old saying of a Latin poet, (Virgil) that will account at once for all the prejudices and faults which I have been censuring. He says that *a man's*

knowledge is worth nothing, if he communicates what he knows to any one besides. However strange this may appear, we have convincing proofs that it met with a very cordial reception among the ancients. We are told that Alexander was angry with his tutor, Aristotle, for publishing those lectures which had been delivered to that prince in private. If this had been the only instance handed down to us, we might have treated it as the chimera of a fabling poet; but out of many others which I have read and heard of, I shall conclude this paper with the story of *Rosicrusias's Sepulchre.*

"A person having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the ground where this philosopher lay interred, met with a small door, having a wall on each side of it. His curiosity, and the hopes of finding some hidden treasure, soon prompted him to force open the door. He was immediately surprized by a sudden blaze of light, and discovered a very fair vault. At the upper end of it was the statue of a man in armour, sitting by a table, and leaning on his left arm. He held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man had no sooner set one foot within the vault, than the statue, erecting itself from its leaning posture, stood bold-upright, and, upon the fellow's advancing another step, lifted up the truncheon in its right hand. The man still ventured a third step; when the statue, with a furious blow, broke the lamp in a thousand pieces, and left his guest in a sudden darkness.—Upon the report of this adventure, the country people soon came with lights to the sepulchre, and discovered that the statue, which was made of brass, was nothing more than a piece of clock-work, and that the floor of the vault was all loose, and underlaid with several springs, which, upon any man's entering, naturally produced what had happened."

OBSERVATIONS ON DIET,

BY THE LATE DR. FOTHERGILL.

[Concluded from our last, p. 52.]

IF we look into the history of mankind inhabiting the different parts of the globe, so far as we are acquainted with, we shall find that different nations subsist on kinds of diet very different from each other; yet all enjoy a degree of health that is competent to their duties in life in the countries they inhabit. A great part of the Eastern world is principally subsisted by rice and vegetables.—Many countries live upon fish; others on a mixed diet, partly animal, partly vegetable. Some have no fermented liquors, others use none else. Yet all, compared with each other in the same community, are healthy. The Author of Nature has so formed us, and constructed the organs of digestion, that we can gradually accommodate ourselves to every species of aliment;—live on rice, on vegetables, on animal food solely, or mixed with vegetables, without suffering injury. No kind of food hurts us; we are capable of being accustomed to every thing; but this is not the case in regard to quantity. Nature, by degrees, may be accustomed to subdue and change into nutriment almost every part of the creation that is produced; but to quantity she yields: if there is not sufficient, decay ensues; if too much is used, fatal oppression.

One of the first articles of diet I shall mention, is bread; and that only to say, that to digest it properly, if taken in considerable quantities, very strong organs are requisite. The husbandman and labourer find no difficulties in this respect; but to many others this is not the case. In weak stomachs, a large proportion of bread is indigestible; it turns sour, produces the heartburn, flatulencies, and interrupts the perfect concoction of every thing else. This is not owing to any supposed adulteration in common; nor

do I believe bread is adulterated to such degree as many apprehend; but to its own nature, which requires organs of a certain strength to assimilate it properly; and if not so assimilated, it happens, as in many other cases, the corruption of what is good makes it the worst of all others.

On this principle I have endeavoured to inculcate the necessity of paying much attention to this capital article of diet to valetudinaries in general; never to abstain from it wholly, but to use it with moderation; to consider it as one of those things which, sparingly used, was extremely necessary and beneficial; if otherwise, the fruitful source of many complaints, which were little suspected to arise from this cause.

In this country, animal food of one kind or another constitutes the chief of our nourishment. That there are some kinds of more easy, some of harder digestion than others, is well known to every body. Yet I am inclined to think, there is scarcely any part of animal diet in use, that would not occasionally be made to agree, that is, to be digested without much difficulty, if we were full as anxious in respect to excess of quantity as the unsuitableness of the kind; at least this opinion corresponds with my own observation and experience. If a person eats as much of ham, salted beef, or bacon as he ought to do of fish or of chicken, he may suffer by it.

The article of puddings, on an English table, is an affair of consequence. After a plentiful dinner of animal food, rich sweet puddings, deserts, or even fruit, seem a very unnatural and improper addition; more especially if the puddings are baked; for a little butter, long exposed to the heat of an oven, becomes, oftentimes, a cause of much sufferings.

Of vegetables it will be necessary to say something. The rule in general is, to appeal to what best agrees, in this respect, with each particular constitution. I have only one short caution to give on this head. Those who think it necessary to pay any attention to their health at table, should take care that the quantity of bread, and of meat, and of puddings, and of greens, should not compose each of them a meal, as if some were only thrown in to make weight; but carefully to observe, that the sum of all together do not exceed due bounds, or inroad upon the first feelings of satiety.

In respect to fruit, I apprehend it is a most injurious practice to eat it, as is generally done, after a plentiful meal. There are some people who may be happy enough not to feel themselves incommoded by any quantity they can take; but this is not the case with the generality, to whom I appeal for the proof of this assertion.

Fruit was given us for use, as well as pleasure; to contribute to our health, not to hurt it. The forenoon seems, of all others, the most suitable season, unless it is taken instead of a meal.

This I believe is the custom in many parts of the world, and seems most consistent with health and right reason. This, and another custom which I believe prevails in France, I should be glad to see introduced into England more generally, for some families have long been in the practice of it; which is, to drink what may be necessary, what health or inclination requires, during the repast, and then to dismiss the bottle entirely.

It might seem not improper, in this place, to mention my opinion of the different kinds of liquors, respecting their comparative advantages.

The lesser quantity of fermented liquors we accustom ourselves to, the better.

To abstain from spirits of every kind, however diluted, as much as may be,

Where mild, well-brewed beer agrees, to keep it, as beverage.

Where water does not disagree, to value the privilege, and continue it.

In respect to wine, custom, for the most part, will decide. The less the excess in quantity, the more consistent with health and long life.

Punch is a favourite with many; if weak, in hot bilious constitutions, when naturally so, or which become such by a long residence in warm climates, it seems not to be an unwholesome composition. Like what has been said of diet in general, so likewise it may be added in respect to liquors: it is the quantity, in common, that does more harm than the kind; and people, especially in the fore part of life, cannot be too solicitous to shun the first temptations to the love of spirituous liquors.

There is another repast which, since the introduction of tea, is become a kind of necessary of life, and as much expected in every family as the other usual meals themselves. It may not, perhaps, be wholly improper to suggest some considerations respecting the use of tea and coffee after dinner. If we may judge from various circumstances, from the time of dinner, digestion is performing during the course of several hours. This operation requires labour and time in performing it, more or less, in proportion to the quantity of food taken in, and the powers of digestion. Much food taken into a weak stomach requires a greater length of time, if it is digested at all, than where less has been received.

Whilst that power, which we call nature, is performing this task, a second is added, which, though of a lighter quality, adds to the quantity, and, as it must be assimilated to the chyle now forming, is an additional burthen. To the robust this may appear trifling, it is not felt. But to those who may be said to be barely not valetudinary, it is a matter of some consequence.

It is thought by many that tea assists digestion, by the additional stimulus of its quantity; it may excite the stomach and duodenum to pass the digesting food sooner than they otherwise would have done, and sooner than the chyle is properly elaborated;—it may perhaps assist in carrying off flatulency and the food together. This, at least, is my opinion of it; and I therefore think the subjects of whom I have been speaking ought to drink either tea or coffee with great moderation; never to make it sweet, coffee especially; and to eat with it as seldom as possible. For either sweet cakes, cakes of any kind, or butter in any proportion, rather retard digestion than promote it. The only proper time to drink either tea or coffee, or any such beverage, with safety or advantage, is to take it as soon after dinner as possible, and instead of sitting down to the bottle.—This is one of those customs which, perhaps, might be adopted by us with fewer disadvantages than many of the fashions we receive from our neighbours. As on the due performance of digestion depends much of our health, ease, and prospect of longevity; so we ought most studiously to avoid every thing that has a probable chance of interrupting it.

I have provisionally recommended suppers to the objects of these remarks; as thinking that nature can effect that easily at twice, which at once would cause some degree of distress. I have had occasion to remark to you, that

the robust are not perfectly secure from the dangerous effects of a full meal.—Apoplexies, perhaps, proceed more frequently from this cause, than all the rest put together. If persons feel no injury from eating twice a day, neither from a meal sufficient to serve the purposes of health taken at once, let them persevere in the practice. Experience, cautiously attended to, is most certainly the best guide. From one cause or another, the practice appears to increase of abstaining from suppers entirely, and is rather to be encouraged in the general; for those who have but little command over themselves at dinner, ought not to have the farther temptation to exceed what is right at a second meal. Where discretion prevails, and especially in persons of business where attention is required, the plan I have proposed would seem more proper, to divide the meals; especially such whose occupations require the full and immediate exercise of every faculty.

To describe in detail what would be proper for the purpose, belongs not to this place. I will only mention, that the less it is in quantity, and the lighter in kind, the better. Many of the persons I have described will not bear liquid suppers so well as solids. Indeed the volume hurts them as much as any thing. Broth, gruel, panada, and the like, seldom are easy to them, and seem to disagree, by becoming flatulent and oppressive.

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

HENRY AND ELIZA.

VARIOUS are the vicissitudes of fortune; we see a person one day rich, and in all the prosperity of health and happiness; yet ere a short time has elapsed, how changed is the scene! We behold a poor, mean, melancholy object, wandering about seeking some solitary spot, where he may in quiet give vent to his distresses. How altered he appears! Before, mild

and composed, with all the appearance of honest integrity in his countenance. Now dejected, pale, with all the agonizing sorrows marked on his brow, stopping at every bush he comes near, and supposing every person he meets is a bailiff, coming to drag him within the relentless walls of a prison: this is the effects of gaming.

Hastings,

Hastings, a gay rash youth, tho' not possessed of a fortune sufficient to support him in the manner he wished, at the age of seventeen procured an ensign's commission in the — regiment of foot; a youth fond of pleasure, genteel and polite, naturally attracted the attention of his brother officers. They discovered in him a good-natured disposition, ready to be led away by his companions, and liable to be stript of his little all. His youth, and ignorance of the vices which our army are too soon acquainted with, induced an officer in the same regiment to take him under his protection. Hamer, (for thus we shall call him) had been several years in the army, he knew to what inconveniences and hardships an ensign with a small fortune was subject.—He pitied Hastings, and gave him his advice: had it not been for his fatherly protection, Hastings must certainly have been ruined very soon; he was sensible how much he was indebted to him. What motive (says he) can Hamer have in shewing me all this attention? he can have no lucrative views, because he knows I have little; then why does he seem so interested in all my concerns, and frequently call me his son; does it proceed from friendship? yes: that darling attribute of heaven is the source from whence springs my happiness.

Some months after Hastings joined the regiment, they were sent abroad, and came to an engagement soon after they arrived. Here Hastings shewed that he was not forgetful of the obligations he was under to his friend; he watched over him, and several times saved his life, but all his endeavours could not preserve him, he saw him fall, and fought over him till his own wounds obliged him to retire. Sick with the loss of blood, but still more so for the loss of his friend, he was carried to a surgeon, who dressed his wounds, and he soon recovered.—By the time Hastings was able to walk,

the battle was decided, and his army proved victorious; he flew to the field, and found his friend just in time to take a last adieu.

Hamer saw him, and perceiving his fate was drawing to a crisis, "Sit down my son, says he: ere this globe has passed some paces east, death will have closed my eyes." You are sensible I had a friendship for you, and of the most pure and sincere kind; permit me at this awful moment, in the last scene of my acting on this world, to give you some advice, receive it as coming from a father: you know it proceeds from the heart; you know I love you. The first principle I should wish to fix in your breast is, that you take particular care what sort of company you keep, and learn to distinguish between a friend and companion; this is a maxim which you should have always in view; if you make no distinction between your friends and companions, how frequently will you be embarrassed! A bottle-companion, who, while he holds his glass, seems to glow with such cordial friendship, if trusted with a secret on which perhaps your honour and every thing dear to you depends, will be merry at your expence, and you will soon be rallied, abused, and affronted; recollect it was by a bottle-companion.

"By the company a young man keeps, we are apt to judge of him, and are too ready to draw conclusions. If he is seen with those who have not that character which indicates a virtuous young man, we do not approve of his conduct; but if he is found with such persons frequently, we condemn him, and think him no better than his companions.

"Shun gaming-houses; how many thousands have been ruined by this detestable vice, stript of every thing, and turned naked on the wide world to pine in misery." Hamer saw that Hastings loved the billiard-table, he was afraid it would be his ruin, there-
fore

fore warned him against encouraging it.—He was proceeding, when death put a period to his existence!

"So speechless for a little time he lay,
"Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd
his soul away." DRYDEN.

This was a severe shock to Hastings; it opened his mind to serious reflections, *heavily* did he feel the *loss*: now he had no one to communicate his sorrows to; no friend that he could rely on for advice. He returned to the victorious army, who had marched to —, a small town near where the battle was fought; some of his brother officers went along with him to those lodgings lately occupied by his friend. On entering the apartment he could not help shedding a tear at the loss he had sustained. On examining his drawers he found a will, which Hamer had made a little time before the battle, wherein he had made Hastings his executor, and left him a considerable fortune in England, and a great deal of ready money. How was he surprised at finding himself possessed of so large a fortune! he looked at the will, read it, examined it, then read it again; yet thought the whole a dream.

Among the various papers which Hastings found in the drawers, none tended in the least to discover what connections he had in England; there were several letters signed *Eliza*, written in a most elegant style, and a beautiful picture with *Eliza* wrote on the back of it. Often did he ponder over it, and wish he could ever find the dear original; but all in vain, no traces were left to discover by what tender tie they were connected. The remainder of the regiment was, soon after the battle, called home; and, by the time they arrived in England, the wounds which Hastings had received were healed, and he found himself perfectly recovered, possessing health and riches. How different London appeared to him now! Before he went abroad, he thought it

the seat of vice and misery; now, that of pleasure and happiness.

Coming home one night from the opera rather later than usual, he heard a terrible shrieking; the noise was repeated; he found it was a woman's voice:—his heart revolted at the idea of a person in distress. He ran to the place from whence the noise came, and, by the light of a lamp, discovered a tavern; finding the doors open, he entered. Now he heard the voice plainly, he found it was a woman's. "Well, madam, said she, since you will not comply, you shall go to the King's Bench tomorrow morning." What can this mean, says he to himself, approaching with his sword drawn—immediately a woman flew out of the room; as soon as she saw him she ran back. Hastings followed her, but how much was he surprized to see a young woman set in a corner of the room with all the marks of sorrow depicted on her countenance. When Hastings entered, she lifted up her eyes streaming with tears, each drop telling the sad situation she was in: she saw, by the weapon in his hand, he came with no intent but to inquire the cause of the noise; conscious of this she addressed him: "Sir, (said she, in a plaintive tone, throwing herself on her knees before Hastings) I implore your assistance; take me from this place, for whilst I am here my soul cannot rest—turn me into the street, there I shall end my days—but not in sin—I have no friends—I never had but one—he's gone."—Here she could not proceed. The mistress of the house, who had been silent all this time, got up, and very boldly asked Hastings what he wanted? He gave her a disdainful look, but not a word. She ran to a closet and pulled out an old man half dead with fear, who, when he heard Hastings come in, had hid himself. The brute fell down and begged that Hastings would save his life: he did so, and bid him depart, though not before he had told his

his name and left his pocket-book, that Hastings might be more able to find him out the next day. He then paid the mistress what she said the stranger owed her, and, after solemnly assuring her that he would protect her

from all danger, persuaded her to go with him in a hackney-coach to his lodgings, where very luckily a room was at liberty; he conducted her to it, and then departed.

[*To be continued.*]

THOUGHTS ON CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

"A single gaol, in Alfred's golden reign,

"Could half the nation's criminals contain.

"Blest age! But, ah! how different from our own!"

IT is a melancholy consideration, that so many of our fellow-creatures should pay the heaviest penalty of insulted justice, without producing that reformation in the manners of the people which is the great object of public punishment. The legal massacres which are exhibited to a thoughtless multitude when "the prisons are emptied into the grave," may melt the humane into compassion, but they deter not the wicked from guilt: it is therefore much to be regretted that some other mode of punishment is not adopted, which, in chastising the criminal, might make some reparation to the state he has injured; and that none of our great lawyers have thought an examination into the manifest injustice of our criminal laws worthy their serious attention. Men who retire from the labours of their profession, or the intrigues of politics, to an ample pension, would prove themselves really worthy their country's gratitude by performing this acceptable service.

The penalty of death has been brought forward to meet such a variety of offences, to stop the hand of the murderer, or to prevent the commission of an easy fraud, that crimes very different in degree are held worthy of an equal severity of punishment. If the hazard of life could prevent the commission of offences, so many miserable wretches would not fall victims to trifling temptations; temptations, which bear no proportion to the consequences of detection: but I am convinced that, at

the time of committing the offence, the offender reflects not upon the punishment annexed to his crime, for he does not always, nor indeed often, take the most effectual means of concealing his guilt. The highwayman would not leave the person he has robbed to remain an evidence against him, if he recollected that, by adding murder to robbery, he would be exposed but to the same punishment, and might probably escape detection; or if he were not restrained from committing accumulated guilt by some remaining sparks of virtue, which ought to plead in mitigation of the heaviest sentence which the severity of the law pronounces on the most aggravated crime.

But if it be politically impossible to adjust the exact proportion of punishment to the magnitude of the offence, I am sure it is not impossible to make the punishment beneficial to the offender and to the public. When no severity can restrain, and no admonition can improve a criminal, he must fall a sacrifice to the general welfare; and "who so sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed:" but the wanton infliction of death can produce no advantage: the mind revolts at the cruelty of the sentence; the anguish of the criminal is supposed to exceed his guilt; and pity for his sufferings usurps the place of resentment against his crimes. We have lately had a melancholy instance, where malefactors have advanced in troops to death, and where, advancing with the spirit, and apparently with the piety,

piety, of martyrs, they have seemed objects of envy rather than spectacles of horror. In other punishments little good can be expected. There is no doubt, when America belonged to this country, that many convicts reformed, and became profitable members of another state—they might then have been made good members of this.—When criminals are sent to the hulks, they mix together, to teach and to learn iniquity: when their sentence is expired, they prey again upon the public, for they have generally no other means of preserving existence; they can find no employment, if they be really honest and industrious. When they are sent to Africa, they go to multiply, and, as a late instance has exemplified, to provoke to murder: there is no inducement to them to do well.—In two other instances, the political perhaps, rather than the legal establishment, is defective; when the guilty escapes from the want of evidence against him, or some error in the proceedings, and when the innocent is acquitted. The former goes again into the world, to fill up the measure of his iniquities, and to return to the same tribunal with unquestionable guilt: the latter retires, overwhelmed with shame, to sink under

the weight of suspected innocence, and is possibly compelled, by the consequences of the suspicion, to become really criminal.—The offer of a public employment would be useful to such men, that they might be secure of the advantages of labour, that there might be an asylum in which they could preserve or regain their integrity, and benefit the public, as well as themselves, by their industry. In criminal cases of an inferior nature, such punishments might be inflicted as would tend to reform the convict, and make his labour serviceable to his country: Public works and public roads would afford a sufficient employment, and such an establishment might be made as would induce the criminal to perform his duty for the charms and for the rewards of virtue. By such means many might be saved who now suffer an ignominious and an early death; and many might be so much purified in the furnace of punishment and adversity, as to become the ornaments of that society of which they had formerly been the bane. The vices of mankind must frequently require the severity of justice; but a wise state would direct that severity to the greatest moral and political good.

The disposal of the celebrated Museum of Sir ASHTON LEVER, by way of Lottery, having this month excited the attention of the public, it is presumed the following account of that Gentleman will prove acceptable to our readers.

MEMOIRS OF SIR ASHTON LEVER.

THE collector of a museum which does so much honour to the English nation as that which belongs to the gentleman we are about to celebrate, deserves the applause of mankind. He is entitled to it on other accounts, and we feel a satisfaction in giving him those praises which pursuits calculated to enlarge the bounds of science, and diffuse knowledge, have a just claim to on society.

Sir Ashton Lever is of a very ancient family in the county of Lancas-

ter, and is the eldest son of Sir Darcy Lever, Knight, of Alkrington, near Manchester, in that county. At the age of twelve years he lost his father; but that loss was abundantly supplied by the care and attention of an excellent mother, to whom Sir Ashton has ever behaved with great filial tenderness. He received the first part of his education at a private school, where he first displayed the turn of his mind and the bent of his inclination. His passion for excelling commenced even at this early period, and it was observed,

served, that at school he always had the greatest quantity of marbles, the largest top, or the highest pair of stilts. This disposition grew up with him as he advanced in life; and in the more manly exercises, his horses were the best managed, his dogs the best taught, and his horsemanship not to be excelled. To his mother he is indebted for instilling into his mind such principles of benevolence and humanity, as, joined to his own natural good disposition and warm heart, laid the foundation of that philanthropy and generosity which make so conspicuous a part of his character, that in his gayest moments he never knowingly or intentionally gave his parent a moment's cause of uneasiness, nor was he ever known to speak with rancour or acrimony of any individual. From school he was transplanted to the University of Oxford, and entered a Gentleman Commoner of Corpus Christi College. Here he continued some time, but we do not know whether he took any degree or not. He is still remembered for his horsemanship, for which he was exceedingly famous, as well among the gentlemen of the University, as the several persons who obtain their livings by letting out these animals.

Leaving Oxford, he resided some years in Manchester with his mother; and here his first turn for Natural History began to shew itself, by collecting live birds. Afterwards removing to his seat at Alkington, he continued the same pursuit, and soon completed the best aviary in the kingdom, both for the neatness and number of different birds. At times, he was possessed of near four thousand; and as instances of this indefatigable zeal to whatever he turned his attention, we are assured that he frequently rode from London to Alkington with cages full of birds, which he brought safe, holding them with a full-stretched arm, and galloping his horse till the arm was tired, and then stopping to change hands.

While he was collecting birds in this manner, he did not confine himself from other amusements. He had at the same time the best-trained pack of beagles in his neighbourhood, and pointers in such great perfection, that he has been known to have fifteen in the field, all making a point at the same instant. But the management of his horses is almost beyond credibility; yet certain it is, that he has frequently had five or six hunters at a time all lying down and resting at the word of command; fetching, carrying, opening and shutting doors, and many other tricks.—The docility of these animals was to be equalled only by their excellence; any of them would carry their owner equal with the best fox-hounds in the kingdom; and while Sir Ashton lived at Grantham in Lincolnshire, which he did for some time, for the purpose of hunting with the late Marquis of Granby, he was always certain to take the lead in the chase.

About the year 1760, Sir Ashton being at London, was induced to visit Margate, where he frequently amused himself with shooting gulls on the sands. In these excursions he was often led to pick up curious shells; which a gentleman observing, informed him of a large quantity of foreign shells which were to be sold at Dunkirk. He immediately hired a boat, and sailed to France, where he purchased the whole cargo, consisting of several hogheads, which he sent down into the country. With these he commenced his grand pursuit. Fossils, both native and extraneous, together with shells, took up for some time his whole attention. Many of his rare birds he gave to his friends, and made a kind of gaol-delivery of the rest. At this period, stuffed birds had not been any object of his notice: they, however, a few years afterwards became such; for, on viewing the collection exhibited in Spring Gardens, he determined to rival and

exceed that in as high a degree as he had already obtained the superiority over every other museum.

The public are already acquainted, that all these pursuits were entirely for his own amusement. But the celebrity of his collection now began to draw after it a large and burthensome expence. Parties from all quarters came to visit him; and such was his natural disposition to give pleasure, that he admitted not only his particular friends, but their acquaintances, both to the sight of his museum and the entertainment of his table. The great crowds which daily flocked to his house, obliged him at last to fix upon one day in the week only for the public at large; and some thousands, we are told, have been gratified on those days. At length he found it necessary to contract the number of his visitors still more, and exclude those who should come on foot. This he notified in the Manchester newspaper. Soon after this regulation, a party came, who, according to the rules laid down, could not be admitted; but one of the gentlemen, in order to obviate the objection, mounted a cow in a neighbouring lane, and rode back to the house, where he soon procured admission for himself and his friends.

Amongst Sir Ashton's visitors were many of the first nobility, who frequently recommended him not to bury his collection in an obscure corner of the kingdom, and pressed him to remove it to London, in order that it might be of public utility. Some of these promised him their patronage in the strongest terms. He at length acceded to their proposals, contrary to the opinion of his relations, and particularly of Lady Lever, who, we are informed, never could be brought to approve the plan. Had he been encouraged in the manner he had every reason to expect, it is probable he would have been able to have collected every bird and quadruped in the known world; as all gentlemen who

came to see him, and had any connections in foreign countries, wished to contribute something to his collection. We scruple not to declare, that the failure of this design has deprived the kingdom of what would have redounded greatly to the honour and advantage of it.

We have mentioned Sir Ashton's management of his horses and dogs, and given some remarkable instances of his power over them; we shall add, that he has been equally successful amongst the feathered tribe. He has taught a bullfinch to fly from his cage and light upon the hand of his master, after which, singing one of its tunes at the word of command, it has fled back to its cage as directed. A goose also has been managed in such a manner as to perform, in part, the office of a servant, and wait behind his chair at table with a napkin under its wing. Sir Ashton seems to have given the first idea to the present exhibitors of feats of horsemanship; and probably the means of information have originally come from him, as he always allowed his groom to teach any one his method of managing his horses who desired it.

Sir Ashton Lever is a gentleman of such universal benevolence, that we apprehend him to have the fewest enemies of any person so well known. He is universally respected in his neighbourhood, where he employs himself very usefully as a magistrate, and is particularly attentive to prevent trifling litigious suits.

In his family he is beloved and honoured, and respected by a very numerous acquaintance, who bear testimony to his worth, disinterestedness, and honour. He is indefatigable in all his pursuits, and has erected a monument of his taste and judgment, the memory of which will remain after his collection will be permitted to be dispersed. A collection so noble, so complete, so useful, and so entertaining, we think, ought to have found patronage from the nation at large.

The

The proprietor of it has only been rewarded with a permission to dispose of it by a Lottery; the tickets were one guinea each, which entitled the purchaser to four admissions. When we add, that the whole has been valued at 50,000 l. and that the number of

tickets were only 36,000; we apprehend that Sir Ashton Lever will have little reason to thank himself over-paid for the great trouble and expence he has been at in forming and executing so vast a design.

THOUGHTS ON THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES.

HAVING formed a decided opinion upon the subject of female education, give me leave to lay the following remarks before your readers. The education of a daughter is an important trust, which people of superior rank seldom or ever commit to persons wholly indifferent; but, the custom of the generality of the inhabitants of the metropolis, and other respectable cities, is to send their daughters, at a certain age, to some of the numerous boarding-schools in the neighbouring villages, which are now increased, and are increasing, to a degree, of which the last generation could have no conception.

To a truly serious mind, the present state of female education amongst us must be a matter of concern: how little do we find of that elegant simplicity, that unaffected devotion, that characteristic delicacy, which form the truly amiable woman! and how can this be otherwise? Parents, in whose nature has implanted an instinctive affection, throw the whole care of forming the morals and the manners of their daughters on those whose chief motive is to enrich themselves. Nothing surely but custom can reconcile parents to such a breach of duty; owing, perhaps, to the dissipation of the present day, and that love of company, and of public entertainments, which is so universally prevalent. When the mother spends great part of the night at cards, rises late, has visits to pay, and friends to receive, she cannot have much leisure for the education of her daughter; the boarding-school is then the refuge, which gives an uncontrouled liberty to her conduct.

Here the young lady is to be qualified for company; but how qualified? She is never to be alone; her dancing-master (for he is the important tutor) is to teach her to stand, to walk, and to hold up her head; her music-master, to thrum upon the harpsichord; the writing-master, to make scratches and to blot paper; and her French teacher, to forget her mother tongue! But who is to form her manners and correct her morals, which alone can fix a solid principle, and give vigor and stability to the understanding? Accomplishments, it is said, are best attained in public. If by accomplishment a knowledge of the fine arts is meant, I much doubt it; the teachers at those places are seldom of the first rank, and neither their time nor their inclination lead them to bestow that attention which is necessary to instruct a scholar. I have observed that girls, when they first come from these schools, are generally reserved and ungracious in the company of those they consider as their superiors. They have not been introduced into the right class of company; those with whom they are to pass the rest of their days, or those who are capable of affording them instruction with delight; perhaps, they even despise the society of persons of that character; for much of the economy of schools being dress, the young lady is naturally led to ridicule those whose appearance does not come up to her standard of excellence in that respect. On the contrary, those who have been gradually advancing into life in the society of those with whom they are in future to be connected, and under the influence of the affectionate

tionate mother, or kind relation, who can say, "Here, my child, place your confidence on such and such friends, who have principles, and will be lasting objects of your affection," are never at a loss in whatever company they may be in; they are always at home; but what can a school-mistress do in directing the mind to such attachments? Indeed, experience fully proves, that boarding-school friendships are generally of short duration.

I would, by no means, wish to bear hard upon misfortune: but is not this too frequently the recommendation of a governess of a school? The failure in trade of a father or a husband, is considered as a kind of claim to that office; and in those very great schools, of long establishment, it is not a superior knowledge, or ability of communicating instruction, that is the requisite; but an address, and manner of suiting their conversation to the humour of the young lady's friends; for, with respect to instruction, there is often a regular apprenticeship served to the profession,

and a kind of routine established, never to be departed from, under the title of "the rules of the school;" besides, in those of great eminence, must not the time of the principal be almost entirely taken up in superintending the œconomy of the whole?

Doubtless there are exceptions to the general management of schools. Some ladies have few scholars, and devote their whole attention to them; other ladies only take such as are grown up, and who, from advantageous circumstances, have not had an opportunity of improvement under their parents: this is a totally different case, and few of the foregoing remarks hold good with respect to such a finish of education; these too are usually persons of superior abilities to the common rank.

I am no friend to confinement for young persons of either sex; I would have them see the world, partake of its amusements, and enjoy its real pleasures, in order to form a character of their own, and despise the routine of senseless gaiety and dissipation.

AN INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

EIGHT days before the dreadful fire at Port-au-Prince, in 1784, in the island of St. Domingo, Mr. Roberjot de Lartigue, the treasurer of that colony, had sold a storehouse full of goods to his friend, Mr. Giraud, for the sum of 180,000 livres (7875 l. sterling). The payment of this sum was stipulated to be 60,000 livres down (2625 l.) and the remainder in three years. The agreement having been completed in due form, Mr. Giraud made the first payment of 60,000 livres.

The purchaser and the seller were spectators of the conflagration. The former perceiving the rapid progress of the flames, lamented his fate, exclaiming, with inexpressible anguish, that he was ruined. "Be comforted, my dear friend," said the seller, "you

have a large family, and your welfare is dear to me. When I sold this warehouse to you, I left the terms to yourself. You thought to make a good bargain, and you had a right to do so. But this is an event which neither of us could foresee, and which must considerably derange your affairs. I should never forgive myself were I to be the ruin of an industrious father of a family, who is, moreover, my friend. If the warehouse can be preserved, the bargain is still good, and it will be the better for you; if not, the loss shall be mine."—A moment after, the flames reached the warehouse, and totally consumed it. At seven o'clock the next morning, Mr. Lartigue sent the 60,000 livres to his friend, and the bargain was annulled. *Journal de Paris.*

FOR

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

"O that mankind would Wisdom's voice attend!

"In life preparing for their latter end.

ANON.

THE necessity of a frequent meditation upon death, as the most powerful foundation for a holy life, is particularly inculcated in the holy scriptures: *O that they (my people Israel) were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!* Deut. xxxii. 29.

The preparation for this last and solemn period of our existence here, when this veil of the flesh is about to be taken away, and the spirits preparing to meet its Creator face to face, and to receive judgment for the deeds done in the body, would be the most effectual means of making sin exceedingly hateful in our eyes, and guiding our steps aright: *Whatsoever thou takest in hand, remember thy end, and thou shalt never do amiss,* Eccl. vii. 36.

Men in their natural state, immersed in the world, its grandeur, follies, and vices, strangers to religion, and instead of giving heed to, stifling the divine witness in their hearts, such seldom give attention to this important matter, until they come, by experience, to feel the want of it, which, at some time or other, all such will infallibly do, to their great guilt and condemnation. In proof of this, I have selected many examples from men in very eminent and exalted stations in life, the publishing of which may, I hope, be useful; we may see by them, that every other thing, compared with a virtuous and religious life, is lighter than vanity; also the truth of the scripture, *Judge ye none blessed before his death,* Eccles. xi. 28.

Charles V. Emperor of Germany, after 23 pitched battles, six triumphs, four kingdoms conquered, and eight principalities added to his dominions, resigned his pomp to other hands, and betook himself to retirement, leaving this testimony behind him:

That all sublunary greatness was vanity and folly; but that the sincere study, profession, and practice of the christian religion, had in it such joys and sweetness as courts were utter strangers to.

Philip III. King of Spain, seriously reflecting upon the life he had lead in the world, frequently exclaimed, *Ab! how happy should I now have been, had I spent these twenty-three years that I have held in my kingdom in retirement.* When upon his death-bed, he cried out to his confessor, *My concern is for my soul, not my body; I lay all that God has given me, my dominions, power, and my life, at the feet of Jesus Christ my Saviour.*

Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James the First, a prince of great hopes, and of an excellent character; yet let us observe the account which he gives of himself at last. A beloved intimate, one who had been the companion of his amusements and diversions, being with him in his sickness, and asking him "How he did?" was, amongst many other serious and affecting expressions, answered thus: *Ab! Tom! I in vain wish for that time I have lost with thee, and others, in recreations and vain amusements! So precious did a little time appear to a prince, and no ordinary one neither, upon his dying bed; and such his self-condemnation for having neglected the proper use of it.*

The late Princess Elizabeth of the Rhine, derived greater lustre from her virtue than her quality, which yet was of the greatest in the German empire. Her whole life was one continued tenor of goodness, of doing justice to her subjects, of breaking bread to the virtuous poor, whom she did not think it beneath her frequently to visit in their solitary abodes; abstemious in her life, and in apparel plain,

plain, and void of vain ornaments. To some who had visited her not long before her death, she said, *Let me desire you to remember me, tho' I live at this distance, and that you should never see me more; I thank you for your company and attention to me; know, and be assured, that, although my condition in life subjects me to divers temptations, yet my soul hath strong desires after the best things.*—Being once at Hamburg, a person in low circumstances of life, whom she went to visit for his virtue's sake, said to her, "It was too great an honour for him, that one of her great rank should deign to come under his roof, one allied to so many kings and princes of this world." She humbly answered, *If they were godly as well as great, it would be an honour indeed; but if you know what that greatness was as well as I, you would value less that honour.*

Cardinal Richlieu, with whom, as one of the greatest statesmen that ever lived, few are unacquainted, made the following confession to P. de Monlin, the famous French Protestant: *That being forced upon many irregularities by what are called reasons of state, he could not tell how to satisfy his conscience for many things he had done and advised, and therefore he was many times tempted to doubt and disbelieve a God, another world, and the immortality of the soul, hoping thereby to relieve the disquietude of his mind, but in vain: so strong, he said, was the notion of God on his soul; so clear the impression of him upon the frame of the world; so unanimous the consent of mankind in all ages; so powerful the convictions of his own conscience, that he could not but taste the power of the world to come, and so live as one that must die, and so die as one that must live for ever.* And being asked one day why he was so unusually sad, answered, *Monseigneur, Monsieur, the soul is a serious thing; it must be either sad here for a moment, or be sad for ever!*

Cardinal Mazarine, the greatest statesman of his time, as appeared from the great successes of the French crown under his ministry; his aim was the greatness, grandeur, and applause of this world, to which he made all other things subservient, but being awakened by the fierce lashes of his conscience, *that worm that never dies*, the state of his soul appeared so dismal, that with astonishment and many tears, as one awakened from a lethargic stupor, he cried out, *O my poor soul, what will become of thee! wither wilt thou go!* And to the Queen Mother of France, when she was one day visiting him, he said, *Madam, your favours have undone me; were I to live again, I would be a poor Capuchin rather than a Courtier!*

The Duke de Momerancy, colleague with the Duke of Orleans, brother to Lewis XIII. being one day very richly attired, was suddenly struck with the vanity of it: *Ah! said he, this becomes not a servant of the crucified Jesus! what do I with these costly vanities about me? He was poor, despised, and naked, when he went to the cross to die for my sins!* He immediately stripped, and clothed himself more humbly.

M. de Mountaigne, a Lord of France, and well known amongst the learned for his essays, gave the following advice to his relations and friends, viz. *Amidst all our entertainments and pleasures let us ever have this restraint or object of death before us; that is, the remembrance of our condition; and let not pleasure so far transport us, that we neglect how many ways our joys or our feasting be subject unto death, and by how many holdfasts it is continually threatening us; let us not propose so fleeting and wavering an end unto ourselves as the world's glory, but constantly follow true Wisdom. Vulgar approbation will be of no consequence to us, provided we are always living so as to attain*

attain that of our own conscience, then are we rich in ourselves, and not by borrowing. The world can only judge from external appearances, nor can see my heart when it looks upon my outward countenance, and therefore often thinks a man happy that sets a good face upon the matter, when, alas! he is full of care, grief, and misery. Men are nought but outward ceremony, and such is their unhappy condition, that they are continually grasping at shadows and overlooking the substance.

I may in a future Magazine resume this subject, and give the testimonies of several great and illustrious men of our own nation to religion, virtue, and piety. In the mean-time, I cannot omit wishing, that, as we are fond of importing the vices of our neighbours upon the continent, their fashions, unmeaning compliments, and volatility, we might now be at least equally desirous of profiting by their virtue and experience.

YORK.

T.

NATURAL HISTORY. N^o. II.

THE TIGER,

FOR fierceness and size, comes nearer to the nature of a lion than any other creature of the cat kind; he being like a lioness in body, face, and mouth. The neck is short, and the skin full of spots; but not round like a leopard's, nor yet of several colours. Their eyes are shining, their teeth sharp, their feet like those of a cat, the claws crooked, and their tails long; but not tufted at the end like that of a lion, but smooth like a cat's.

There are none of these animals in Europe, for they are bred in Asia, Africa, and America; but they are of different colours and kinds. Particularly there is one in the East Indies that is fallow-coloured on the back, grey on the sides, and white underneath the belly. It is adorned with black stripes, the largest of which is an inch broad. Some of them are disposed in the form of a girdle, and almost surround the whole body. However they are generally short, irregular, and run along slanting; from which a smaller sort proceed, which look like appendages to the greater.

One of this sort that was measured after he was dead, had a head fourteen inches in length, and nine in thickness. The tail was two feet and a half long, and decreased gradually to its end, where it was very slender. It was encompassed with rings of the

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same colour as the rest of the body, but not so lively. The body, from the nose to the beginning of the tail, was four feet nine inches in length; his height, from the extremity of one of the fore paws to the top of the back was three feet; and the fore leg, measured directly under the shoulder, was above two feet and a half in circumference; the rest of the body being large in proportion. The two sides of the forehead formed a considerable cavity in the middle, which runs from above downwards like a channel. The bottom was covered with a long narrow stripe, from whence several others proceeded of the same colour, and ascended obliquely towards the forehead, and then turned downwards like a screw. From the top to the trunk of the body, proceeded to the right and left several other small black stripes, which after dividing and parting from each other, then re-united in a single point on the middle of the forehead; insomuch, that by the help of a warm imagination they might be took for the likeness of flower de lues, supposing that they had three rows of leaves. The fore crooked teeth in the mouth were extremely thick and long, and the claws were in proportion. The mouth was very large, and the neck exceeding short. It had whiskers like a cat, of a bigness proportionable to the body. These sort of tigers are most common in China.

L

Captain

Captain Hamilton informs us, that in the Sundah Rajah's dominions in the East-Indies there are three sorts of tigers in the Carwar woods, and that the smallest of these are fiercest. This is not above two feet high when he walks, and is very cunning, delighting in human flesh. The second kind is about three feet high, and hunts deer and wild hogs, besides a little creature called *Pissi*. This is shaped like a deer in the body, but its head is like a hog; and, as a boar, has two long tusks growing upward from the nether jaw. It has also two long, small, sharp teeth, which grow downward from the upper jaw, and reach down as low as the under part of the lower jaw. It is a very harmless, fearful, creature, and feeds on grass and herbs, and is hardly so big as a full-grown cat. The flesh is almost black, and it has the taste of that of a hare.

The tiger of the largest size is above three feet and a half high, and they are not so rapacious as the other kinds. They do not seem to be greedy of human flesh, and are sooner frightened. A poor peasant in this country had a buffalo that had fallen into a bog, and while he went to his neighbours for assistance to get him out, there came a large tiger that saved them the trouble; for he drew him out by his own dexterity and strength, and when he had done, threw him over his shoulder, as a fox does a goose, and was carrying him away with feet upward to his den. However, as soon as he saw the people he let him fall and run away; but he had killed the buffalo, and sucked his blood. Here it may be observed that a small buffalo weighs above 500 pounds, and there are some that weigh upwards of 1200. The East-Indian tiger is full of streaks, but those in the tower of London, which were brought from the south sea, are spotted like a leopard, though they have not so many spots, nor are they so beautiful.

The tiger of America is a very fierce animal, and is more mischievous than any other of this kind in that part of the world, not excepting their pretended lion, which is a harmless creature in comparison with this. It is said there are several sorts of them, and that they are generally strong and beautiful; but I can only meet with the description of one, which is of a fallow colour, and perhaps this is the only sort; for we are not to trust to the stories picked up by travellers only from hear-say. The savages are very dextrous in encountering with these animals with a spontoon, or half pike, their usual weapon on a journey. The tiger is supposed to be the only animal in these parts that dare engage with a crocodile. Those that have seen a battle between them think it a curious sight. The crocodile raises his head above water to seize the tiger when coming to the river side to drink, as he does cows, horses, mules, and other animals on the like occasion. When this happens, the tiger plunges his claws into the eyes of the crocodile, the only part where he can hurt him, on account of the hardness of his scales, and the latter diving under water, drags the tiger along with him, who will sooner die than let go his hold. It is well for the inhabitants that these tigers are very scarce, for, if it were otherwise, most of the useful animals would soon be destroyed. Those few that there are, chiefly inhabit the woods of the mountainous parts, inasmuch that they are seldom heard or seen near any of the plantations.

There is one of these animals now in England, and perhaps is the first that ever was seen here. It is of a fallow colour, has a great resemblance to a cat, for it is not so strong made, nor so large as a common tiger. The tail is very long, and ends in a point; the ears are shorter, and the muzzle longer in proportion than those of a cat. However, it is certainly a very robust

robust animal, and seems capable of doing a great deal of mischief.

The tigers of Africa are much larger than a leopard, and are full of yellow spots, encompassed with black hair, and are pretty round, or rather in a shape of a horse-shoe. Those that have eaten the flesh of a tiger affirm that it is white, tender, and well tast-

ed. It is very remarkable, that a tiger will never feed upon the flesh of an animal he finds dead in the fields, for he always will be the butcher himself; and when he meets with several of them together, he is contented with sucking the blood, of which he is very fond, and never will give over till he has killed them all.

ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM THE LATE DR. JOHNSON TO MR. JAMES ELPHINSTON.

Dear Sir, Sept. 25, 1750.

YOU have, as I find by every kind of evidence, lost an excellent mother; and I hope you will not think me incapable of partaking of your grief. I have a mother now 82 years of age, whom therefore I must soon lose, unless it please God that she rather should mourn for me. I read the letters in which you relate your mother's death to Mrs. Strahan [*sister to Mr. Elphinston*]; and I think I do myself honour, when I tell you that I read them with tears. But tears are neither to me nor to you of any farther use, when once the tribute of nature has been paid. The business of life summons us away from useless grief, and calls us to the exercise of those virtues of which we are lamenting our deprivation. The greatest benefit which one friend can confer upon another is, to guard, for so surely it must be, and incite, and elevate his virtues. This your mother will still perform, if you diligently preserve the memory of her life, and of her death; a life, so far as I can learn, useful, wise, and innocent; and a death, resigned, peaceful, and holy. I cannot forbear to mention, that neither reason nor revelation denies you to hope, that you may increase her happiness, by obeying her precepts;

and that she may, in her present state, look with pleasure upon every act of virtue to which her instruction and example have contributed. Whether this be more than a pleasing dream, or a just opinion of separate spirits, is indeed of no great importance to us, when we consider ourselves as acting under the eye of God; yet surely there is something pleasing in the belief, that our separation from those whom we love is merely corporeal; and it may be a great incitement to virtuous friendship, if it can be made probable, that that union has received the divine approbation, and shall continue to eternity.—There is one expedient by which you may, in some degree, continue her presence. If you write down minutely what you can remember of her from your earliest years, you will read it with great pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing recollection which time shall remove her yet farther from you, and your grief shall be matured to veneration. To this, however painful for the present, I cannot but advise you, as to a source of comfort and satisfaction in the time to come; for all comfort and all satisfaction is sincerely wished you by, dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

S. JOHNSON.

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

THE prevalency of Slander is now so universal, that it is absolutely irksome to be situated in some companies. A considerable portion of time is employed by numbers in

cruelly shooting the venom-pointed arrows of Defamation at their unsuspecting neighbours, whilst they totally neglect the important necessity of a self-review. If persons of the

description should receive a modest check, they will tell you, "If conversation did not create a relish for company, every one would become domestic—the lover would entirely devote himself to his *Fidelia*, and the husband would contentedly *sacrifice* his hours in a conjugal *tête-à-tête*." But can that conversation prove agreeable which would eradicate the most rational sensibility, and destroy that happiness which harmonizes, or ought to harmonize, society?—May we not stigmatize the Slanderer as a dangerous enemy?—May not the most virtuous and exalted characters be levelled to the vicious and abased of human nature, by the un pitying stroke of Scandal?—Is not *Reputation* a flower of great tenderness and delicacy?—Can the most benign sun or

genial showers restore it to its original beauty, when once cropt or blasted?—Yet how many are there in the varied round of life, who would sooner plunge the dagger of Defamation in the breast of innocence, than extend the arm of succour to shelter it from the most complicated misery!—It is impossible to delineate all the cruel effects of Slander; for she dethrones merit, contemns virtue, and seduces amiability; her disguises are various, and her designs innumerable.—Such is her true portrait; therefore let us endeavour to promote a reformation, by candidly examining ourselves, and cautiously avoiding every promulgation which may tend to injure the character of either friend or foe.

YORK, March 24.

P.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

WHEN the great Scipio (the Roman general) was pursuing his conquests in Spain, a noble and beautiful lady became his captive. He was in the prime of life, and had a relish for pleasure, and might have used his slave as he pleased. He was smitten with her beauty, and acquainted her with it; but she received him with horror, declared she was pre-engaged to one of her own country, and even produced her lover to plead with his potent rival. Scipio heard them with uneasiness, appeared irresolute, but condescended to de-

clare his mind at another interview. The time came, the general took his seat, the guards attended, and the lady and her lover themselves at his feet, all in tears, under the greatest apprehension and perplexity. The soldiers themselves were moved with pity; and Scipio rising from his seat, lifted the lovers from the ground, joined their hands, dried their tears, and made them for ever happy in each other. This was a greater action than winning a battle. No man was great enough to conquer Scipio, but Scipio conquered himself.

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

AS the emperor was riding thro' the streets of Vienna, a young lad making his way through the crowd, came up to the coach and exclaimed in the plaintive accents of heart-felt grief: "Oh! Sire! see me here, for the first time, a beggar! what I would never think of doing for myself, duty and filial concern bid me undertake. My mother, alas! is reduced by sickness to the utmost misery; her life ebbs apace; I want but one florin to procure her

the advice of a physician: would your Imperial Majesty give me but that one florin, we might still be happy!"—The Emperor asked some questions concerning the situation and place of abode of the sick woman, gave the florin, and, whilst the lad was flying upon the wings of impatience to a doctor, the Emperor, by a shorter way, drove to the place where the woman lived. He alighted at the corner of the street, and wrapping himself in the cloak of one of his attendants

attendants went to the woman, inquired into her situation, the symptoms of her disorder, and asking for pen and ink, said he would write a prescription for her; this done, he retired. His Majesty hardly reached his coach again ere the youth arrived, leading in a physician; the mother thanked her boy, but told him that a doctor had just been in and wrote a prescription for her: the physician

seeing the slip of paper lying on the table, took it up. It was a prescription indeed! such as would out-do a doctor's pill; it contained an order for fifty ducats upon the Comptroller of his Majesty's Household. This is being truly a Sovereign! it is the way to reign (as every Monarch should) over the hearts of his grateful subjects.

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF MR. CHARLES PRICE.

THIS unhappy man was apprehended about the 15th day of January, 1786, at Mr. Aldus's, a pawnbroker in Berwick-street; had passed only three examinations, and executed himself in Tothil-Fields, Bridewell, on the 24th of the same month. Great must have been the horrors of his mind before he could conclude upon his own destruction, but the composure and deliberation with which he perfected it, gave the finishing stroke to that character with calmness, which all who had acquaintance with him knew he was master of, and which his machinations had manifested from the year 1780 to the hour of detection. He was servile to a meanness, where his servility could be recompensed by a shilling—he was master of the most consummate effrontery, when justice called upon him for that shilling, if unsupported by law; he never paid it but with an eye to further plunder, and even then he abounded with such professions of honesty, that all who could read mankind might perceive he did not possess a grain of it. He was also an adept in flattery; he possessed an extensive knowledge in men and manners, was proficient in reading the heart of man, and, to superficial observers, appeared a very sensible person. He was conversant in most of the living languages, had a smattering of each, but master of none; and not having had the advantage of a liberal education, he was very deficient in his own. He had

travelled all over France and Holland, and been at most of the German courts. He was at Copenhagen during the time of the unhappy fate of the late Queen of Denmark, sister to our Sovereign, and at that time he wrote a pamphlet, clearing her of all suspicions, and in which he pointed out the true cause of that degrading attack, and, what was more dear to her than her life, her character, and thereby to effect an intended revolution in favour of the Queen Dowager's son. One of those pamphlets he gave Mr. Fenwick, the keeper of Tothil-Fields, Bridewell, which, tho' drawn up in very imperfect language, yet it proved him to have an eye directed to the cabals of the court, and an understanding capable of developing its intrigues. His character about the 'Change in London was well known; he was a keen, *intriguing speculator*, well versed in the mystery of *Bulls and Bears*—his head enabled him to make the most accurate calculations, but his heart would never permit him to enjoy the fruits of even his honest labours, if such they might be deemed, for, if possible, he never would comply with the demands of a fortunate customer, unless actually terrified into it; and to terrify him required no small portion of ingenuity and resolution. This natural propensity to dishonesty was the spring of all his misfortunes; it made him shift from place to place to avoid the abuse of the vulgar, and the clamorous calls of lucky

lucky adventurers. His last office was at the corner of King-street, Covent-Garden, from whence he was driven, about six years ago, by a most unaccountable run of ill luck, and esteemed himself happy in a private decampment.

Ever since that period, Mr. Price has lived in obscurity, and, as it was then he began his dishonest practices, it is a singular circumstance for reflection, that no man can live happy who offends against the laws of his country, particularly in those instances which, as they are the most dangerous and destructive to society, naturally call for every exertion to detect, and where wisdom and power united can never fail, at last, in the accomplishment.

His domestic character was still worse—tho' a perfect sycophant and bully abroad, at home he was the most absolute tyrant, nor could a prudent, beautiful, virtuous woman, endowed with every qualification to render the marriage state happy, soften a brutality of disposition, when the ample fortune he obtained with her had been squandered by him in intrigues, as pitiful as they were expensive; for with all his outward appearances of gentility, he had a degree of pride that was truly contemptible, and a mind equally low and mean.

We have thought proper to give this general outline of his character, that the reader may be enabled to form some idea of the consistency of his conduct, and be prepared for a relation of transactions which were as surprising as his character.

Driven thus to expedients, and having a large family of eight children to support, he turned his thoughts to that attempt which proved so fatal to him; and, what is very extraordinary, always has proved fatal to every man who made the attempt, (and we will venture to prognosticate always will)—a forgery on the Bank of England. His first attack on the Bank was about the year 1780, when

a forged note had been taken there, so complete in all its parts, the engraving, the signatures, the water-marks, &c. that it passed through various hands *unsuspected*, and was not discovered till it came to a certain department in the routine of that office, and thro' which *no forgery* whatever can pass *undiscovered*.—This occasioned a considerable alarm among that great and truly respectable body of gentlemen, and notes upon notes flowed in about the lottery and Christmas times, without even the least possibility of tracing out the first negociator. Various consultations were held, various plans laid, and innumerable were the efforts of detection, but in vain—they were traced up to one man from every quarter, always disguised, always inaccessible, and we will venture to pronounce, the forger would have remained much longer a secret, but for the unwearied attention and cool-collected plans of Mr. Clark, a public officer at Bow-street, well known for his ingenuity in detecting offenders on the Bank, the Mint, &c.

Had Mr. Price permitted a partner in his proceedings, he must have been soon discovered; but he engraved his own plates, made his own paper, *with the water-marks*, and was his own negociator, thereby confining the secret to his own breast, for even Mrs. Price had not the least knowledge or suspicion of his proceedings. He made himself sufficient master of engraving, then made his own ink to *prove* his works. Having purchased implements, and manufactured the water-mark, he next set himself to counterfeit the *hand-writings*, and succeeded so far as to puzzle a part of the first body of men in the world.

All attempts to discover him proving equally abortive, the Bank at last described the offender by advertisement. This drove Mr. Price to his wits, and for some months forced him to refrain the circulation. The next lottery season he re-commenced his scheme, and Mr. *Patch* again came forth

forth with all his secret *eclat*, though every scheme was adopted to detect him.

It is not unworthy observation, that hand-bills were delivered from house to house throughout the whole of the quarter where he was most suspected to reside, and at the very house which he daily resorted to, and where all his implements were fixed. This was the neighbourhood of Marybone, Portland Place, Oxford-street, and Tottenham-Court-Road; nay it was thrown down an area to the only person in whom he placed any confidence, a lady whom the reader will be presently acquainted with. By this means Price was apprised of his immediate danger, and consequently took his measures accordingly; in the common phrase it *blew him up*, but it certainly was the means that prevented his then being apprehended. In the preceding part of this narrative, we mentioned that Mr. Price had no partner, no person to whom he entrusted any branch of the business of forging a bank note: we mean by that, that he employed no *mechanic* to assist him; but a *confidante* he most assuredly had, and a female who was selected for the business with as much wisdom as he discovered sagacity in his projects. It is no less extraordinary than true, that this *confidante* was his own wife's aunt, by the mother's side, with whom he had had a perfect intimacy previous to his marriage. Her name is *Pounteney*; and what is surprising, this connection was carried on to the day of his death, unknown to his wife; he was daily with her, divided his dinner-times equally betwixt the two, and the niece, thro' the impositions of her husband, had considered her aunt either as dead, or residing abroad.

Having made choice of this woman as an assistant, his apparatus being all ready, he began his operations. He lived then at Paddington with Mrs. Price, and had lodgings also near Portland-Place, where he visited her

aunt daily, and where all the utensils were concealed. Every thing being thus prepared, his next and chief scheme was a negociator; for this his wits were set to work, and he procured one in the following manner:

In October, 1780, which was about the lottery time, Mr. Price put an advertisement into the paper, in which he required a servant who had been used to live with a single gentleman, and the direction was to C. C. Marlborough Coffee-house, Broad-street, Carnaby-market. An honest young man, and who then lived with a musical instrument-maker in the Strand, whose name for very obvious reasons we keep secret, not being much wanted by his master, and having been desired by that master to look into the papers for a place, happened to read Mr. Price's advertisement, and accordingly sent a letter to the Marlborough Coffee-house, as directed. He heard nothing farther of this for a week, when one evening, just as it was dusk, a coach drove up to his master's door, and the coachman enquired for the man who had answered the advertisement, at the same time saying there was a gentleman over the way in a coach wanted to speak with him. On this the young fellow was called, and went to the coach, where he was desired to step in. There he saw an apparent old man, a foreigner, gouty, rapped up with five or six yards of flannel about his legs, a camblet surtout buttoned over his chin, close up to his mouth, a large patch over his left eye, and every part of his face so hid, that the young fellow could not see any part of his face but one eye, his nose, and a small part of his cheek. To carry on the deception still greater, Mr. Price thought proper to place the man on his left side, on which eye the patch was so that the old gentleman could take an askance look at the young man with his right eye, and discover then only a very small portion indeed of his face. He appeared by this disguise to be
betwixt

betwixt sixty and seventy years of age; and afterwards, when the man saw him standing, not much under six feet high, owing to boots or shoes, with heels very little less than four inches. Added to this deception, he was so buttoned up and straitened as to appear perfectly *lank*.

It may not be here ill timed to those who did not know him, to give the true description of his person; he was about five feet six inches high, and a compact neat-made man, rather square shouldered, and somewhat inclined to corpulency, his legs firm and well set; but, by nature, his features made him look much older than he really was, which was *forty-five*. His nose was what we call a *parrot's nose*, his eyes small and grey; his mouth stood very much inwards, with quite thin lips, his chin pointed and prominent, with a pale complexion; but what contributed as much as any thing to favour his disguise of speech, was his loss of teeth. He walked exceedingly upright, was very active and quick in his walk, and was what we describe a man to be, when we call him a *dapper-made man*.

To this person, whose christian name was *Samuel*, Mr. Price affected great age, bodily infirmity, an hectic cough, and a disability of almost getting out of the coach. Samuel having been thus seated by the side of Mr. Price, was told that he was not wanted by him, Price, but as an under-servant to a young nobleman of great fortune, under age, and then in the country, naming Bedfordshire, to whom he was, and had been some years guardian. Price then began to inquire into the particulars of Samuel's life, when being informed, and finding him a young fellow for the purpose, honest and ingenious, talked to him about wages, and Samuel enquired if he was to be in livery or not? To this Mr. Price replied, that he could not really tell, for the young nobleman was a very whimsical character. To carry on the farce, he

desired Samuel to call his master to the coach to give him a character, which being done, and the master giving him such a one as Price pretended to approve of, a bargain was struck for 18s. per week, and a direction given to call on Mr. Brank, Price's assumed name, at No. 39, Titchfield-street, Oxford-street.

Pursuant to the appointment, which was the second or third evening after, Samuel went to No. 39, and there saw this guardian of a minor nobleman, and whom Samuel was to serve by waiting on Mr. Brank. There Price resumed his discourse respecting his ward, the whimsicalness of his character, the prodigality of his ways, and the hard task he had to prevent him from squandering his money away, especially in dabbling with these deceitful allurances, called *lottery tickets*; but that, altho' he was a guardian to the nobleman, he was still obliged to comply with his whims, against his own inclination, and in opposition to all advice and remonstrance. Old Brank talked of the happy prospects for Samuel, by serving such a master, and Samuel talked of his cloaths, whether livery or not? It was concluded, however, that for the present he should procure a drab coat, turned up with red, till the nobleman's pleasure was known.

But here is a circumstance worth regarding—Samuel was ordered to get the cloaths at his own charge, and ~~make~~ out his bill—the former he did, but the latter was useless, as the reader will soon perceive; and this conduct exactly corresponded with Price's character, who was known never to part with a shilling out of one hand till he had half a crown for it in the other. Samuel brought the cloaths, and was never repaid what he paid for them. Samuel was placed on the left side of the old gentleman, where the patch was on Samuel's right side, so Samuel could never see the *right side* of the old gentleman's face.

[To be continued.]

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

The FEATHERED BATCHELOR.

To F I D E L I A.

AS in the genial month of May
 The Phœnix wing'd his airy way,
 He heard a solitary Dove
 Wailing the absence of his love,
 For every moment from his dear
 He thought (thus Turtles live) a year.
 'Thy noise, poor menial thing, suspend,
 '(The Phœnix cries) and lowly bend;
 'To me some rev'rence sure is due,
 'From such Plebeian birds as you,
 'To me! the Poet's favourite theme!
 'Of birds the Paragon supreme!
 'The world's great wonder! One whose date
 'Is fix'd a century by Fate;
 'And when my destin'd hour is come,
 'With richest spice I build my tomb,
 'Amid whose flames I soon expire,
 'And youth renew'd again acquire;
 'Of birds the happiest, noblest I!
 'Reptiles like you shou'd bend the eye,
 'And homage pay when I pass by.'
 'Pride's littleness (the Dove replies)
 'Ev'n in the Phœnix I despise:
 'The century of life you boast
 'Is but existence at the most:
 'How tedious must appear that date
 'Without a friend or loving mate,
 'To soothe an anxious throbbing breast
 'And bring elysium to your nest!
 'No younglings with their pinions spread,
 'Scarce down'd, and craving to be fed,
 'Which (task delightful!) to supply
 'Gives their fond parents extasy.—
 'In blithesome spring, when thrilling love
 'And music glad each plain and grove,
 'Mute and sequester'd all the day
 'Your hermit minutes crawl away,
 'And, during Winter's gloomy reign,
 'No other self to soften pain;
 'Not even Death can set you free
 'From such unsocial misery;
 'A century of life like your's,
 'A century of pain ensures:—
 'Did you but know how Doves employ
 'Their fleeting hours in love and joy!
 'What nameless raptures still attend,
 'When chaste desire and friendship blend!
 'How joys imparted still encrease,
 'And pains, when sooth'd by love, grow less!
 'You'd curse a lonely moping life,
 'And wish a fond endearing wife:—
 'But hold!—With eager wing I view
 'My charmer hither speed:—Adieu,—
 'Too precious time to waste with you.'
 So said, with fluttering pulse elate
 He flew to meet his constant mate;

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With circling wings they clasp, they bill,
 And Heav'n's first joys their bosoms fill,
 While cooing notes alternate fire,
 To them more sweet than Phœbus' choir.

The Phœnix dropt his haughty crest,
 While envy rankled in his breast,
 And muttering to himself, he sped
 To hide in solitude his head.

The Phœnix' boasted length of days
 And grandeur we'll despise;
 Be Dove-like constancy our praise,
 Such praise is paradise.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

TRUTH and WIT.

TRUTH is a smooth and turnpike-road
 That leads to Wisdom's snug abode;
 But Wit, wild nurfeling of the muse,
 A thousand devious tracks pursues;
 At random darts now here, now there,
 Quick as the light'ning's pointed glare;
 Allur'd by Fiction's meteor light
 Up to the moon she wings her flight,
 Where Lunacy and Folly join'd,
 With airy food regale the mind;
 But airy food's a thin repast,
 'Tis little better than a fast;
 And bards, those rainbow-hunters, own
 There's more substantial pleasure known
 From one delicious mutton chop,
 Than all the food in WILSON'S shop.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

Written on a STILE under a TREE, near the
RUINS of LEICESTER ABBEY.

By GEO. SAVILLE CAREY.

WHAT different tracks do mortals take,
 What risks they run for Pleasure's sake!
 The rustic hies to country fair,
 In hopes to meet his damsel there.
 The Beaux and Belles of ev'ry place
 Make struggles all in Pleasure's chace:
 Some to the ball-room, all bedight,
 Would hunt her out by candle-light.
 No place is left for pensive me,
 None but my friendly Stile and Tree.
 There, while I'm shelter'd from the Sun,
 That half his daily course has run,
 Full oft I listen with content
 Unto some Wood's inhabitant,
 The mellow Ozel, or the Dove,
 That sing their unmolested love;
 Or where the tuneful Philomel
 Chaunts o'er his sweet harmonic tale.
 Let no one envy pensive me,
 My tranquil scene, my Stile and Tree.
 There oft I roam, as 'twere by stealth,
 And there receive the balm of Health,

M

Where

Where no envenom'd tongues deride,
By Envy prompted, or by Pride;
There Pleasure's form is ever seen,
And smiling treads upon the green;
While Nature with her bounteous hand
Bestrews her riches on the land.
Let no one envy pensive me,
The tranquil scene, my Stile and Tree.

Or when the silent, solemn Night,
Shall borrow Cynthia's silver light,
When all is hush'd, and all serene,
Where but the Owl and Bat are seen,
Near to some old monastic pile
Again I seek my friendly Stile;
Sometimes in contemplation lost,
To think what labour it has cost.
Let no one envy pensive me,
The tranquil scene, the Stile and Tree.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

To Mrs. ROBINSON,
On Seeing her perform JANE SHORE in the
York Theatre.

SO full of Nature is thy mimic art
In the sad portrait of repenting SHORE,
Soft Pity melts each virtuous Fair One's heart,
And Prostitutes resolve to sin no more.

Each manly breast too owns thy magic pow'r,
Pierc'd with her sorrows and remorseful
fears—

Nature's just tribute all with plaudits show'r,
Heart-felt, involuntary floods of tears.

The SOCIAL FIRE.

WHEN beating rains and pinching winds
At night attack the lab'ring hinds,
And force them to retire—

How sweet they pass their time away
In sober talk, or rustic play,
Beside the Social Fire.

Then many a plaintive tale is told
Of those, who, ling'ring in the cold,
With cries and groans expire:
The mournful story strikes the ear,
They heave the sigh, they drop the tear,
And bless the Social Fire.

The legendary tale comes next,
With many an artful phrase perplex,
That well the tongue might tire:
The windows shake, the drawers crack,
Each thinks the ghost behind his back,
And hitches to the Fire.

Or now, perhaps, some homely swain,
Who fann'd the Lover's flame in vain,
And glow'd with warm desire,
Relates each stratagem he play'd
To win the coy, disdainful maid,
And eyes the Social Fire.

To these succeed the jocund song,
From lungs less musical than strong,
And all to mirth aspire;

The humble roof returns the sound,
The social tan moves briskly round,
And brighter burns the Fire.

Oh! grant, kind Heav'n, a state like this,
Where simple Ignorance is Bliss,
'Tis all that I require!

Then, then—to share the joys of life,
I'd seek a kind, indulgent wife,
And bless my Social Fire.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

SACRED to the MEMORY of
JOHN PRATT, Esq;
Of Askrigg, in Wensleydale,
Who died at Newmarket, May 8, 1785.
A character so eccentric, so variable and
valuable,

Astonished the age he lived in.
Tho' small his patrimony,
Yet assisted by that, and his own genius,
He for upwards of thirty years
Supported all the hospitality
Of an Ancient Baron.

The excellent qualities of his heart were
eminently evinced

By his bounty to his poor relations,
His sympathetic feelings for distress,
And his charity to all mankind.
Various and wonderful were the means
Which enabled him with unsullied reputation
To support his course of life,
In which he saw and experienced
Many trials and vicissitudes

Of Fortune;
And though often hard press'd, whip'd, and
spur'd, by that jockey,
NECESSITY,

He never swerved out of the course of
HONOUR.

Once, when his finances were impaired,
He received a seasonable supply
By the performance of
A MIRACLE.

At different periods he exhibited
(Which were just emblems of his own life)
A CONUNDRUM, an ÆNIGMA, and a
RIDDLE,

And strange to tell how these
Enriched his pocket.
Without incurring censure,
He trained up an INFIDEL,
Which turned out to his advantage.
He had no singular partiality
For flowers, shrubs, fruit, or birds,
Yet for many years he maintain'd a FLORIST,
And his RED-ROSE more than once
Obtained the premiums.

He had a HONEYSUCKLE and a PUMPKIN,
Which brought hundreds into his purse;
And a PHOENIX, a NIGHTINGALE,
A GOLDFINCH, and a CHAFFINCH,
Which produced him thousands.

In

In the last war,
He was owner of a PRIVATEER,
Which brought him in many valuable prizes.

Tho' never fam'd for gallantry,
Yet he had in keeping, at different periods,
A VIRGIN, a MAIDEN, an ORANGE-GIRL
And a BALLAD-SINGER,
Besides several Misses;

To all of whom his attachment was notorious,
And, what is still more a paradox,
Tho' he had no issue by his lawful wife,
The numerous progeny and quick abilities of
these very females

Greatly contributed to augment his supplies.
With all his seeming peculiarities and follies,

He retained his PURITY

Till a few days before his death,

When the great CAMDEN

Spread the fame thereof so extensively

As to attract even the notice of his Prince,
Who thought it no diminution of his royalty

To obtain so valuable an acquisition

By purchase;

And tho' he parted with his PURITY

At a great price,

Yet his honour and good name

Remained untarnished

To the end of his life.

At his death indeed,

Slander, in the shape of Ingratitude,
Talked much of insolvency,
And much of the ruin of individuals;
But the proof of his substance,
And a surplus equal, if not superior,
To his original patrimony,
Soon answered, refuted, and wiped away
The calumny.

To sum up the abstract of his character,
It may be truly said of him,
That his frailties were few,
His virtues many,
That he lived
Almost universally beloved,
That he died
Almost universally lamented.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

On the Death of a GOOD MAGISTRATE.

"The world is punished, and nature feels
a shock, when Providence permits a good
man's fall." LILLO.

WHILE JUSTICE sat the sov'reign of his
heart,
Indulgent MERCY bore the leading part.
His life was form'd on one constant plan,
Devout to GOD, benevolent to MAN.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

February 27.

WENT thro' in a committee,
with amendments, the land-
tax and hay exportation bills.

Feb. 28. In a committee went thro'
and reported the malt bill.—Passed
the land-tax and the Moor-Monckton
inclosure bill.

March 21. In a committee went
thro' and reported the shop-tax bill.

Passed the mutiny bill.

March 22. Lord Stormont rose not
to oppose the progress of the business,
but just to observe, that the principle
of the shop-tax act had been abandon-
ed. New modifications had been
adopted; but he knew these would not
prove satisfactory to the public at
large, as they required to be extended
much farther than was the object of
the bill. However he would not pro-
pose any amendment. The report
was afterwards made.

March 24. The mutiny bill, the
shop-tax bill, the Bodmin road bill,
and Lord Ducie's name bill, received
the Royal assent by commission.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Feb. 24. Sir G. Yonge, Bart. and
Sir Geo. Collier, Knt. were reported
duly elected for Honiton.

Feb. 27. Passed the American trade
and marine mutiny bills, with the bill
to regulate the exportation of hops to
Ireland.—Report was made in favour
of Abram Rawlinson, Esq; the sitting
member for Lancaster.

Mr. Pitt rose, and moved two reso-
lutions in the House at large, respect-
ing the system of fortifications. After
a debate which lasted till seven in the
morning, the House divided, when
the numbers appeared equal on each
side. The Speaker gave the casting
vote against the Minister, consequent-
ly the projected plan of fortifications
was lost by a majority of one.

M 2

March

March 1. In a committee of supply, resolved, That 692,326l. be granted for the ordinary of the navy, including half-pay to the sea and marine officers.—Reported to-morrow.

The House resolved itself into a committee of supply, when the estimates for the extraordinaries of the navy were read.

Mr. Brett, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, immediately mov'd, That the sum of 802,000l. be granted for the repairs of the navy for 1786. After some conversation, the motion was agreed to.

March 2. Agreed to the report of the resolutions of yesterday on the supply, which was received.

The House then resolved itself into a committee, to receive the report of the select committee appointed to inquire into the state of the British fisheries. A number of resolutions were stated, which passed the committee.

Sir Watkin Lewes moved for a repeal of the shop-tax. Several members spoke to the business, but the motion was rejected by a majority of 77.

March 3. M. A. Taylor, Esq; reported the resolutions from the committee on British fisheries, which were agreed to.

Mr. Burke resumed the proceedings preparatory to an impeachment of Mr. Hastings, by moving, That copies of duplicates of all the negotiations relative to the peace with the Mahrattas be laid before the House. After a little conversation, there appeared for Mr. Burke's motion 44; against it, 87.

Mr. Burke then moved for several other papers, some of which were agreed to, and others rejected.

March 6. The House resolved itself into a committee on the petitions against the shop-tax, when it was resolved, That all the former duties on retail shops (except the duties charged on any house, the annual rent whereof shall be 30l. or upwards) do cease,

determine, and be no longer paid or payable.

Resolved, That in lieu of the duties charged upon such houses, there shall be raised the following rates: For and upon every house or other building, any part of which shall be used as a shop for the purpose of selling by retail any goods, wares, or merchandizes, of the yearly rent or value of 5l. and under 10l. there shall be paid the annual sum of 4d. in the pound of such rent. For every such house, &c. of the yearly rent of 10l. and under 15l. the annual sum of 8d. in the pound. For every such house, &c. of the yearly rent of 15l. and under 20l. the annual sum of 1s. in the pound. For every such house, &c. of the yearly rent of 20l. and under 25l. the annual sum of 1s. 3d. in the pound. And for every such house, &c. of the yearly rent of 25l. and under 30l. the annual sum of 1s. 8d. in the pound.

In a committee of supply, Captain James Luttrell moved, That a sum not exceeding 250,096l. be granted for the ordnance service of 1786.

Mr. Pitt moved for an amendment, which, after a long and interrupted conversation on a variety of minute topics, passed without a division.

A tedious debate now ensued on Mr. Hastings's delinquency, and the propriety of granting some papers moved for by Mr. Burke. The question for the papers being put, there appeared 34 ayes; 188 noes.

March 7. Agreed to the resolutions of the committee of the whole House on the shop-tax. Agreed to the report of the ordnance estimates.

March 9. Ordered, that the attornies tax be referred to a committee.

Mr. Francis moved, That the correspondence between Mr. Hastings and Mr. Devaynes should be laid before the House. Ordered.

Several papers respecting India affairs were ordered to be printed.

Mr. Marsham moved for leave to bring in his bill for extending the restrictions

frictions of Mr. Crewe's bill. His design was to extend this suspension to persons concerned in the civil departments of the navy or ordnance, or in the post-office. Leave was granted.

March 10. The House resolved itself into a committee on the militia bill. The clause being read for calling out the militia once every year,

Mr. Pitt proposed that only two-thirds of the complement should be called out in time of peace, by which reduction a yearly saving of 90,000*l.* would be made to the nation. The amendment passed without a division.

March 13. The election for Seaford was deemed void, and a new writ ordered.

March 14, 15. Adjourned without proceeding to business.

March 16. The shop-tax bill was reported, and ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Dundas moved for leave to bring in a bill to explain and amend

the India judicature bill. Agreed to.

March 21. Agreed to the report of the resolution on ways and means.

The House resolved itself into a committee on the militia bill, which they went thro' clause by clause, with various but minute amendments.

March 22. The House went into a committee on Mr. Dundas's bill for explaining and amending Mr. Pitt's India bill. A very long debate ensued, which lasted till two in the morning, at which hour the committee agreed to adjourn the debate.

March 24. Major Scott moved for several papers relating to the opinion of the Court of Directors, concerning the conduct of Mr. Hastings at Benares. The motion, which was long and complicated, was put and carried. It was followed up with several others, which, after some conversation, were all agreed to.

MONTHLY OCCURRENCES.

LONDON, *March 1.*

BY letters from the Hague it appears, that dissention still reigns there with all the violence of party spirit. The partisans of the Stadtholder, or rather some wretches under the specious pretence, have been so ungovernable of late, that orders were given to double the patrols both night and day. Pasquinades and other satirical prints have been posted up at every corner of the streets, reflecting on persons of the first abilities in the Administration; and a few days ago some of the rioters took the opportunity to chalk out a gibbet on the gates of the French Ambassador, and on it, after the manner of his country, to hang his excellency in effigy.

March 4. A writ of summons was issued for calling up his Royal Highness Prince Frederick, Bishop of Osnaburgh, to the House of Peers by the title of the Duke of York, which was sent to his Royal Highness at Hanover

The Court of Directors of the East-India Company has unanimously appointed the Rt. Hon. Earl Cornwallis to be Governor-General of Bengal, who is to go out with the most absolute power, totally independent of the Council, and not to form a part of it; but merely to put a negative or affirmative on their measures. This was the system Lord Macartney pointed out as absolutely necessary to be adopted, and on which the salvation of India depended. This plan, which removes the Governor-General, and places him above the Council, naturally creates a vacancy in the supreme board, which is to be filled by Mr. Vansittart, who is to be appointed President.—Col. Tarleton is appointed Secretary to his Lordship.

A gold coinage in guineas and half guineas from new dies, the date of the present year, is just commencing at the mint in the tower, which will be ready for delivery in April.

March

March 10. The American Congress have lately made a copper coinage, which is now in general circulation: one side of the halfpenny bears this circular inscription, *Libertas et Justitia*; round the central cypher U. S.—On the reverse is a sun rising amidst 13 stars, circularly inscribed *Constellatio nova*.

March 12. By the dispatches from Halifax we are informed, that the Vermontese have made private overtures to come under the British government, and that the terms are sent over for ministerial approbation or rejection.

There are now in the King's warehouses of customs and excise no less a quantity than 1,300,000 gallons of spirits seized since the 10th of October, 1784, when the act for *flaving and destroying of seized spirits* took place.

March 16. A letter from Plimpton, dated March 7, says, "By intelligence from France, which may be depended upon, we learn, that the French navy will consist of 60 sail of the line, fit for sea service, by the latter end of this month."

March 18. The accounts laid before the House of Commons on Monday last, of the money paid for the conviction, confinement, employment, and maintenance of persons convicted of felonies or misdemeanors, since the 1st of January, 1775, to the 1st of January, 1786, amounted to 223,484 l. 7s. 8s.

March 20. A letter from Richmond, Virginia, dated Jan. 6, says, "The House of Assembly of this State, on the Wednesday week, in a committee of the whole House, gave it as their opinion, that no British debts ought to be paid until the English made satisfaction for their negroes, and the frontier posts be delivered up according to the treaty. Whether it will pass into a law or not, is perhaps uncertain."

March 25. Letters from Charlestown, South-Carolina, dated Feb. 4, mention, that the Spaniards had lately

taken great pains to distress the American commerce, by directing their guarda-costas to seize on all ships laden with flour, rice, &c. Two vessels from New-York, with cargoes of provisions, had, according to these advices, a few days before the above date, been taken off the Havannah, and the masters and crews thrown into prison.

The merchants of France have come to the resolution of presenting a petition to their Monarch, requesting him to withdraw the prohibition on the importation of English manufactures. They alledge, with great sagacity, that without English goods they are unable to make up their cargoes for foreign markets, and if these articles are not sent to the countries which require them, in French ships, the English themselves will find some other channel, and will probably establish a rivalry against those manufactures, in which the French take the lead.

Y O R K, *March 8.*

A Hog pig was killed a few days ago by W. Wife of Rillington, near Malton, which weighed 51st. 11lb. His head weighed 4st. and his four feet, when properly cut off, 1st. He produced 6st. 5lb. of grease, and his sides weighed 40st. 6lb. He measured one foot five inches in the chine, and was seven inches thick of fat in the flank. What is more remarkable, a short time before he was killed he leaped over a gate five feet high.

March 10. William Swan, Esq; was found dead in his bed at an obscure lodging in London. He was the only surviving male heir of the late Thomas Swan, Esq; Alderman and Mayor of Hull, who left estates to the amount of 20,000l. per ann. and for which the above unfortunate gentleman had been trying (in vain) for above 20 years to recover. The history of this heir is no less remarkable than that of his father, who, when

when nine years of age, (to disinherit him) was trappaned from the house of his father (Richard Swan, Esq; of Benwell-hall, near Newcastle) and put on board the New Britannia brig, was wrecked on the rocks of Scilly with Sir Cloudsley Shovel's fleet, and was afterwards taken prisoner by an Algerine vessel, and sold for a slave; but, after four years imprisonment, he was set at liberty by the redeeming friars. After this he was again shipwrecked, was carried and sold for a slave to a planter at South Carolina, where he suffered almost every human woe. He returned again to England, after a banishment of about 20 years, in 1726, and was identified by one Mrs. Goston of Newcastle, his nurse, and Thomas Chance, who had been his father's footman. He directly laid claim to the estates of Alderman Swan; but having neither money nor friends living to assist him, all his efforts proved abortive. After this he settled at an obscure village near Hull, called North-Dalton, where he married one Jane Cole, by whom he had one son, the above unfortunate William Swan. He afterwards died of a broken heart at the above village in 1735.

March 11. This day the assizes for the county and city were opened by Sir T. Davenport, Knt. the Rt. Hon. Mr. Justice Willes having been indisposed for some time, which prevented his arriving here till Sunday.

March 21. This day the assizes ended for the city. Six were sentenced to hard labour upon the Thames, and one received sentence of death for cow stealing, but was reprieved before the judge left the city.

March 27. This day the assizes ended for the county, when 15 received sentence of death; three of whom were left for execution.

March 28. Two large oxen, fed by G. Barlow, Esq; of Acomb, near this city, were weighed here a second time. The exact weight was 440 lb.

alive: increase in weight, in six weeks, 10 lb. They are allowed by all judges of cattle to be a pair of the completest, handsomest, and best-fed oxen ever remembered to have been exhibited in this, or any other county, and have been only one year and eight months in feeding.

BIRTHS.

THE lady of Capt. Barrette, of the rooth regiment, delivered of a daughter, at Doncaster.—The lady of Major Crowe, of the North York militia, of a daughter.—The lady of William Paul, Esq; of Scarbro', of a daughter.—The lady of Wm. Middleton, Esq; of a daughter, at their seat at Stockeld-Parke, Yorkshire.

MARRIAGES.

AT Beccles, in Suffolk, Rob. Rich, Esq; of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Miss Furnish of York.—Mr. William Clark of Ribston Lodge, to Mrs. Critchley of Walls House, near Allerton Mauleverer, Yorkshire. Rich. Wilsford, Esq; of Pontefract, to Miss Myddleton of Ackworth.—Joshua Crompton, Esq; of York, to Miss Rookes of Etholt.—Mr. William North of Leaven, to Miss Margaret Phillips of Bracken.—At Kirby-Overcarr, Mr. Wm. Rakes to Miss Betty Woodcock of Ryton.—In London, Tho. Chavers, Esq; of Askham, near York, to Miss Sarah Jalland of Gainsbro'.—The Rev. Hen. Kitchingman of Alne, Yorkshire, to Miss S. Knowler of Chipping Warden, Northamptonshire.

DEATHS.

AT his lodgings in York, Sir Thomas Davenport, Knt. one of his Majesty's Sergeants at Law, and Member of Parliament for Newton, Lancashire.—At her father's house, (Mr. Goodlad of Bootham, near York) Mrs. Chippendale of Eastby, near Craven.—At Leeds, Mrs. Wetherherd, relict of the Rev. Mr. Wetherherd, vicar of Thorp-Arch. At Bridlington, the Rev. Cornelius Rickaby, Mr. Thomas Bridges of Sheffield.—Mr. John Lund of Pontefract.—At her lodgings at Acomb, near York, Mrs. Lee.—Mr. Henry Wilcock, only son of John Wilcock, Esq; of Thornton in Craven, Yorkshire.—Mrs. Walker, wife of Mr. Walker, attorney in Pontefract.—Mrs. Myers, wife of the late Mr. P. Myers of Leeds.—At Beverley, in Yorkshire, Richard Sompes, Esq.—At her grandmother's house in Cambridge, Miss Eyre, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Eyre, one of the residentiaries of York cathedral.—Mrs. Watson, wife of the Rev. Mr. Watson, dissenting minister at Whitby.

STATE

The STATE of the WEATHER at YORK.

[Continued from our last.]

☞ The commas over the quarter from which the wind blows denote its violence, viz. ' a breeze, " a brisk wind, "' high wind, "" a storm. The same in rain and snow, shew the quantity.

1786.	Barom.	Thermom.	Wind.	State of the Atmosphere.
FEB. 26	— 33.0	— 34	— S. E. "'	— Heavy. Snow.
27	— 29.80	— 30	— S. E. ""	— Ditto. Stormy.
28	— 29.90	— 31	— S. E. "'	— Ditto.
MARCH 1	— 29.90	— 30	— Ditto	— Ditto.
2	— 29.80	— 31	— Ditto	— Ditto.
3	— 29.85	— 30	— E. N. E. "	— Heavy clouds.
4	— 30.05	— 25	— N. '	— Cloudy. Snow. "
5	— 29.95	— 12	— S. S. E. '	— Excessive frost.
6	— 29.70	— 24	— E. "'	— Heavy. Snow.
7	— 29.85	— 25	— N. E. "	— Ditto. Ditto.
8	— 30.15	— 16	— S.	— Clear. Intense frost
9	— 30.15	— 22	— S. S. W. '	— No clouds.
10	— 29.90	— 29	— S. W. ""	— Heavy. Rain.
11	— 29.75	— 43	— W. "	— Cloudy.
12	— 29.70	— 37	— W. N. W. ""	— Few clouds.
13	— 29.73	— 37*	— N. '	— Cloudy
14	— 29.70	— 36	— N. W. "	— Ditto.
15	— 29.42	— 35	— E. ""	— Heavy. Snow. ""
16	— 29.20	— 33	— E. ""	— Ditto. Ditto.
17	— 29.30	— 40	— S. W. "	— Heavy.
18	— 29.30	— 38†	— E. ""	— Ditto. Rain. "
19	— 29.50	— 50	— S. W. "	— Few clouds.
20	— 29.60	— 48	— S. S. E. '	— Heavy
21	— 29.60	— 40	— S. E.	— Ditto. Rain. "
22	— 29.65	— 44	— S. "	— Heavy clouds.
23	— 29.30	— 50	— S. "	— Ditto. Rain.
24	— 29.30	— 54	— S. W. ""	— Clouds. Rain.
25	— 29.35	— 47	— W. ""	— Ditto. Rain. Hail.
26	— 29.60	— 38	— N. "	— Cloudy. Snow. '
27	— 29.90	— 33	— N. ""	— Ditto. Ditto.
28	— 30.25	— 34	— N. N. E. ""	— Ditto. Snow. "

* Apricots in bloom, and the Ranunculus Ficaria in flower upon warm, sunny banks.

† Aurora Borealis very fine this evening about eight o'clock, shooting from the N. W. and S. W. up to near the zenith, the corruscations at first of a deep red colour.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to CORRESPONDENTS.

THE favours of Pickerenfis are received. His Poetic Address to the Editors shall appear in our next; but we beg leave to recommend brevity upon future occasions.—The Pastoral is unfortunately injured by the wafer: if the author has a duplicate of the poem, shall be obliged by the transmission of it.

An attempt only to imitate any translation, is not adapted for our Magazine, unless possessed of something more than a bare rhyme; however we do not wish to discourage the efforts of genius.

The productions of various correspondents are under consideration.

Elegy on a Family Tomb will be given in our next.

T H E

YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE,

For A P R I L, 1786.

MEMOIRS OF LORD CHANCELLOR THURLOW.

EDWARD Lord Thurlow is the eldest son of a Clergyman who held the living of Ashfield in Suffolk, a place which hereafter will be rendered famous for having produced so great a character. His father is said to have been in some manner related to the famous Secretary of Oliver Cromwell in the last century. He is represented as being a person of no very rigid morals, nor much attentive either to the sentiments of the world or to the decencies of private life. He, however, took some pains in the education of his children; he superintended them himself, and if they received few impressions of religion, or veneration for virtuous conduct from him, they at least obtained as much learning as he himself possessed, which, with little addition, is the whole stock his eldest son carried with him to Peter-House, Cambridge, of which he, at the proper season, was admitted a member.

His youth afforded slender hopes of his ever arriving at much eminence in any laudable pursuit. To a neglect, if not contempt of literature, he added the boisterous roughness of a rude deportment, little calculated to conciliate the respect of the world, and apparently with no wish to acquire it. At college his conduct was by no means calculated to obtain academical honours; instead of a close atten-

tion to his studies, he launched out into many of the irregularities of his time of life; was the foremost in nocturnal broils and extravagancies, and seemed more emulous to distinguish himself as a *bon vivant* than to excel in any line of study. He was frequently in scrapes and petty difficulties, from which he is remembered to have generally extricated himself with considerable address and wonderful confidence. His natural powers were however viewed with some respect, and though they could not procure him the rewards which attend a more correct behaviour, yet they are supposed to have been the means by which he escaped academical disgrace. Being deemed one from whom little was to be hoped, it was hinted that his voluntary abandonment of the University might stop inquiries which probably would terminate neither to his interest or reputation. He profited by the friendly recommendation, and left Cambridge unadorned with any of the honourable distinctions which usually accompany a residence in the two great seminaries of learning.

From Cambridge he removed to London, and was entered of the Inner Temple, where the same temper and disposition, joined to habits of indolence, threatened an irremovable obstacle to his success as a Lawyer. He attended the Bar some time un-

noticed and unknown. At length, being fortunately employed in a cause wherein the late Earl of Winchelsea and Mr. Luke Robinson were parties, he signalized himself in a manner which shewed him little inferior to the most practised veterans. After this event his business increased, and he was selected to arrange the case of Mr. Archibald Douglas in his contest with the Duke of Hamilton. This service he performed with great patience, ability, and success, as is evident by the printed copy of it. In the course of this suit he had also an opportunity of shewing his bravery, as it produced a duel between him and one of his opponents, which ended, however, without any ill consequence to either party.

A high office, considerable abilities, or a decided political conduct, generally sets the tongue of slander at liberty, and every flaw in a person's character is recollected and repeated with all the exaggeration and malice of inveterate prejudice. Many stories were now circulated with officious industry, which, had the person against whom they were levelled been of inferior talents, would not have been remembered. It is far from our intention to give any countenance to practices of this kind, and therefore we readily suppress the reports which have been too long received with more attention than they deserve, and shall only remark, that in the case of the person we are now speaking of, they were repeated with uncommon virulence, and communicated with unremitting industry. Many slips of youth were exalted into crimes of great magnitude, some, we believe, upon slight grounds, and others on hardly any foundation at all.

At length he arrived at the honours of his profession, which it may be said he in no manner disgraced. In 1762 he was appointed one of the King's Counsel; in 1770 he was advanced to the post of Solicitor General, and in March, 1771, became At-

torney General. It is remarkable, that he never was honoured with the notice of his University by being named (as is usual in the like cases) its standing Counsel. He was twice elected into Parliament for the borough of Tamworth, in Staffordshire, and in the House of Commons soon appeared with the dignity of a British Senator. The measures of Government found an able supporter while he continued a member of the Lower Assembly, and his retreat from it deprived the Minister of an associate, whose eloquence and abilities placed him upon a level with the first men of the popular party.

On the 2d of June, 1778, he was advanced to the dignity of Lord Chancellor, and created a Peer by the title of Lord Thurlow, Baron of Ashfield, in the county of Suffolk. One of the first acts he did after entering on this important office reflects so much honour on his firmness and integrity that we should deem ourselves inexcusable if we omitted to notice it. The elevation of former Chancellors had generally caused considerable alterations in the officers of the Court, and particularly the Commissioners of Bankruptcy were often charged to make room for the friends of the reigning presider over the Court of Chancery. On these occasions interest was made by those who were already appointed that they might be continued. Lord Thurlow on his advancement scarce removed any. One person only, who applied through the means of the Chancellor's mistress, was turned out with disgrace, to shew, that whoever hoped to obtain any favour through that quarter would meet with equal disappointment.

No sooner was Lord Thurlow seated in the House of Lords than he exerted the power vested in him as Speaker, to confine those who debated any matter which came under consideration, from wandering beyond the question before them, and to restrict them within the due limits
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of it. This created some misunderstanding at first, and the Duke of Grafton expressed himself with a warmth bordering on indecency. The correction which he received on the spot was keen and spirited, but at the same time cool and determined. The superiority of the Chancellor was apparent to every person present, and contributed very much to establish him in the opinion of the Peers, as one who would do his duty in spite of every opposition, unawed by the frowns of the most powerful, unseduced by the flatteries of the artful.

The world has done sufficient justice to the character of Lord Thurlow, which being examined in the detail may perhaps rather call for some abatement to the extravagant applause given it, than any additional eulogium. As a politician he seems to stand the fairest chance of descending to posterity with reputation, though he probably possesses little more than the usual narrow information belonging to those of his profession. In his conduct as a Senator he has distinguished himself by so decided, so confident a degree of superiority, that he has received credit for abilities; the existence of which may be without much indecency questioned. It is certain, that little advantage has arisen to the public from any of his political exertions, and we are yet to learn wherein his talents as a Legislator are to be discovered. He has, however, a quickness of parts well suited to public debate, and a cool determined manner well adapted to obtain an ascendance over imbecility, to push boldly all advantages, and to secure a retreat with credit when opposed by superior powers. As a Lawyer, his knowledge is inferior to many, and had his rise depended on his professional advantages, perhaps another must have now presided in the Court of Chancery. It has been the misfortune of this country, that the legal and political characters have been lately so blended, that more attention has been paid to

the latter than the former, and sometimes even at the expence of it. This was not formerly the case, and we pronounce, without hesitation, that the public suffers by this unnatural union. The indefatigable industry of Lord Mansfield has hitherto prevented its being felt in the law, but without assuming much sagacity we may venture to foretel, that in his successor, whoever he may be, this will be no small grievance. Let those who have long been anxiously looking for decrees in the Court of Chancery be asked their sentiments of a political Chancellor. They will paint their misery in such colours as must convince every impartial person, that the supremacy in the House of Lords, and in the first Court of Equity, should not be in the same hands. Though we ascribe the present backwardness to determine the business before the Court to political measures, yet others pretend to see a species of indecision prevailing totally inconsistent with any very comprehensive knowledge of jurisprudence, and totally different from the general mode of proceeding in all other situations. We are sorry to observe, that the practisers of the Court of Chancery complain of the petulance and illiberal treatment they frequently meet with, and the surliness and ill-nature which is often to be seen in public; and those who remember the patience, the good humour and politeness of Lord Hardwick and Lord Camden, are perpetually drawing comparisons in favour of those great and amiable Lawyers. As a man, Lord Thurlow's character, in point of integrity, is unexceptionable; he acts also with a generosity in many cases highly laudable; is greatly esteemed by those who are intimate with him; and when he quits the seals, may be able to render his country considerable service in the House of Lords, from the uprightness of his behaviour, and the character which he has acquired there.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE DESTRUCTIVE CONSEQUENCES OF LAW-SUITS, WITH SOME PLEASING ANECDOTES.

IF matters of wealth or property are really matters of valuable estimation in life, it is much to be lamented that there is no place on earth where in property can be said to be fixed or ascertained. Throughout the regions of Mahomet, and Asiatic despotism, life and property are alike tenures at the will of the ruler. Again, throughout the European continent, no man indeed, no nation, can be assured of their possessions, exposed, as they are, to the ambition and avarice of their almost-perpetually invading neighbours. Lastly, in these northern islands, whose defence nature herself appears to have undertaken by a guardianship of circling rocks and seas, this does not, however, defend us from intestine convulsions and changes. Think what a general change of property has been made in Great-Britain during the two very late revolutions; I am told that, in a neighbouring country, the alienation has been nearly universal: it is affirmed that the civil constitution of England is the best calculated for the security of liberty and property of any that was ever framed by the policy of man; and originally, perhaps, it might have been so, when twelve simple and impartial men were appointed for the speedy trial and determination of life and property.

Our ancestors, unquestionably, were at that time unblest by the liberal and learned profession of the Long-Robe; they would not otherwise have committed the disposition of property (a matter held so much more valuable than that of life) to a few men, who could have no virtue under heaven to recommend them, save the two illiterate qualities of common sense and common honesty.

Those were ages of mental darkness, and no way illumined, as we are, by those immense and immaculate volumes of refined and legal metaphy-

sics that now press the shelves of the learned, and are read with such delight. A man, in those times, had no play for his money; he was either stripped or enriched of a sudden; whereas now, in the worst cause, hope is left during life; and hope is said to be the greatest cordial in this vale of human controversy.

It is greatly to be lamented, that the learned in our laws are not as immortal as the suits for which they are retained. It were, therefore, to be wished, that an act of parliament might be especially passed for that purpose; a matter no way impracticable, considering the great interest those gentlemen have in the House. In truth, it seems highly expedient that an infinity of years should be assigned to each student of the *belles lettres* of our laws, to enable them to read over that infinity of volumes which have already been published, to say nothing of the infinity that are yet to come, which will be held equally necessary for understanding the profession of critically distinguishing, and oratorically expatiating on law against law, case against case, authority against authority, precedent against precedent, statute against statute, and argument against reason.

In matters of no greater moment than life and death, juries, as at the beginning, are still permitted to enter directly on the hearing and decision; but, in matters so sacred as that of property, our courts are extremely cautious of too early an error in judgment. In order, therefore, to sift and bould them to the very bran, they are delivered over to the lawyers, who are equally the affirmers and disputers, the pleaders and impleaders, representatives and misrepresenters, explainers and confounders of our laws; our lawyers, therefore, maintain their right of being paid for their ingenuity in putting and holding all properties

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in debate. Debated properties, consequently, become the properties of the lawyers, as long as answers can be given to bills, or replies to answers, or rejoinders to replies, or rebutters to rejoinders; as long as the battledors can strike and bandy, and till the shuttle-cock falls of itself to the ground.

Soberly and seriously speaking, English property, when once debated, is a mere carcass of contention, upon which interposing lawyers fall as customary prize, and prey during the combat of the claimants. While any flesh remains on the bone, it continues a bone of contention; but, so soon as the learned practitioners have picked it quite clean, the battle is over, and all again is peace and settled neighbourhood.

It is worthy of much pleasantry and shaking of sides to observe, that, in intricate, knotty, and extremely perplexing cases, where the sages of the gown and coif are so puzzled as not to know what to make of the matter, they then bequeath it to the arbitration and award of two or three plain men; or, by record, to the judgment of twelve simply honest fellows, who, casting aside all regard to the form of writs and declarations, to the lapse of monosyllables, verbal mistakes and misnomers, enter at once upon the pith and marrow of the business, and in three hours determine, according to equity and truth, what had been suspending in the dubious scales of ratiocination, rotation, altercation, and pecuniary consideration, for three and twenty years.

Neither do I see any period to the progress of this evil; the avenue still opens and leads on to farther mischiefs; for the distinctions in law are, like the Newtonian particles of matter, "divisible ad infinitum." They have been dividing and subdividing for some centuries past, and the subdivisions are as likely to be subdividing for ever; inasmuch that law, thus divisible, debateable, and delayable,

is become a greater grievance than all that it was intended to redress.

I lately asked a pleasant gentleman of the coif, if he thought it possible for a poor man to obtain a decree, in matter of property, against a rich man? He smiled, and answered according to scripture, that "with man it was impossible, but that all things were possible to God." I suppose he meant, that the decrees of the courts of Westminster were hereafter to be reversed.

Perhaps, Sir, said Mr. Fielding, neither our laws or our lawyers are so much to blame as the people who apply to them for protection, for justice, satisfaction, or revenge. Might not the parties, who adventure on the course of litigation, begin where they are most likely to end their career, in the award of a few persons, or a verdict of twelve neighbours?

But the nature of man is prone to contention and quarrel. There is a certain portion of yeast, fermentation, in his mass, that will have vent in some way, and our courts of law are the most obvious receptacles for the ebullitions of pride, avarice, envy, resentment, and wrathfulness, the insolences of temper, and over-flowings of fortune.

Mr. Scruple, an attorney, a very singular man in his way, was lately recommended to me as a person equally qualified for alluring or compelling my litigating opponents to an accommodation; and he told me an exceedingly pleasant story, as well respecting the process and forms of our courts of law, as respecting the contentious dispositions of our neighbours.

Some time since, Walter Warmhouse, a substantial farmer in Essex, was advised by Serjeant Craw, that he had an unquestionable right to a certain snug tenement in the possession of Barnaby Boniface, his next neighbour and gossip, who fattened by the dint of good ale and good humour.

Barnaby, who equally hated debate and dry bowels, offered to leave the
matter

matter in question to any honest neighbour of Walter's own choosing; but Walter, proud of the weighty opinion, and as weighty a purse, rejected the proffered compromise with scorn, and took a mortal aversion to honest Barnaby, because he refused to surrender his possessions on demand.

Walter Warmhouse accordingly began the attack in form; but Mr. Scruple, who had the uncommon conscience to remember that Barnaby had once done him a most signal piece of service, determined, as far as possible, to preserve the property of his old friend. For this purpose, he kept warily and cheaply on the defensive; and, while he held a watchful eye over the motions of the adversary, he followed him close thro' a thirteen years labyrinth of law-forms; and, what with exceptions to bills and replies, expensive commissions for examination of witnesses, demurrer, imparlance, and essoign, with hearings and re-hearings, defer of issue thereon, costs of suit and costs of office, he pretty nearly exhausted both the purse and the patience of the valorous plaintiff Walter Warmhouse. Whereupon his prudent patron, the good Serjeant Crow, deemed it high time to consent to a motion for referring the case to the arbitration and award of certain umpires, though not of his client's choosing as at first proposed.

Soon after this order, Serjeant Crow had occasion to travel to the farther parts of Essex, and his road led to the concerns of his old client Walter Warmhouse. Here Walter happened to meet him, and warned him of the manifold dangers of the way, and of the numbers of thieves and highwaymen that infested the passages that lay just before him. And pray, then,

ANECDOTE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THE late Dr. Stukely one day, by appointment, visiting Sir Isaac Newton, the servant told him he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there; but as it

very smoothly, says the Serjeant, is there no way through your fields, Mr. Warmhouse? There is, Sir, said Warmhouse, as good as any in England. And may I not be permitted to pass? Most safely, and a thousand welcomes.

Hereupon client Warmhouse opened the gate that led from the road into the fields, and in issued the equipage of his learned advocate and kind patron.

Goodman Warmhouse was mounted on a round ambling nag, and rode much at his ease by the chariot of his malefactor. They chatted as they went about the prices of cattle, and improvements of lands, the fall and rise of grain, the necessity of industry; and, above all, of the advantage of good enclosures, which, as the Serjeant observed, were emblems of the English laws, and secured every man's property from question or incroachment.

While thus they beguiled the way, Walter led his respectable patron through this field and that field, and through yon gate and t'other gate, and now went a-head like a fox, and now doubled like a hare; till, having mazed it and circled it for the space of three hours, he finally conducted the Serjeant to the very gate at which he at first entered.

How, how! exclaims the Serjeant, methinks we are just where we set out; we have not gained an inch of ground by the many miles we have travelled.

Quite as much, replied Walter, in a journey of three hours, as your honour gained for me in a journey of thirteen years; and I leave you, as you left me—just where you found me.

was near dinner-time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. After a time, dinner was brought in; a boiled chicken under a cover. An hour passed and Sir Isaac did not appear.

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The Doctor eat the fowl, and, covering up the empty dish, bade them dress their master another. Before that was ready the great man came down; he apologized for his delay, and added, "Give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be

at your service; I am fatigued and faint." Saying this, he lift up the cover, and, without any emotion, turned about to Stukely with a smile; "See," says he, "what we studious people are; I forgot I had dined."

THE TRIFLER. N^o. III.

*Scribit amatori meretrix, dat adultera munus,
Et canis in somnis leporis vestigia latrat.*

PETRON.

When dreams descend to prompt a future bride,
And grant those joys, by absent love denied,
The treacherous harlot sends her wanton flame,
And the keen hound pursues the trembling game. F.

THERE is nothing that approaches so near to absent reality as the sensations we feel during our relaxation from business and the world; we are worked upon by the apprehension of something good or evil, which presents itself to our imagination in such strong and lively colours as frequently to exceed what reality itself could have painted. This impression upon the human mind is the most astonishing, when considered as the representation of what never has, and perhaps never can, happen, of things unnatural and unprecedented. To discover the hidden cause which affects our beings during this state of *second nature* would be impossible; and to enquire into its variety of effects equally absurd; since all things unknown and supernatural can only be attributed to that Providence under whose protection we escape those perils we are hourly exposed to, and upon whose private mysteries even conjecture would be impious.

Nevertheless, to be terrified with the mere delusions of fancy, is the most eminent characteristic of a mind swollen up in credulity, and even tinged with the blindness of superstition. This indeed is a happiness for us, that we seldom find even credulity distinguished in those to whom, as individuals, it would be mostly in-

jurious; I mean, in men of genius and learning. It is commonly received and practised among the vulgar part of mankind, whose birth and ignorance contribute to the propagation of so pernicious an evil. It may, perhaps, be sometimes discoverable in those of more enlightened faculties; and I have had many reasons to suspect that nothing, except his morality, more conspicuously marked the character of a very late eminent and able writer, whose merit, prejudice, and singularities, I shall make the subject of some future paper.

However deeply the mind may be affected in the very moment of its imaginary occupations, however sensibly the objects may be delineated, and their characters represented; I scarcely remember an instance where the person, having awaked from his trance, could recollect more than half the circumstances which, but a moment before, had been so strongly represented to his imagination. Some indeed are more forcibly impressed than others; and some, in their very nature, more capable of being clearly remembered, and minutely described, than others. A friend of mine once informed me of a circumstance, the fact of which I should strongly be induced to mistrust, had I ever had the least reason to doubt the veracity or honour of my author. He told me,
that

that having sat up late one evening in the enjoyment of his favourite amusement, and the interim of many a vacant hour, the worship of the Muses—he left them suddenly, while his imagination was yet warm, and his genius in its full vigour, in order to repose himself during the remaining part of the night. He had not long been in bed when he fell into a sound sleep; and, during this state, poetical fancy framed six or eight couplets, but the emotions he felt as soon as he had finished the last line,

And lull'd her soft bosom on mine,
instantly awoke him. In attempting to repeat them, he succeeded to a degree almost incredible, without forgetting a single syllable. Perceiving it to be moon-light, he raised himself on his bed, and reaching his pocket-book from out of his coat-pocket, attempted to pencil them; but, alas! his ideas were confused, his poetry forgotten, and the very thought vanished from his head; he could neither trace the rhyme of a single verse, nor recollect the smallest particle of his fancy-woven composition, except the line mentioned above, which being so effective as to awake him in the midst of a dream, was also sufficiently effective to be retained in his memory. This is the only instance I ever remember to have met with of an ability to compose and methodically digest, while the mind is abstracted from its reason, and the ideas lost in themselves. The unexpected abruptness with which the verses thus framed were snatched from his memory, may be a convincing proof of the volatility and insignificance of dreams; they are indeed, when consider'd with visions, so opposite in their nature, and so trifling in their consequence, that a moment's reflection may be sufficient to convict the falsest sophism, and expose the blindest superstition. But, among the lower species of mankind, who have neither reason nor reflection for their guide, this contagion has spread itself with such unbounded

rage, so mastered their affections, and so influenced the whole tenor of their actions, that with them conviction itself stands unsupported by approbation, and reason gives way to prejudice and fancy.

It may, perhaps, by some be thought of very little consequence whatever measures this community may pursue, and whatever prejudices their ignorance may incur; but this is a false notion. The security and welfare of a state depends not so much upon the caprice of its immediate governors, as upon the dispositions and inclinations of the greater part of its subjects. The number of those temporary magistrates who preside at the helm of government, is nothing when compared to that of the poorer populace. It is true, the power of those extends itself to all ranks of people, and can do more execution in one hour than whole ages can be able to re-place; while the power of these (if they have any power at all) is confined by certain rules, and limited to a few individuals only. But authority in the clutches of a people violent in their motions, inconceivable in their numbers, and stubborn in their resolves, would be little more than a chicken in the claws of an eagle; it could neither enforce obedience nor expect mercy. Since then the vulgar part of mankind is by far the most numerous and resolute, is it not evident that, were an insurrection to take place among them, they could effect more by force than authority, and more by example than all the threats of magistrates? For this reason, particular care should be taken to eradicate the growing evil of credulity, while in its infant state, from the minds of our common people, lest, by the cultivation of so many thousands, skilful to cherish, and able to preserve, every tender bud from the blasts of reason, and the attacks of learning, it grow to mature superstition, and spread itself over the whole globe in such luxuriance as neither authority nor time

time can destroy. Should this ever be the case, that government, at present established upon such firm principles, and swayed by such wise and able ministers, must become the nursery of ignorance, and the dupe of superstition.

But here I could wish a proper distinction to be observed between the mere chimeras of the brain, and real visions. They bear, in fact, so little resemblance to each other in any of their circumstances, that, while I am treating upon dreams, no person can be so unreasonable as to suppose, under that species, I include those kind of visions, which, as they appear so rarely, and upon such extraordinary occasions, are manifestly the effect of some supernatural cause. It is certain that no person can pretend to dispute the *reality* of that which our eyes have openly attested. For visions do not affect our imagination only in the moments of sound sleep, in the same manner as dreams do, but appear to us either while we are in that state of dosing listlessness, which neither utterly excludes us from the feelings and passions of human nature, nor totally exposes us to the perception of outward and inactive objects, or they appear while we are openly awake. The former, perhaps, may be the reason why they infuse such a terror into the mind of the waking person; he is suddenly roused from his stupidity by something which instantly strikes him with the idea of what is commonly termed a ghost. Thus, without a moment for reflection or composure, his passion may be so disordered, as neither time can wear off the impression, nor medicine restore him to his former health and happiness. On the contrary, whenever they appear to the person while in perfect possession of all his sensitive faculties, he is of course already prepared to receive them without feeling those sudden attacks of terror and surprize. The vision which appeared to the

Duke of *Buckingham's* steward, previous to that nobleman's death, happened at a time when he was perfectly awake, his senses were as keen and entire as the most public time of daylight could have made them; and this is evidently the reason why he bore the attack with such courage and unconcernedness as even to venture to sleep alone after the old Duke had appeared twice before to him, and without even mentioning so extraordinary a circumstance. Among the innumerable stories that have circulated in every part of the world relating to ghosts and hobgoblins, I remember not one that is even *said* to have appeared in the day-time. I mention this, in order to remark the singular opinion which Locke seems to have entertained concerning these traditions. "The ideas of goblins and spirits (says he) have really no more to do with darkness than light; yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he never shall be able to separate them as long as he lives, but darkness shall ever after bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other." This is a strange deviation from common opinions; and, were it not advanced on the authority of so eminent a writer on the subject of ideas in general, would long since have been buried in the ruins of oblivion. And I still believe that the same author of this opinion, had he been put to the test, could not have illustrated it with a single example. In darkness and solitude the mind is naturally inclined to feel these impressions of horror and fear. At the shaking of a bramble, or the whistlings of a breeze, we are startled at the ridiculous apprehension of something that relates to spirits, and so terrified that even darkness itself becomes a pest to our imagination; or, as Virgil nobly expresses it,

O

Horror

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.
All things are full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.

There is, it is true, in the above quotation, a very just and pertinent observation relating to the terror which children naturally conceive against darkness, arising from the various tales which parents and nurses impose upon their tender and credulous minds. It may be owing chiefly to this, that children in particular discover a strong aversion to walk out in the evening, or sleep alone. It is a pity but this

practice were utterly abolished, and other stories from history and common experience, equally entertaining, substituted in their room; that instead of a race of weak, ignorant, and credulous bigots, we may shew to posterity sons that may reflect honour on ourselves, and ennoble the ages they adorn, instill the manly spirit of our ancestors in their veins, give ardour to the cause of truth, and revive the drooping blossoms of Virtue and Christianity.

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF MR. CHARLES PRICE.

[Continued from our last, p. 88.]

SAMUEL having taken his leave of the old gentleman, was ordered to come again in the evening of the first day of the drawing of the lottery, which was in the year 1780; Mr. Price also pretended that he seldom went to the nobleman's house of an evening, and therefore, in order to avoid giving Samuel any unnecessary trouble, he was ordered to come to the same place. Samuel punctually attended, and then Mr. Price pulled out a variety of papers, letters, &c. and told Samuel he had received orders from the thoughtless young nobleman to purchase lottery tickets, as a venture, against his coming to town, and in that business he meant to employ Samuel. For this purpose he produced some seeming bank notes, and gave Samuel two of them, one of 20l. and the other of 40l. He also directed Samuel to take the numbers and dates of the notes on a piece of paper for fear of losing them, and to go to a lottery-office in the Haymarket, and with one of 20l. to purchase an eight-guinea chance; from thence he was to go to the corner of Bridge-street, Westminster, to buy another out of the 40l. note, and wait at the door of Parliament-street coffee-house till Mr. Brank came to him. These notes and these data Samuel went with to the Haymarket, and

bought the eight-guinea chance with a 20l. note, got the balance, went to the corner of Bridge-street, and bought another with a 40l. note, pursuant to directions, and was going to Parliament-street Coffee-house to meet his master, when he was hailed by him from the opposite side of the way, complimented on his speed, and informed that he had been so quick that he, Brank, had not had time to get to Parliament-street Coffee-house. He was interrogated if he had made the purchases, and replying in the affirmative, he was again commended for his diligence. Brank also inquired if any mistake had happened; and all this with a deal of coughing, imbecility of speech, and feigned accent.

We forgot to mention, that when Samuel received the notes he also received as many canvas bags as he was ordered to buy shares or chances, and to put every distinct share, and the balance coming out of each note, into a separate bag, for fear, as his master said, the chance of one office might be confused with the chance of another, and Samuel thereby puzzled to know where he had bought the different chances, as by such confusion or forgetfulness it might not be recollected where to apply to, in case of a fortunate number.

Mr.

Mr. Brank having then obtained the chances and balances, Samuel was ordered to go to Goodluck's at Charing-cross, from thence to King-street, Covent-Garden, York-street, Covent-Garden, and purchase some small shares and chances, and to meet his master at the City Coffee-house, Cheapside. To all these places Samuel went, bought his numbers, and changed his notes; and going along York-street, his master called to him from a coach, pretended he was fortunate in thus seeing him, made Samuel step in, got the produce of the forgery, and drove away to the city.

In their way thither, Brank applauded his new servant's dispatch, and gave him more notes, to the amount of 400*l.* with instructions to purchase a variety of shares and chances at different offices about the Exchange, and directed him, as before, to put the chances belonging to each office in a separate bag. Samuel having got out of the coach in Cheapside, he left his employer in the carriage, and executed his commissions with punctuality and success. He then returned, agreeable to his orders, to the City Coffee-house, where he had waited but a few minutes before Mr. Brank came hobbling up to him, and took him into a coach that was in waiting hard by. Brank then began complaining of his health and infirmities, observing, that the fatigues of business had kept him longer than he expected, but warned Samuel to be always exceedingly punctual. In the course of their journey to the end of Long Acre, where the coachman was ordered to drive, Brank endeavoured to amuse his poor deluded servant with many reflections on the improper conduct of his ward, and with flattering promises for his attention and fidelity, and at the time of parting with him even put a guinea into his hand, but whether it was given with a judicious design, or whether it was in consequence of a momentary impulse of generosity, for his having been for-

tunate enough to transmute his paper into gold, we will not positively determine, though a tolerable opinion may be formed from this fact, that it was the only money poor Samuel was paid, although he had then obtained cash, or other valid securities, to the amount of fourteen hundred pounds, on those forged notes, and had expended seven pounds for his master's use. On parting in Long Acre, Samuel was ordered to be in waiting, a few days afterwards, in his old lodgings in the Strand. As this plan was the routine of Samuel's employment, it will only be necessary now to inform our readers that whenever Samuel went into an office, a woman, unobserved by him, always walked in at the same time, looked about her, as if accompanying somebody who was in the shop, and as soon as Samuel had done his business, the lady likewise walked out. This woman now appears to have been Mrs. Pounteny, the aunt of Price's wife, described in the advertisement issued by the Bank. This lady always accompanied Price in a coach whenever he went out, stuck close to Samuel at every office, and as soon as he had safely got out, stepped across the way to Price, who was in the coach, informed him of the success, and then Samuel was hailed, and the property secured by Price, for fear the servant might play his master a trick and decamp with the booty, Mrs. Pounteny always keeping out of sight; nor did Samuel ever see her, to know her, during his servitude to Mr. Brank. From Titchfield-street, and during his whole residence there, which was but a week, Price always appeared and went out as Brank; and Mrs. Pounteny accompanied him, ready to receive the disguise, in case of an accidental discovery; so that, if necessity required it, he was instantly shifted from Brank to Price, and thereby Samuel rendered incapable of saying, "That was the man that had employed him." We return now to the narrative: On the

next Sunday morning, a coachman came to the house of Samuel's master, and inquired for Samuel; the master informed the coachman, that though Sam worked, he did not lodge there, that he should not see him till the next morning. The coachman held a parcel in his hand, which he said was for Samuel, and the master desired him to leave it, and he should have it the next day. The coachman replied, he was ordered not to leave it, but to take it back in case he could not see the man, and accordingly went across the way with it. There the master saw the elderly gentleman with whom he had conversed on Samuel's character a few days before, to whom the coachman delivered the parcel, and saw him get into a coach, but in a minute the coachman returned and left the parcel. This parcel contained notes to the amount of 300l. and a letter, directing him to buy the next morning a sixteenth, an eight guinea chance, and a whole ticket; to repeat his purchases at the different offices, with the usual precautions, till the whole were changed, and to meet his master, Mr. Brank, at Mills's Coffee-house, Gerard-street, Soho, at twelve o'clock next day.

Sam having follow'd the directions, and succeeded, he went to meet his master as ordered; he inquired at the Coffee-house, but no such man had been there. In a few minutes, as he was standing at the Coffee-house door, a coachman came up to him and told him a gentleman, at the corner of Macclesfield-street, wanted to speak with him; on this Samuel went and found his master, Brank, in a coach, who ordered him to come in, and made him sit on his left hand, as before described, that Samuel could only see the patch side of his master's face. The tickets, shares, chances, and balances having been delivered, Mr. Brank ordered his servant to bid the coachman drive towards Hampstead, and in the way he gave Samuel three sixteenths as a reward for his care and

diligence. He talked much of his ward, and said he would be in town in a day or two, and that he should speak highly of Samuel's industry. On these subjects Brank preached till they reach'd Mother Black Cap's, Kentish Town, and then Samuel was bid to order the coachman to turn round. In their way back Samuel had fresh notes given him to the amount of 500l. with the same directions, to lay them out in the same manner about the 'Change, and to meet his master at the same place in the evening, where Mr. Brank said he should dine; but now Samuel was ordered not to dispose of these notes at the same offices he had done the others, and the reasons for this need not be explained.

Samuel performed this task also, and just as he got up to the Coffee-house door a porter accosted him, and conducted him to his master, who was in a coach a little way off. Samuel was here blamed for his delay, a feigned anger assumed, with a declaration, that he would not do if not punctual, that he had exceeded his time, and that the nobleman was very particular in time, even to a minute. Samuel apologized—Brank got hold of the cash, &c. he then ordered him to go forward to the New-Inn, and hire a post-chaise to carry them to Greenwich to meet the nobleman's steward, who was also his banker, and to whom he was going for more money to purchase more tickets; making, at the same time, several observations on the imprudence and prodigality of his ward.

Samuel was ordered to go to the Ship, and prepare a dinner, while Brank was supposed to be negotiating his business, and instructed him also not to wait longer than three o'clock, but go to dinner at that time, if he, Brank, did not return.

At half past four o'clock, Brank came hobbling, coughing, and seemingly quite out of breath with fatigue; they drank tea together at the Ship, and afterwards returned to town in the chaise;

chaife; but here it should be observed, that Samuel was the paymaster for his dinner and pleasures of the day, under pretence of his master having no change.

From Greenwich they drove to Lombard-street, and there discharged the chaife; Sam there received more notes, to the amount of 350*l.* which he got rid of in his usual way; and at the City Coffee-house was again fortunate enough to meet his master before he got to the door. He was then ordered to attend the next evening at his master's lodgings, which he did three or four times, in the course of which he negotiated 500*l.* more in the same manner.

In negotiating this sum which Samuel received, he visited Branscombe and Ruddle's. Here he was interrogated whom he lived with, &c. and in this conversation honest Samuel said he was servant to a very rich nobleman's guardian, and that he was at board wages, and gave his address to his old master, the musical instrument-maker. Having delivered to his master, Brank, the cash, &c. in the usual way, he was told, that perhaps he might not be wanted again for a week, and that he might wait till sent for. Before the expiration of that week, however, Samuel was apprehended, and conducted to Bow-street, examined by the magistrates and gentlemen of the Bank, where he told his artless tale, but to which no credit was given, and he was committed to Tothilfields Bridewell, on suspicion of having counterfeited the notes of the Bank of England.

One of these notes, in a day or two, got to the Bank, was traced back to that office, and immediate application being made to Bow-street, Samuel was soon paid a visit by Sir S. Wright and Mr. Bond, and thus it was, that the old gentleman *below*, who had hitherto been on very familiar terms with the old gentleman *above*, played off one of his customary ill humours for a moment, had forsaken his friend,

and thereby put a temporary period to his progress; for it is evident that matters of this kind cannot be effected without the first-mentioned gentleman's constant attendance.

Samuel's examinations were long and frequent, and the whole of the transactions taken as minutely as we have stated them. The scheme laid to secure Mr. Brank was as follows. Samuel had been ordered by Brank to stay till he was sent for; and an inferior officer of Bow-street was stationed at the shop in the Strand, where Samuel worked, in case he should call in the mean time. A few days elapsed, when Samuel received a message to meet his master the next day at Mills's Coffee-house, *exactly* at eleven o'clock. The plan was accordingly concerted. Samuel was ordered by Mr. Bond not to go till five minutes past the time; the above inferior officer attending at a distance, and Mr. Bond followed in the disguise of a porter, with a knot on his shoulder. When Samuel came to the Coffee-house, he found that a *real* porter had that instant been there, and inquired for such a person in such a livery, and could have been hardly out of the door. This information Samuel directly communicated to the *gentleman porter*, and Samuel was sent back to wait; but the conversation between Samuel and the *gentleman porter* was discovered, and therefore the old gentleman took immediate flight in a hackney-coach hard by. An instant *rust* was made at Titchfield-street, but in vain, for they found that Brank had never been there since Samuel and he had left it together. The advertisements again shone forth, the hand-bills were showered around, but all in vain, nor was Mr. Brank ever heard of till the next lottery and Christmas time. Poor Samuel, however, after having been robbed of 7*l.* by his master, and suffering eleven months imprisonment, was discharged with a present of 20*l.* his innocence being fully established.

(To be concluded in our next.)

REFLECTIONS

REFLECTIONS ON FREE-THINKING,

From the PREFACE to "A COLLECTION OF THEOLOGICAL TRACTS,"

By Dr. WATSON, BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.

IT is a very wonderful thing, that a being such as man, placed on a little globe of earth, in a little corner of the universe; cut off from all communication with the other systems which are dispersed through the immensity of space; imprisoned, as it were, on the spot where he happens to be born; almost utterly ignorant of the variety of spiritual existencies; and circumscribed in his knowledge of material things, by their remoteness, magnitude, or minuteness; a stranger to the very nature of the pebbles on which he treads; unacquainted, or but very obscurely informed by his natural faculties of his condition after death; it is wonderful that a being such as this, should reluctantly receive, or fastidiously reject the instruction of the Eternal God! Or, if this be saying too much, that he should hastily, and negligently, and triumphantly conclude, that the Supreme Being never had condescended to instruct the race of man. It might properly have been expected, that a rational being, so circumstanced, would have sedulously inquired into a subject of such vast importance; that he would not have suffered himself to be diverted from the investigation, by the pursuits of wealth, or honour, or any temporal concern; much less by notions taken up without attention, arguments admitted without examination, or prejudices imbibed in early youth, from the profane ridicule, or impious jestings of sensual and immoral men. It is from the influence of such prejudices that I would guard the rising part of the generation committed to our care, by recommending a serious perusal of the tracts which are here represented to them. Let them not refuse to follow this advice, because it is given by a churchman. He can have no possible in-

terest in giving it, except what may result from the consciousness of endeavouring to discharge his duty, and the hope of being serviceable to them in this world and the next. They need not question his veracity, when he speaks of Religion as being serviceable to them in this world; for it is a trite objection, and grounded on a misapprehension of the design of Christianity, which would represent it an intolerable yoke, so opposite to the propensities as to be utterly destructive of the felicity of the human mind. It is, in truth, quite the reverse. There is not a single precept in the Gospel, without excepting either that which ordains the forgiveness of injuries, or that which commands every one "to possess his vessel in sanctification and honour," which is not calculated to promote our happiness. Christianity regulates, but does not extinguish our affections; and in due regulation of our affections consists our happiness as reasonable beings. If there is one condition in this life happier than another, it is, surely, that of him who founds all his hopes of futurity on the promises of the Gospel; who carefully endeavours to conform his actions to its precepts; looking upon the great God Almighty as his Protector here, his Rewarder hereafter, and his everlasting Preserver. This is a frame of mind so perfect of our nature, that if Christianity, from a belief of which only it can be derived, were as certainly false as it is certainly true, one could not help wishing that it were universally received in the world. Unbelievers attempt to make proselytes to infidelity, by pressing on the minds of the unlearned in scripture knowledge, the authorities of Bolingbroke, Voltaire, Helvetius, Hume, and other Deistical writers. It is proper

per that young men should be furnished with a ready answer to arguments in favour of infidelity, which are taken from the high literary character of those who profess it: let them remember then that Bacon, Boyle, Newton, Grotius, Locke, Euler,—that Addison, Hartley, Haller, West, Jenyns,—that Lords Nottingham, King, Barrington, Lyttelton, with an hundred other *laymen*, who were surely as eminent for their literary attainments in every kind of science as either Bolingbroke or Voltaire, were professed *believers* of Christianity. I am quite aware that the truth of Christianity cannot be established by authorities; but neither can its falsehood be so established. Arguments *ad verecundiam* have little weight with those who know how to use any other; but they have weight with the lazy and the ignorant on both sides of the question. But though I have here suggested to young men a ready answer to such of their profligate acquaintance as may wish to work upon their *prejudices* in favour of infidelity, yet I hope they will not content themselves with being *prejudiced* even in favour of Christianity. They will find, in this collection, such solid arguments in support of its truth, as cannot fail to confirm them on the most rational grounds, in the belief of the Gospel dispensation. They may wonder, perhaps, if religion be so useful a thing as is here represented, that their parents should seldom or never have conversed with them on the subject. If this should be the fact, I can only say, that it is a neglect of all others the most to be regretted. And indeed our mode of education, as to religious knowledge, is very defective. The child is instructed in its catechism before it is able to comprehend its meaning; and that is usually all the domestic instruction which it ever receives. But whatever be the negligence of parents in teaching their children Christianity, or how forcibly soever the

maxims and customs of the world may conspire in confirming men in infidelity, it is the duty of those, to whom the education of youth is intrusted, not to despair. Their diligence will have its use; it will prevent a bad matter from becoming worse; and if this “foolishness of preaching,” into which I have been betrayed on this occasion, has but the effect of making even one young man of fortune examine into the truth of the Christian religion, who would not otherwise have done it, I shall not repent the having been “instant out of season.”

Descite, O miseri, et causas cognoscite rerum

*Quid sumus, et quidnam victurū
gignimur: ordo*

*Quis datus;—quem te Deus esse
Jussit.*

These were questions which even the Heathen moralists thought it a shame for a man never to have considered. How much more censurable are those among ourselves who waste their days in folly or vice, without ever reflecting upon the providential dispensation under which they live; without having any sublimer piety, and purer morality, any better hopes of futurity than the Heathens had.

*** The freedom of inquiry which has subsisted in this country, during the present century, has eventually been of great service to the cause of Christianity. It must be acknowledged, that the works of our Deistical writers have made some few converts to infidelity at home; and that they have furnished the *Espirits Forts* of France, and the *Frey Geister* of Germany with every material objection to our religion, which they have of late years displayed with much affectation of originality; but at the same time we must needs allow, that these works have stimulated some distinguished characters among the laity, and many among the clergy, to exert their talents in removing such difficulties in the Christian system as would

would otherwise be likely to perplex the unlearned, to shipwreck the faith of the unstable, and to induce a reluctant scepticism into the minds of the most serious and best-intentioned. Some difficulties still remain; and it would be a miracle greater than any we are instructed to believe, if there remained none; if a being with but

five scanty inlets of knowledge, separated but yesterday from his mother earth, and to-day sinking again into her bosom, could fathom the depths of the wisdom and knowledge of "Him, which is, which was, and which is to come—the Lord God Almighty, to whom be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

RODERIGO AND XIMENA. A TALE.

IN the ancient city of Seville dwelt the illustrious family of Gomez, which boasted many kings and sovereign princes in their ancestry. The lovely Ximena was the only daughter to the then count of that name. Her personal charms, though they eclipsed the beauty of all the fair Sevillians, were far inferior to her mental accomplishments. She united the elegance of the Graces with the highest degree of sense, spirit, and fortitude. She seemed destined by nature for designs superior to her sex, and wanted nothing but opportunity to display the perfect heroine.

Don Diego, who was also of an ancient and noble family, and had greatly signalized himself in the service of his country, resided likewise in the same city. The most perfect harmony subsisted between him and Don Gomez, and a future alliance between their families was by every one expected. Don Diego was, at this time, somewhat stricken in years; but he had a son, called Roderigo, who inherited all his virtues, and was as emulous of glory as any of his renowned predecessors.

Roderigo was, in person, a most amiable youth, whose genius was as lively as his disposition, and who had made a rapid progress in the *belles-lettres* and the fine arts: in a word, he was an accomplished gentleman. The ladies of Seville were all emulous of making a conquest of the youthful Roderigo; but his heart was already disposed of to the accomplished Ximena. An early and infantine

attachment to this worthy young lady had precluded the effects of all the artillery that was planted against him by the rival beauties of Seville. They had imbibed the seeds of love ere they knew its nature; their fond hearts panted for each other at a time they were ignorant of the force of sympathy, or the smallest operations of the tender passion. In effect, they seemed by nature destined for each other; and fortune had, hitherto, favoured so agreeable and so amiable an union.

All Seville was long acquainted with their attachment; and the ladies contented themselves with envying her they could not rival. If Roderigo's merit had so much attracted the attention of the fair, Ximena's uncommon beauty and accomplishments had not less disturbed the male sex, and Roderigo was not destitute of rivals; the foremost of whom was Don Sancho, who imagined his riches and family connections intitled him to Ximena's heart, in preference to Roderigo.

In different scales she weighed their different merit; and, as nothing mercenary or venal could approach her soul, neither was it contaminated with false ambition. Roderigo's virtues, in her eye, far surpassed all Sancho's boasted pretensions; and the more he insisted upon them, the more their intrinsic worth diminished.

If then his most formidable rival found his hopes so slightly grounded, the breast of Roderigo could not be disturbed

disturbed at the claims of those who had much less to offer in exchange for a heart which, to him, appeared inestimable. The day of their nuptials was appointed, and all the necessary preparations were making to celebrate them in a manner suitable to the dignity of an alliance between two such noble houses.

At this crisis an occurrence took place, which, by its consequences, not only prevented this happy union, but was attended with a most tragical and uncommon catastrophe.

The king appointed Don Diego governor to the prince of Castile; which post Don Gomez expected, thinking his valour and past services entitled him to it. The jealousy which this nomination excited in the breast of Don Gomez was so great, that it burst forth into bitter reproaches against Don Diego upon their next interview. Their altercation was carried to such a height, and such opprobrious words escaped them, that, at length, Don Diego told Don Gomez he was "unworthy of employment," at which he was so much enraged that he struck Don Diego on the face. "Thy imprudence, rash old man, shall have its reward," were the words of Don Gomez, uttered upon giving him this manual insult.

Don Diego no sooner received this affront, than he drew; but, though expert at the sword, and possessed of uncommon courage, of which he had given repeated proofs, the disparity of their age and vigour was so great, that his feeble arm was compelled to submit; and, being disarmed, was necessitated to beg his life.

Though Gomez might triumph at this victory, he was not suffered long to wear his laurels undisturbed. Don Diego considered his son as the only instrument left him to repair his injured honour, and sought him for that purpose. He opened the business to him by asking, "if he had a heart?"

To which Roderigo replied, "Any other than my father should be instantly convinced of it." The old man was pleased at this mettle in his son, considering it as a favourable presage to the execution of the commission he intended him for.

Diego now acquainted Roderigo with the insult he had received, but did not yet inform him of the person that had given it. Roderigo's impatience was soon exhausted; and, unable to let his father expatiate long upon the valour and renown of their antagonist, he abruptly asked his name, that no time might be lost in the reparation that was so necessary. But Diego still continued his eulogiums, till Roderigo's ardour compelled his father to say it was—"Ximena's father." Roderigo's surprize at this intelligence cannot be expressed in words; for he, faltering, attempted to repeat, "Ximena's father!" but was debarred the power of utterance.

In this situation Diego left Roderigo, after exhorting him to let no consideration deter him from vindicating their honour. Roderigo being alone, he fell into a profound meditation upon so unexpected a stroke, which baffled all his hopes, banished all his promised joys, and opened to his view a scene of bloodshed and misery. He saw, on the one hand, indelible shame, and the loss of that honour which was dearer to him than life—On the other, the death of himself, or of one who was his second father; and, by losing him, he lost a mistress, a wife, and, in one word, his Ximena.

Such a situation it were impossible for the pen of a Shakspeare to depict with justice. They might touch the conflict of the various agitated passions; they might paint love, revenge, despair, each by turns prevailing; but they would still fall short of the tortures of Roderigo's breast.

The powerful struggles of love at length submitted to the tyranny of honour,

honour, and he fought Don Gomez to have that satisfaction which was due to his father and himself. At this interview, Don Gomez endeavoured to dissuade him from his design; telling him he should obtain no glory in vanquishing so youthful an adversary; but, finding Roderigo resolved upon his purpose, the Count seemed to approve of his noble valour, and attended him.

Don Gomez fell; and his daughter, upon receiving this dreadful news, immediately flew to the king, and most pathetically implored justice for her father's blood; whilst Don Diego, who was present, defended his son's conduct, saying, "all the blame was his share;" and begged that "Ximena might be satisfied at the expence of his life."

The tremendous situation of Roderigo, after such a deed, so overwhelmed him, that he knew not whither to fly, or where to hide himself; but that magnet which had ever attracted him, insensibly drew him to Gomez house. He no sooner appeared before Ximena's confidant, than she vociferously upbraided him with the murder, testifying her surprize at his presumption in making an asylum of the house of the dead: to which he, in consternation, replied, "He did but seek for that which he had conferred—that his judge was his love, his Ximena; and that he came to supplicate, as a sovereign good, the decree from her mouth, and the stroke from her hand."

He was, however, persuaded to conceal himself, upon her entering with Don Sancho, his rival; who endeavoured to instigate her to the most unlimited revenge.

Upon Sancho's retiring, finding herself alone with Elvira, her confidant, she opened her mind to her; and, after having testified her pungent sorrow for the loss of her father, she acknowledged that she still adored Roderigo; but, nevertheless, concluded, that the honour of her family, and

her own reputation, compelled her to pursue him for that life which was dearer to her than her own, and, which, when forfeited, would be but a prelude to her own destruction.

Roderigo was unable any longer to conceal himself at this declaration, but, rushing forth, threw himself at her feet, whilst her amazement kept pace with her terrors. A most tender, a most moving, a most melancholy scene, took place. To behold a lover, a husband, the murderer of a father, united in the man she idolized; whom she wished to hate, and was forced to persecute—What language was she to use? In what terms could she express herself? Tears and mutual signs for a long time supplied the place of speech. At length, roused from this melancholy stupor, she bid him fly, nor wait that justice for which she pleaded, and which, when obtained, would be but an inevitable sentence against herself.

At this period an unexpected opportunity offered for Roderigo to signalize himself in the defence of his country. A Moorish fleet had surprized the city, landed a great number of forces, and ravaged the country. Several of Diego's friends, who, hearing of the affront he had received, came to offer their lives to avenge it; finding this office already executed by his son, they had now an opportunity of risking them in a more general cause; and fixed upon Roderigo for their leader. He repulsed the Moors, took their king prisoner; and, upon his return to court, received the thanks of his sovereign in person.

This important service he had done to the state, the king thought a sufficient atonement for the life of Gomez; but Ximena still insisted upon justice: wherefore it was at length agreed that he should engage in single combat with his rival; and that the survivor should be entitled to Ximena.

In

In a conference he had with Ximena, prior to this duel, he informed her that he should make no defence, as he should consider the wound he received as coming from her hand, though she thought him unworthy of receiving it directly from her. Upon hearing this, she upbraided him with want of courage, and foretold the loss of his glory and reputation by such a pusillanimous conduct. But these remonstrances had no effect upon him, he still persevering in the design of rushing upon his adversary's sword; till she, at length, intreated him to defend his life, as her agreeing to this combat was only to have a pretext for forgiving him.

Don Sancho returned, nevertheless, from the field with his sword bloody; upon the sight of which Ximena swooned, thinking that her Roderigo had doubtless fallen a victim to his rival. When she recovered, her soul breathed all her tenderness and love for him. But this being only a stratagem to prompt her to give these testimonies of her affection, she found her Roderigo still alive and victor, and, as such, he had enforced the

express condition of Don Sancho's acting this part to favour his design.

It would have been in vain for her any longer to have dissembled her fondness for her Roderigo, or that she was inclinable to forgive him. The king profited by her present favourable disposition to bring about an entire reconciliation. Their nuptials were, however, once more deferred, as his presence was again judged necessary to oppose the Moors, who had made another descent upon the coast, in hopes of rescuing their captive king.

The Moors were routed, and Roderigo returned to Seville to lay his laurels at his Ximena's feet. Their marriage was soon after celebrated by the archbishop of Seville, in the presence of the king and his whole court.

This happy pair, after having for a long time been the sport of fortune, were now examples of fondness and affection; and lived to see their children as much esteemed as themselves, the kings of Arragon and Navarre thinking it an honour to be allied to them, by wedding their two daughters.

AVARICE AND GLORY. AN HISTORY.

BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

AVARICE and Glory once made a journey together to this world, in order to try how mankind were disposed to receive them. Heroes, citizens, priests, and lords, immediately lifted beneath their standards, and received their favours with gratitude and rapture. Travelling, however, into a more remote part of the country, they by accident set up at the cottage of a simple shepherd, (by the shepherd the King of Prussia means himself) whose whole possessions were his flock, and all his solitude the next day's subsistence. His birth was but humble, yet his natural endowments were great. His sense was refined, his heart sensible of

love and piety, and, poor as he was, he still preserved an honest ardour for liberty and repose. Here, with his favourite Sylvana, his flock, his crook, and his cottage, he lived unknown, and unknowing a world that could only instruct him in deceit and falsehood.

Our two travellers no sooner beheld him, than they were struck with his felicity. "How insupportable it is," cried Glory, "thus to be a spectator of pleasures which we have no share in producing? Shall we, who are adored here below, tamely continue spectators of a man who thus slight our favours, because as yet unexperienced in their delights? No,

P 2

rather

rather let us attempt to seduce him from his wise pursuit of tranquility, and teach him to reverence our power." Thus saying, they both, the better to disguise themselves, assumed the dress of shepherds, and accosted the rustic in terms the most inviting, "Dear shepherd, how do I pity," cries Glory, "your poor simplicity. To see such talents buried in unambitious retirement, certainly might create even the compassion of the gods. Leave, prithee leave, a solitude destined only for ignorance and stupidity; it is doubly to die, to die without applause. You have virtues, and those ought to appear, not thus lie hid with ungrateful obstinacy. Fortune calls, and Glory invites thee. I promise you a certainty of success: you have only to choose whether to become an author, a minister of state, or a general; in either capacity be sure of finding respect, riches, and immortality."

At so unaccustomed an invitation, the shepherd seemed incapable of determining. He hesitated for some time between ambition and content, till at length the former prevailed, and he became, in some measure, a convert. Avarice now came in to fix him entirely; and willing to make him completely the slave of both, thus continued the conversation. "Yes, simple swain, be convinced of your ignorance; learn from me in what true happiness consists. You are in indigence, and you miscall your poverty temperance. What! shall a man, formed for the most important concerns, like you, exhaust a precious life only in obliging his mistress, playing upon a pipe, or shearing his sheep? While the rest of mankind, blessed with affluence, consecrate all their hours to rapture, improved with art, shall you remain in a cottage, perhaps shuddering at the winter's breeze? Alas! little dost thou know of the pleasures attending the great. What sumptuous palaces

they live in! how every time they leave them seems a triumphal procession! how every word they pronounce is echoed with applause! without fortune, what is life but misery? what is virtue but sullen satisfaction?—Money, money, is the grand mover of the universe; without it, life is insipid, and talents contemptible."

The unhappy shepherd was no longer able to resist such powerful persuasions: his mistress, his flock, are at once banished from his thoughts, or contemptible in his eye. His rural retreat becomes tasteless, and ambition fills up every chasm in his breast: in vain did this faithful partner of all his pleasures and cares solicit his stay; in vain expose the numberless dangers he must necessarily encounter; nothing could persuade a youthful mind bent on glory, and whose heart felt every passion in extreme. However, uncertain what course to follow, by chance he fixed upon the Muses; and he began, by shewing the world some amazing instances of the sublimity of his genius. He instantly found admission among the men of wit, and he gave lessons to those who were candidates for the public favour. He published criticisms to shew, that some were not born poets, and apologies in vindication of himself. But soon satire attacked him with all its virulence; he found, in every brother wit, a rival, and, in every rival, one ready to depreciate whatever he had written. Soon, therefore, he thought proper to quit this seducing train, that offered beds of roses, but supplied only a couch of thorns.

He next took the field in quality of a soldier. He was foremost in revenging the affronts of his country, and fixing his monarch on the throne; he was foremost in braving every danger, and in mounting every breach: with a few successes more, and a few limbs less, our shepherd would have equalled Cæsar himself; but soon envy began to pluck the
hardened

hardened laurel from his brow. His conquests were attributed not to his superior skill, but the ignorance of his rivals: his patriotism was judged to proceed from avarice, and his fortitude from unfeeling assurance.

Again, therefore, the shepherd changes; and, in his own defence, retired to the cabinet from the field. Here, become a thorough-bred minister of state, he copies out conventions, mends treaties, raises subsidies, levies, disposes, sells, buys, and loses his own peace in procuring the peace of Europe; he even, with the industry of a minister, adopts his vices, and becomes slow, timid, suspicious, and austere. Drunk with power, and involved in system, he sees, consults, and likes none but himself. He is no longer the simple shepherd, whose thoughts were all

honest, and who spoke nothing but what he thought; he now is taught only to speak what he never intends to perform. His faults disgusted some; his remaining virtues, more; at length, however, his system fails, all his projects are blown up: what was the cause of misfortune, was attributed to corruption and ignorance; he is arraigned by the people, and scarcely escapes being condemned to suffer an ignominious death. Now, too late, he finds the folly of having attended to the voice of avarice, or the call of ambition; he flies back to his long-forsaken cottage, again assumes the rustic robe of innocence and simplicity; and, in the arms of his faithful Sylvana, passed the remainder of his life in innocence, happiness, and peace.

A CURE FOR THE HYP.

MANY Divines and Moralists impute this distemper to Discontent, Disappointment, and Pride, which may be partial causes; but let the irregularities of the blood and animal spirits have their share, lest the Theologue thrust out the Physician from his proper dividend in the distemper.

I grant, that a person in the Spleen may be flung into a course of diversions; and a mixture of *wakes, horse-races, assemblies, plays, puppet-shows, &c.* may be made up for him in a prescription: But where the case is at the worst, and the patient (if male) beigns to think *he is with child*, or is turned into an egg, a teapot, a bottle, or a horse's tail (of all which cases there have been notorious instances) there is no way left but to humour the distemper; and the craft of *physic* is, in this case, much preferable to the *art*, as will appear from the following story:

A young gentleman of good sense and learning, with a very handsome estate, had no malady to complain of

but the Spleen, and soon found there could be nothing worse. Hereupon he came up from his seat on the borders of Wales to Oxford, where he had been bred, in order for a cure. He seemed well in body, and said he had no cause of trouble in mind; but still he complained, he was *he knew not how-ill*—*Deep in the Shaggs—Hyp'd to a violent degree—Full of the Glooms and Dismals, &c.*

By the Doctors advice he retired to a town in the neighbourhood, where there was a good air, not too much company, nor too great a solitude, and where, after diverting himself with riding and other exercises, he might conclude the day with a few friends and a chearful bottle; with which he was for some time exceedingly relieved.

Opposite to his best apartment was a Cobler's stall, who worked hard all day, and was often diverting himself and others with a catch, a song, or a ballad. The gentleman was for some time highly pleased with this; but upon comparing this chearful mechanic's

mechanic's condition with his own, came by degrees to envy him, and at last to hate him mortally. In this temper he took some back rooms next the gardens; but still the idea of the happy Cocker haunted him, till at last he fancied he was *possessed*, and that the Cocker was got down into his belly, *where he lay poking with his awl, gnawing the leather, and beating furiously with his hammer.* In this distress consulting again his physicians, he told them, *he had swallow'd a Cocker*: upon this they all declared him mad, and gave him up as incurable.

A young student in physic, related to the family where the gentleman lodged, was told in a visit of this extraordinary case, and with much difficulty admitted to see the patient, whom he found in an easy chair, groaning hideously, and turning from side to side, as the Cocker made a *puncture* or *contusion*. He complained of an immoderate swelling, of throbbings like blows, &c. and of the stench of ale and tobacco. At last he said, *Now pray, Doctor, what do you think I am troubled with?* The Doctor gravely answer'd, *Really, Sir, I am inclined to believe that you have swallow'd a Cocker.*—*A Cocker!* (says the patient) *You have it! you have it!*—*Oh, the villain! the villain!* Now I feel him pricking me: Surely you was sent by heaven to my deliverance.—*But what can you do for me?* To night, says the Doctor, you shall take a composing draught that will make both you and your Cocker easy, and to-morrow I will visit you again.

That evening the Doctor privately sends for the Cocker, tips him a piece of money, with the promise of another; gives him all his instructions, and engages him heartily in the operation. The next morning he re-visits his patient, orders him to keep his bed till night, and then retires to an

adjoining room hung round with old tapestry, where he got all things ready. A very strong *emetic* was sent in by the apothecary; a large *bathing-tub*, half filled with water, was set close by a closet, to which there was an opening through the hangings. The Doctor had furnished his pockets with some of the Cocker's tools and utensils, properly disposed: the family was let into the secret: a dim light was placed at the further end of the room; and the Cocker was privately stationed behind the hangings.

About Ten at night the patient was introduced in form; took the *emetic*, and after one or two plunges, the Doctor gravely fished in the liquors with a large ladle, and at last brought up some *ends* and *hog's bristles*:—*See here, Sir,* says he, *we are right! we are right! Come, one plunge more*—And then he fishes up an *awl*, a *ball of thread*, and some *balls of wax*:—*Again, Sir! again!* continues the Doctor, and then brings up a *hammer*, a *paring knife*, and two *heel-pieces*:—*Now, Sir, we are near him; shut your eyes close, and take one more hearty plunge.* In this interval he lugs the Cocker from behind the hangings, fouses him over head and ears in the tub, and then cries out, *Open your eyes, Sir! We have him! we have him!* and withal collaring the Cocker, just rising from the deluge, he severely reprimanded him for daring to get down a gentleman's throat; and threatening him heavily in case of a return, shewed him at last the shortest way down stairs. The patient was for a while astonished at his deliverance; but, by degrees, he composed himself, for there was no resisting demonstration. That night he took another composing draught, was well next morning, and the Doctor returned with 50 guineas to Oxford.

HENRY.

HENRY AND ELIZA.

[Continued from our last, p. 73.]

HENRY retired to his bed, but his thoughts were too intent on the lovely stranger to suffer him to sleep; he ran over all her features, and thought he knew them. He recollected she said she had no friends; the only one she ever had was, alas! now no more! Certainly this is not Eliza, said he! 'Tis impossible! Perhaps she may be some vile creature of the town, who has chose this method to draw the unwearied into her snares; but avoant the thought! A wretch callous to all ideas of virtue could never assume that appearance of modesty, and those distracted looks, which shew a mind in the greatest depth of affliction. In vain did he attempt to sleep—in vain did he attempt to call his attention from the lovely object—he saw her still weeping and imploring his assistance.

The sun was just illuminating the eastern clouds when Henry arose: he sought the picture which he had found in Hamer's drawers, and immediately recognized the features of the stranger. It is possible, said he, that the painter may have drawn two faces alike, but it is improbable that there should be such a resemblance; what beauty I find in one, appears in the other.—Here he was interrupted by his servant acquainting him that breakfast was ready. The desire he had to see the lady, and the curiosity to know who she was, made him eager to attend the summons.

She had entered into conversation with the lady of the house before Henry came in, therefore an introduction was unnecessary; they sat down to breakfast, and after the servant had withdrawn, he desired the lady to inform them of the misfortunes which she must have experienced before he had the happiness to rescue her. Henry's persuasive manner, accompanied with the desires of the good old lady,

obliged her to comply with their request, and thus began:—My father had attained his twentieth year when he married one of the best of women that ever enter'd the conjugal state; she had all those qualities which grace the mind of a wife, a mother, a friend, and a mistress; no rude passions ever disturbed their tranquility, but all was perfect harmony. After they had been married four years, I was born; the joy on this occasion increased, if possible, their felicity: but ah! how transitory is human happiness! My father, who thought himself blessed with every earthly comfort, was in a short time deprived of what his soul held most dear on earth; for my mother, in the bloom of life, was seiz'd with a violent fever, which baffled all the skill of human aid, and in one fatal moment was snatched from his arms, and call'd to her kindred dust. This was a loss he was little able to sustain, but, on account of me, he preserved that life which had now become a burden to him.

Two long years he bore the pangs of sorrow without repining, but, finding his health declining, he embarked for the continent, leaving me under the care of my uncle, my father little suspecting he would have proved so great a villain—Thus far a trusty servant of my father's told me; the remainder of my unhappy life I knew too well.

I had not reached my tenth year when my father embarked, therefore it cannot be expected that I should feel the loss I had sustained. The first grievance my tender years were sensible of, was the harsh treatment I met with from my uncle; his behaviour to me shewed him to have a mind callous to all the finer feelings of humanity! He kept me at home, and would not suffer me to sit at the table with him, but with the servants.

Mortifying

Mortifying as this was to a young mind, I could easily have submitted to it, had his treachery gone no farther. Often on the dairy bank I have viewed the silver tribe sporting about, and seeming to thank me for their daily food; little did I then think that there would be the beginning of my future misfortunes. But how imperfect are our ideas! How weak and small our powers! If we could foresee what was to happen at a dis-

tant period, what accidents might we guard against! how frequently mirth and happiness would appear, where grief and distress are predominant:—yet perhaps it is for the best! The all-wise Creator of mankind consider'd this ignorance as productive of the greatest happiness.—But, before I go any farther, it will be necessary to give you a short sketch of my uncle.

[To be continued.]

PROPERTIES OF A GARDENER, ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

Question. *WHY is a Gardener the most extraordinary man in the world?*

Answer. Because no man has more business upon earth, and always chooses good grounds for what he does. He commands his *thyme*. He is master of his *mint*, and fingers *penny-royal*. He raiseth his *salary* every year, and it is a bad year indeed that does not produce a *plumb*. He meets with more *boughs* than a Minister of State. He makes more *beds* than the French King, and has in them more *painted ladies*, and more genuine *roses* and *lilies* than are to be found at a country wake. He makes *raking* his business

more than his diversion, as many other gentlemen do; but he makes it an advantage to his health and fortune, which few others do. He can boast more *rapes* than any other *rake* in the kingdom; his wife, notwithstanding, has enough of *lad's love* and *heart's ease*, and never wishes for *weeds*. Disempers fatal to others, never hurt him; he walks better for the *gravel*, and thrives most in a *con-jumption*. He can boast of more *bleeding hearts* than your ladyship, and more *laurels* than the greatest hero of antiquity; but his greatest pride, and the world's envy, is, that he can have *yew* whenever he pleases.

ANECDOTE OF KING GEORGE I.

KING George I. in one of his journeys to Hanover, going through Helvoetsluys sat down on a bench at the door of a principal inn, without going into the house, it being a remarkable fine day, while they were getting horses ready for his coach, and called for three fresh eggs, which were brought him. His Majesty, after eating them, asked, "How much must I pay for these

eggs?" The host replied, "Two hundred florins." "How! (said the King astonished) eggs must be very scarce sure at Helvoetsluys!"—"Pardon me, Sire, replied the Dutch landlord, eggs are plentiful enough, but kings are scarce in this country." The King laughed at the repartee, shrugged his shoulders, and ordered the money to be paid him.

ANECDOTE OF A BRITISH SOLDIER.

IN the war in Flanders, when the Earl of Stair was commander in chief, after a severe battle which lasted from morning till evening, and terminated in favour of the British troops, a veteran soldier, excessively fatigued, was resting on his arms,

and looking exceedingly grave, Lord Stair coming by, asked him why he was so dull? "Dull! your honour? I am not dull; I am only thinking what a hard day's work I have done for a *great*."

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

ADDRESS to the EDITORS.

Since MAGs of all sizes, design'd to amuse,
The post-boys of slander, detraction and
news,
Are handed abroad now in country and city,
To pleasure the season'd, the grave, and the
witty,
'Tis meet, we'll suppose, that each reader
shou'd choose
What suits his own palate; what's tasteless,
refuse.
As nation with nation in rivalry strive
To increase their own commerce, and bring
to their hive;
As county with county, as township with
town,
Are ever ambitious to favour their Own,
Shall *Yorkshire* stand single, regardless of fame,
Whilst each county around us pursues its
own game?
Forbid it, ye sages, who wisdom approve;
Forbid it, ye champions for virtue and love.
See the Editors ask with a good begging mien
Some earnest supporters to their Magazine.
What county around you with this can com-
pare
For rural diversions, or landscapes, or air?
Or where, if ye search the world round, can
ye find
Or nymphs more engaging, or swains more
refin'd?
Where else can the fanciful Muses resort,
Or the good-natur'd nymphs with each Grace
hold their court?
Save where their own MASON delights to
repose,
And plant by His myrtle the quick-scented
rose.
Where else love the sweet-smiling Virtues to
roam,
Or, wearied with wand'ring, to take up their
home
Than with DADE? 'Tis the pencil with
which he would paint
The recluse of the Hermit, the Nun, and the
Saint.
Whilst Fame, at their order, vouchsafes to
proclaim
To nations far distant his *evergreen* name.
Here Spring with blithe Flora in unison meet,
The caskets of Nature disclose their feet;
Whilst each hill and each vale, each mead
and each grove,
Enjoy the sensations of transport and love.
Tho' our ears are quite strangers to Philo-
mel's lay,
Think not but in Yorkshire we're happy as
they

Vol. I. No. 4.

Who, dupes to the honey that flows from her
tongue,
Forget how the linnet can charm with her
song.
Our woods and our grottos afford safe retreat
From the Tempest's dread sweep, and the
Solstice fierce heat;
Whilst a *Harrogate*, *Scarbro'*, and *Tborp-Arch*
make known
That Hygeia, the health-giving maid, is our
OWN.
Blithe Ceres, delighted, loud laughs in each
plain,
And fixes, *here* fixes, well pleas'd, her domain;
Whilst Pan his Arcadia now quits for the
Wold,
Desports with the nymphs, shields from harm
too the fold;
Rich in fruit, here Pomona unlocks all her
stores,
And owns all the boast of Hesperia is our's;
Nor think that the Druids will ever retire
From the woods that they planted, the groves
they admire,
As long as a Poet is left us to show
How much to their virtue and learning we owe.
Big with thoughts like to these, 'twas my
duty, I thought,
My sentiments freely off-hand thus to note;
And if that you think them worth while to
be seen,
Pray give them a place in your next Magazine.
PICKERENSIS.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

On SPRING.

*Nunc ver purpureum---varios jam flumina circum
Fundit humus flores---*
Hinc anni labor.

VIRG.

NOW spring the living herbs, profusely
wild,
O'er ample Nature's vivid, doedal field;
'Tis now the genial Sun and Zephyrs mild
Their soft'ring aid, their kindest influence yield
See what a prospect meets the wand'ring eye,
Far distant yonder on the daisied hill!
Where wanton lambs in sportive races vie;
And gently steals along the murm'ring rill.
The feather'd tribe, all mirth and social glee,
Pour out their am'rous little souls in love;
Try ev'ry note and well-tun'd harmony
Their beauteous charmer's tender heart to
move.

The brook, that erst midst Winter's blust'ring
rain

In sweeping torrents roll'd with dreadful force,
Now gently bubbles thro' the verdant plain,
Lost in its own meand'ring, gleamy course.

Q

The

The gladsome Farmer to his task repairs,
His annual task! that cheers his happy breast.
Sweet emblem of content! no rankling cares
Break the soft slumbers of his downy rest.

Hatfield.

J. C.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

SAUNDY of the FORTH.

By GEO. SAVILLE CAREY.

YOUNG Saundry was press'd from his
Alice's side

As they stray'd to converse in the dale,
And Saundry had ask'd the fair maid for his
bride,

But, alas! as he told her his tale
They tore him away, tho' she fell on her knees
And implor'd them to spare her dear swain;
But the Gang it was deaf to her heart-rending
pleas,

And they hurry'd him off to the main.

She stood all alone a pale statue of grief,
When at length the tears burst from her
eyes;

No friend near her side to afford her relief,
And she ask'd it at length of the skies:
The night-cheering moon was absorb'd in a
cloud,

And the wind 'gan to rise in the north;
The flocks on the mountains all bleated aloud,
And the waves 'gan to foam in the Forth.

At this moment the galley was making its way
With the head-drooping Saundry on board,
Who spy'd at a distance the ship as she lay,
In the mouth of the Forth she was moor'd:
But the waves with the mountains now all
seem'd to vie,

For each wave left a valley below:
Be steady! be steady! good lads! was the cry,
Or adown to the bottom we go!

These words were scarce spoke when a tur-
bulent wave

Bid defiance the skill of each oar,
For they all sank at once in a watery grave,
All but one that was wash'd on the shore:
'Twas Saundry for whom the kind Fates inter-
fer'd,

And a warning that nought should remove
The bondage of Faith, when it ever adher'd
To the hallowed mandates of Love.

He fled to his Alice, who mourn'd in despair,
But, when she her Saundry beheld,
His presence soon vanquish'd her visitor, Care,
And the vapours of Sorrow dispell'd.

To the mountains they fled, far away from
the main,

Where no rude assailants engage;
No ruffians to part the fond lovers again,
Till Time shall intrude with Old Age.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

The ZONES.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

*Cantemus Dominum, bonum facilemque parentem!
Cujus habent nullas larga indulgentia metas.*

BUCHANAN.

WHere north or south the embryo Tem-
pests form,
Where black as Midnight broods the callow
Storm;

Where Winter holds his time-coeval reign
In splendid triumph o'er each shackled main;
Where Light, swift darting thro' the glow-
ing skies,

The long, long absence of the Sun supplies;
While bright above th' unnumber'd fires that
glow

But mock the piercing cold which dwells
below;

Where often changing Alps of Ice are seen,
The chill Fog rolling thro' the vales between;
While the white Tenant of these climes so drear
High on their bright side hangs the shaggy Bear;
Here led by Truth, who never leads astray,
Should meek Obedience urge his lonely way,
The fire of Faith would animate his breast,
And sooth the whispers of his fear to rest;
Nay, should the Storm that rides the desert air
Shoot the keen shafts, and lay his bosom bare,
His God would spread his guardian shield
around,

And cast the blunted arrows on the ground.
Our infant views beyond, our hopes above,
O'er ev'ry region reigns the God of Love;
His praises live these glitt'ring wilds among,
The rude rocks echoing to the pleasing song.

Where the fierce Zenith pours the blazing
ray,

The brown Earth casts her verdant robe away,
And far and wide waste sandy plains appear
Without a Tree to shade, a Spring to cheer;
Where the wild Sons of Ishmael haunt the day,
And famish'd Lions nightly roar for prey;
Where patient kneeling at his lord's command,
To bear his spicy burdens o'er the sand,
Thro' the short night and thro' the weary day
The uncomplaining Camel works his way;
When the black Merchant, vigilant and bold,
Braves ev'ry danger for the love of gold;
Here led by Truth, who never leads astray,
Should meek Obedience urge his lonely way;
Where never Pilgrim-Zeal a track had trac'd,
Faith would conduct him o'er the 'wild'ring
waste,

Avert the sun-beam, spread a welcome shade,
And call the stranger, Zephyr, to his aid,
Bring heav'nly hopes to mitigate his toil,
And flake with snow's the ever-burning soil;
Nay, should that Wind arise whose hollow
roar

The Damsels of Arabia oft deplore,

When

When the bold Youth of their ill-fated land
Lie deep beneath a monument of sand;
His guardian God would his broad shield
display,

And turn th' o'erwhelming chaos far away.
Our infant views beyond, our hopes above,
O'er ev'ry region reigns the God of Love;
His praises live the "howling waste" along,
And the broad desert brightens at the song.

Where grateful Light and Shade alternate
sway,

Day yields to Darknefs, Darknefs yields to Day;
Where Heat and Cold without extremes appear
To wield by turns the sceptre of the Year;
Like the Twin-Brothers of the eastern skies,
They sink alternate, and alternate rise;
While each attempt'ing, each combines to
bring

The fruits of Autumn, and the flow'rs of
Spring;

Where never haggard Famine haunts the view,
But a sure Harvest follows on the plow,
And Plenty, waving her inverted horn,
Throws wide the green grafs and the yellow
corn;

Where ev'ry charm and ev'ry bliss display'd,
Health owns the youth, and Beauty owns the
maid;

But where beyond all other blessings fair
The social blandishments of life repair,
And ev'ry charm of Nature, far above
The rich arcana of celestial love;
If chief to you, ye Favourites of Heav'n,
A thousand and a thousand gifts are giv'n,
So chief to ev'ry Christian land belongs
Of praise a thousand and a thousand songs.
O ev'ry tongue and ev'ry clime unite

To bless the Lord of bounty and of light!
So may his mercy grant us each to prove
Life in his fear, and triumph in his love;
So may (where e'er our future lots are found)
The Angel of His Presence watch around;
So may we seek, in ev'ry change of clime,
To Him who gave, to Him who governs Time;
So may we learn, when Time shall be no
more,

With Saints to sing, with Angels to adore;
So may we claim our mansion in the skies
With God for ever good, with God for ever
wife!

TREMULUS.

An ELEGY on a FAMILY-TOMB.

-----*Quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum, sic Di voluistis, habebo.*

THOU dome of death! by lonely mu-
sings led,
I seek at ev'ning's close thy hallow'd
throne,

And as I fondly trace the kindred dead,
In pious accents breathe the mournful
line!

What tho' no titled lineage I disclose,
No proud parade of ancestry or birth!
Yet in these veins a stream unfulfilled flows,
Deriv'd from genuine purity and worth.

Yes, honour'd race, with holy wisdom fraught
Humbly the path of piety ye trod!
Your lives adorn'd the faith your precepts
taught,

Servants of truth! and ministers of God!
Peace to your manes!---This due incense
paid,

I frame to sadder themes the pensive lay;
And e'en 'till mem'ry's faintest traces fade,
My heart shall bleed through many a dis-
tant day.

Scarce had I wept a tender parent's doom,
Scarce check'd the tear fond filial grief
bestow'd,

Ere lost in earliest prime, relentless tomb,
A sister slept within thy dark abode.

Ah! lov'd Maria! not th' enchanting face
Where beauty reign'd, unconscious of its
pow'r,

Nor meekest sense, nor mildest virgin grace,
Avail'd to save thee from the destin'd hour!

When, in the lustre of thine eye display'd,
Health seem'd her lovliest blessings to dis-
close,

Conceal'd, alas! the canker sickness prey'd
Ere long to blast the sweetly-budded rose.

With deadly paleness or illusive bloom,
Noted by fear and hope, thy cheek was spread;
'Till slowly yielding to th' impending doom,
On gentle wings thy hov'ring spirit fled.

Nor ceas'd with thee my woes, lamented
shade!

For more than by fraternal fondness dear,
With thee in death's cold arms Eugenio laid,
To keener anguish wak'd the streaming
tear.

Saunt'ring with careless step thro' childhood's
maze,

Together in sweet amity we grew;
In riper youth and manhood's op'ning days
No sep'rate joys, no unshar'd griefs we
knew,

As musing in the academic grove,
Studious he scann'd the Æsculapian page,
Vigor, and Health, and Temp'rance vainly
strove

To quell th' insatiate tyrant's burning rage.

While Riot safely runs his wild career,
And danger's shaft aloof from Folly flies,
Why thus untimely on the ruthless bier
Lamented lie the temp'rate and the wise?

Thus sad Regret her fond complainings pours
Deny'd th' unerring laws of heav'n to see;
With trembling confidence her God adores,
And mourns, yet venerates, the stern de-
cree.

His heart affection, virtue, truth possest;
His sober judgment liveliest sense refin'd;
With gentlest manners, fancy, science blest,
He knew to mend or captivate the mind.

Deem not I boast an unattested praise,
By partial prejudice alone approv'd;
A bard erewhile, in sweet descriptive lays,
Sung to no common lyre the worth he lov'd:
And Friendship still, in many a wounded
breast,

Her weeping tribute to his ashes gives;
Whilst in soft Pity's shadowy tints express'd,
His image, cherish'd by remembrance,
lives:

And long, Eliza, shall thy sorrows flow,
Nor sternest fortitude the pang reprove,
Doom'd to lament with unavailing woe
Lost years of promis'd happiness and love:

Thy truth his tender sympathy return'd;
His faithful bosom nurs'd the mutual flame;
Ardent in life's last hours his passion burn'd,
On his pale lip linger'd thy trembling name.

How vain all promise of delight! --- No more
Shall Hope seduce me with betraying smile;
Content's calm ray shall gild the present hour,
Nor distant bliss my easy faith beguile.

Ambition, wont my youthful blood to fire,
Shall prompt no more th' involuntary sigh;
Retirement's vale I view with fix'd desire,
Nor loathing life, nor unprepar'd to die:

There may I taste domestic joys serene,
In Arria's virtues not ignobly blest!
In silence quite at length the shining scene,
Consign'd with kindred shades in peace to
rest!

J. J. B-----.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

HOUSE of LORDS.

April 3.

THE House having resolved itself into a committee on the bill for explaining and amending the India Act, a conversation took place on the clauses respecting the oath to be administered, and the intended deprivation of the Commander in Chief of his seat in Council. In this conversation the same arguments were brought forward on each side as had been adduced in the other House. The first clause was at last agreed to without a division. Lord Fitzwilliam, however, persevering in his opposition to the other, respecting the Commander in Chief, a motion was made by the Noble Lord that it should be rejected, on which a division took place. Not Contents, 53; Contents, 19.

Their Lordships then proceeded through the other clauses of the bill, and various amendments were made in the wording of several of the provisions. Adjourned.

April 5. Lord Sydney having moved that his Majesty's message should be read, he afterwards moved for an address to the throne, declaring their loyal and dutiful attention to the situation of the civil list, and that they were ready to concur with the other House in making up whatever deficiencies had been stated. After a long debate, the address was agreed to without a division.

April 12. Ordered the insolvent debtors bill, presented several weeks since, to be printed.

HOUSE of COMMONS.

March 27. Agreed to the resolutions of Friday last on the supply.

Went thro' the bill for securing the freedom of elections, with several amendments.

Mr. Dundas's bill for regulating the jurisdiction of India, was read a third time, after a short conversation.

March 28. No business was done this day, there not being members sufficient to ballot for the Nairne undue election.

March 29. Agreed to the report of Monday last, for regulating the Newfoundland fishery, and ordered in a bill thereupon.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer delivered a written message from his Majesty, the purport of which was, that it was with great concern his Majesty informed the House that he had not been able to prevent the expences of the civil list from exceeding its income; that an arrear had consequently been incurred, for the discharge of which he relied upon the zeal and affection of his faithful commons.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, he would lay upon the table to-morrow some papers relative to the arrear alluded to in the King's message; intimating at the same time that he intended to move (on Wednesday next) some propositions relative to that subject.

The House went into a committee on the report from the select committee to which it had been referred to state what surplus might be expected upon the gross produce of the taxes.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer then opened his plan for the redemption of the national debt, and then proceeded to put the following resolutions, relative to the new taxes for making up the deficiency of the surplus, which passed unanimously.

"Resolved, That all persons dealing in, or vending Perfumery goods, shall be obliged to take out licences, which licence shall be charged with a stamp duty of 5 s. if such person

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person shall live in London, Westminster, or the Borough of Southwark, or within the limits of the penny post: but if such person shall live in any other part of Great Britain, then such licences to be subject to a stamp duty of 2 s. 6 d. That upon all Perfumery goods sold by persons, there shall be paid the following duties, viz. Where the price of such goods shall not exceed 8 d. there shall be paid a stamp duty of 1 d. Where the price exceeds 8 d. and not exceeding 1 s. there shall be paid a stamp duty of 1½ d. and where the price exceed 1 s. and not exceeding 1 s. 9 d. there shall be paid a stamp duty of 3 d. and where the price exceeds 1 s. 9 d. and not exceeding 2 s. 6 d. there shall be paid a stamp duty of 6 d. and where the price exceeds 2 s. 6 d. and not exceeding 5 s. there shall be paid a stamp duty of 9 d. and where the price amounts to 5 s. and upwards, there shall be paid a stamp duty of 1 s.

"Resolved, That the present rates, whereon Deals and Battens are chargeable, shall cease, and that 5 l. be the rate whereby the duties shall be computed on 100 Deals. That 2 l. 12 s. 6 d. shall be the rate, whereby the duties shall be computed on 100 Battens.

"Resolved, That the present duties upon Wash, used in the distillation of corn spirits, shall be increased one penny, according to the ratio of the former duties on Wash."

Mr. Pitt next stated the manner in which he proposed to manage the surplus, and concluded by moving, That the sum of 1,000,000 ought to be unalienably appropriated to the redemption of the national debt, and be charged upon the surplus of the taxes.

This motion, after some debate, was put and carried without a division.

March 30. The report was brought by Mr. Gilbert, chairman of the committee. On the question for agreeing to the new taxes, the reports of the committee were made, and bills were ordered to be brought in accordingly.

The motion being made for the second reading of the bill for extending the regulations contained in it commonly denominated Mr. Crew's Bill to the navy and ordnance, in cases of election for members of Parliament.

After a debate the House divided, when there appeared, ayes, 41; noes, 117. The bill was therefore thrown out.

March 31. Read a second time the bill for regulating the Turbot fishery.

April 3. Read a first time the bill for paying off part of the national debt.

Read a first time the Newfoundland fishery bill.

Report was made on the Nairne undue election in favour of Col. Skene, the sitting member.

The order of the day being read for going into a committee to take into consideration the papers relative to the administration of Mr. Hastings in India, the Speaker accordingly left the chair.

Mr. Burke immediately moved that Leo. Jacques, Esq; be called to the bar.

This motion produced a debate that lasted till ten o'clock, which turned chiefly upon a point of order with respect to the regularity of the proceedings. At last Mr. Burke said he would propose an amendment to his own motion; but the amendment and the original motion were both rejected without a division.

April 4. Mr. Burke rose, and in a very solemn and serious manner recited his charges against Warren Hastings, Esq; which were ordered to be printed for the perusal of the members.

April 5. The House having resolved itself into a committee of supply, Mr. Pitt moved for 180,000 l. more for the payment of the Exchequer bills, which were chargeable on the civil list, in order that his Majesty might have the annual sum of 900,000 l. clear of all deductions whatever. He concluded with moving, That the sum of 30,000 l. be granted to his Majesty for the payment of the arrears of the civil list, to the 6th of January, 1786.

After some debate, the motions were severally put, and carried without a division.

April 6. Mr. Gilbert brought up the report of the resolutions for discharging the arrears of the civil list, which, after some conversation, was read a second time, and received.

Mr. Pulteney moved for leave to bring in a bill for amending the act of last session, laying certain restraints on hawkers and pedlars. It was agreed to.

April 8. The House came to some resolutions respecting annuities on lives or years, and then adjourned on account of the indisposition of the Speaker.

April 10. Agreed to the resolutions on granting annuities for lives, and ordered in a bill.

The House then resolved itself into a committee on the bill for investing certain sums in the hands of commissioners towards the diminution of the national debt, when the blanks were filled up.

Mr. Pulteney moved for leave to bring in a bill for better manning the British navy in time of war. Agreed to.

The House having resolved itself into a committee, for the purpose of taking into consideration a proposition for the augmentation of the salaries of the Scotch Judges,

Mr. Dundas moved, "That a stamp-duty of 6 d. per sheet be laid on parchment and paper used in the law proceedings in any cause in

in Scotland above 12l. sterling." The motion was agreed to.

The Lord Advocate moved, That 2000l. each be granted to the Chief Baron and to the President of the Court of Session; and that 600l. be granted to the Lord Justice Clerk, and 300l. to each of the Lords of Justiciary, in addition to their present salaries. He also moved a similar augmentation to the other Judges or Barons of the Exchequer; which motions were severally put and agreed to.

The Lord Advocate then moved for an addition to the salaries of the Lord High Admiral of Scotland, and the Judges of the Commissary Court. These were agreed to.

April 11. Agreed to the report of the resolutions on the supply; also to the resolutions on the Scotch Judges salaries.

April 12. Mr. Burke presented several more articles of impeachment against Mr. Hastings, which were ordered to be printed, and considered with the former.

Mr. Jenkinson entered into an history of some length respecting the Whale fishery. He said that the trade was a rising and flourishing one, and that there was no necessity for continuing so large a bounty as 40s. per ton; he therefore moved that the same should be reduced to 30s. per ton. Agreed to.

April 13. Ordered in a bill on the report of the Whale fishery resolutions.---Ordered the land-tax commissioners bill to be engrossed.---Received several petitions, which were ordered to lie on the table.

The Speaker put the question of adjournment for the holidays, which was agreed to.

MONTHLY OCCURRENCES.

LONDON, *April 5.*

THE following singular event we give our readers from the last foreign mail, in a letter from Metz, dated March 15.--On the road from that place to Treves, there is on the frontiers of France an unfrequented inn, which stands alone. A French officer travelling on horseback that way, accompanied by one servant only, had occasion to stop there for some time. His servant led the horses into the stable. The officer was conducted into a room meanwhile. On the servant's return, they remarked to each other the wild looks of the innkeeper, and the general disorder which appeared in every part of the house. While they were making many conjectures on this subject, they heard a noise in the stable. The horses could not be kept quiet, and their repeated striking on the ground with their feet, occasioned the servants to go and see what was the matter. He returned quite pale and frightened, telling his master that one of his horses had beat up part of the pavement, and discovered the hand of a dead body. The officer finding they were in danger, determined to trust to his arms, and his servant vowed to assist him to the last.

By and by the servant maid came into the chamber to lay the cloth. The officer put some questions to her, to which she made no answer; but he could perceive the tear start from her eyes. Yet neither his entreaties nor his threats could prevail upon her to explain. His servant joined in beseeching her, when she made signs that they should not eat any of the victuals which were to be put on the table. A minute after the innkeeper entered with the supper, which he placed on the table, inviting the strangers to partake, but they excused themselves on different pretences. The host being importunate, they re-

mained obstinate, on which he left the room, and returned accompanied by three men of an aspect as terrific as his own, who gave the officer to understand that he must eat. The officer and his faithful servant made no other answer than by blowing out the brains of the two assassins who were nearest them; the two others took to their heels immediately; they pursued them out of the inn, and after barricading the doors, they returned to the room, where they sat up till day, keeping their arms loaded in case of an assault: this precaution was necessary, for about the middle of the night they heard the voices of several persons who endeavoured to break open the doors. On this they went to the place of attack. The villains had effected a breach, thro' which the most hardy of them attempted to enter, but was immediately dispatched; the others, more cautious, took some time to consider, during which time the officer and his servant saluted them with repeated discharges of their pieces, by which another of them was killed, and the others terribly wounded, as appeared by the quantity of blood which fell from them during their flight. After this the travellers remained unmolested for the rest of the night; by break of day they mounted their horses, and took a bye-road; as soon as they arrived here they gave an account of the whole affair, and search is making for the rest of this villainous gang.

April 10. A Letter from Philadelphia, dated Feb. 5, says, "Those who went formerly by the denomination of Members of the Church of England in this part of the world, can now no longer be distinguished by that name, having framed a new religious system to themselves, under the title of the *Episcopal Church*. An assembly of the clergy of this infant church has been held in this city,

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April March o'clock ships a they cou

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THIS for executed quite be *April* meeting 821. 11 and girls upon the lingfeet,

city, in which Mr. Wharton, late chaplain to the Catholics of Worcester, presided, for the purpose of reforming the Church of England. They lopped off 19 of the 39 Articles, blotted the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds from the Liturgy, and expunged the article *He descended into hell* from that of the apostles."

April 12. A letter from Portsmouth, dated March 24, says, "This morning, at six o'clock, the convicts on board the prison-ships arose upon their keeper; and, before they could be quelled, eight were shot dead."

April 14. A letter from Paris, dated March 31, says, "On the 16th of this month, the wind being at North and very violent, a fire broke out in the village of Tenelles, near Ribemont and Origny-Sainte-Benoit; and in less than three quarters of an hour, out of 160 houses of which it consisted, only 5 remained."

April 17. The States of Holland have taken off some restrictions from the Roman Catholics, allowing them to exercise their religion without incumbrance.

April 20. We may daily look for intelligence from Holland of the most alarming nature: rebellion in the province, and distraction in the council of the States, are but preludes to revolutions that may involve every nation in Europe, however they may be averse, from policy or situation, to a renewal of the horrors of war.

April 22. Lord Cornwallis is set off for Portsmouth, to embark for the East-Indies.

Some dispatches are received from Dominica, brought over by the Vulture, Capt. Brown, which arrived at Liverpool; they contain an account of the planters having begun to grind the sugars, and preparing to ship them early in April.

April 26. A gentleman who arrived yesterday from France inform us, that judgment had been pronounced at Paris, upon the several persons concerned in imposing upon the jeweller by the use of the Queen's name, and that their sentences were as follow:

Madam de la Motte to lose her head upon a public scaffold.---Madam Oliva to be confined for life.---Cardinal de Rohan banished for life from court, and to be confined for the same period, within the districts of his country seat and gardens near Paris.---Compte Cagliostro to be discharged.

YORK, *April 8.*

THIS day Jos. Hartley and Robert Watson, jun. for highway robbery, were executed at Tyburn. Their behaviour was quite becoming their unhappy situation.

April 14. This day at the anniversary meeting at Belfrey's church a collection of 82l. 11s. 9d. was made for the charity boys and girls of this city, after an excellent sermon upon the occasion by the Rev. James Stillingfleet, M. A. Rector of Hotham.

April 18. This evening, about nine, Mr. Hemingway, of Mirfield, was attacked near Little-Town, on his return from Leeds, by three young men, who robbed him of four guineas, and used him so barbarously as to leave him for dead. John Charlesworth, one of them, is apprehended and committed to the castle; the other two escaped.

April 19. This day at the anniversary meeting at the church of St. Michael-le-Belfrey, the sum of 97l. 2s. was collected for the use of the Lunatic Asylum, after an excellent discourse by the Rev. Mr. Stillingfleet, from the 10th chapter of Luke, verses 36, 37.

April 27. This day being the anniversary of the defeat of the Rebels at Culloden, by his late Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, it was observed here by ringing of bells, and other demonstrations of joy.

April 29. The first regiment of dragoons are arriv'd here, where they are to be station'd.

BIRTH.

AT the Residentiary-House in Ripon, Mrs. Waddilove, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

MR. Wainhouse, merchant, to Miss Fenton, both of Leeds.---Mr. Boynton of Leeds, to Miss Jefferson of Woodhouse.---At Leeds, Lieut. Huthwaite, of the 45th regiment, to Miss Kilburne of Mansfield.---At Sheriff-Hutton, Mr. T. Riddell, to Miss Jane Fox, both of Hull.---Mr. John Wilkinson of Leeds, to Miss Burton of Bramley. Mr. John Sturges of Sheffield, to Miss Sturges of Datchet, Berkshire.---Mr. John Fisher of Selby, to Miss Staniland of Thorne.---Mr. H. Tenant of Skewkirk, to Miss Brogden of Tockwith.---Mr. Tho. Gill of Burley, to Miss Beaumont of York.---The Rev. Wm. Haggitt, rector of Armthorpe, Yorkshire, to Miss Chambers of Winchester-Rew, Paddington.---At York, Rich. Remington, Esq; of the 26th regiment of foot, to Miss Bonell.

DEATHS.

IN the 22d year of his age, John Goodricke, Esq; grandson and heir-apparent to the Right Hon. Sir John Goodricke, Bart. of Ribston-Hall, Yorkshire.---In the 106th year of her age, Mrs. Hunter of Scarborough.---In her 20th year, Mrs. Masterman, wife of Mr. C. Masterman of York.---Mrs. Turner, wife of Mr. Robert Turner of Sheffield, and daughter of Mr. W. Jennings of York.---Mr. Hartley of York, one of the common council for Micklegate ward.---In York, Mrs. Frewin Turner, relict of the late Layton Frewin Turner, Esq; of Brafferton.---Mr. Denis Caywood, master of the Sandhill inn, York.---Mrs. Dixon, relict of the late Alderman Dixon of Leeds.---At Ripon, Capt. Braithwaite, nephew to Lord Grantley.---Joseph Addison, Esq; collector of the customs at Whitby.---In York, Mrs. Fothergill.

S T A T E

The STATE of the WEATHER at YORK.

[Continued from our last.]

☞ The commas over the quarter from which the wind blows denote its violence, viz. ' a breeze, " a brisk wind, "' high wind, "" a storm. The same in rain and snow, shew the quantity.

1786.	Barom.	Thermom.	Wind.	State of the Atmosphere.
MARCH 29	— 30.30 ^a	— 37	— N. E.'	— Drizzling rain."
30	— 30.30	— 36	— E."	— Heavy
31	— 30.20	— 38	— E.'	— Drizzling rain."
APRIL 1	— 30.0	— 40	— S. E.'	— Ditto.
2	— 29.85	— 50	— S. S. E.	— Mostly clear.
3	— 29.65	— 52	— N.'	— Few clouds.
4	— 29.60	— 51	— N. E."	— Heavy
5	— 29.60	— 43	— N. E."	— Ditto.
6	— 29.63 ^b	— 44	— Ditto	— Ditto.
7	— 29.70	— 47	— Ditto	— Ditto.
8	— 29.50	— 46	— E."	— Ditto. Rain.
9	— 29.75	— 36	— N. E."	— Cloudy. Snow."
10	— 29.80	— 34	— N. W."	— Clouds.
11	— 30.05 ^c	— 47	— N. E."	— Few clouds.
12	— 30.20 ^d	— 50	— S."	— Clouded.
13	— 30.0	— 52	— S. W."	— Ditto.
14	— 30.15	— 62	— S.'	— Few clouds.
15	— 30.20	— 66	— S.	— Ditto. Very warm.
16	— 30.30	— 62	— E.'	— Clouded.
17	— 30.50	— 60	— N. E.'	— Cloudy.
18	— 30.30	— 56	— Ditto	— Ditto.
19	— 30.10 ^e	— 56	— E.""	— Few clouds.
20	— 29.90 ^f	— 57	— S. E.""	— Heavy
21	— 29.85	— 63	— E.'	— Ditto.
22	— 29.80	— 65	— S. E.	— Few clouds.
23	— 30.05	— 67	— S. E.'	— Cloudy.
24	— 30.00	— 54	— N."	— Rain.""
25	— 30.00	— 56	— Ditto.	— Ditto.
26	— 30.05	— 55	— N. E.""	— Cloudy.
27	— 30.05	— 57	— Ditto.	— Ditto.
28	— 30.10	— 58	— N."	— Ditto.

^a Remarkable Aurora Borealis in the evening.

^b Viola Odorata in flower.

^c Gooseberries and Currants in leaf, and shewing their flowers.

^d Crataegus Oxyacantha, or White Thorn in leaf.---Also Apricots and Cherries in leaf.

^e Ulmus Campestris, or Common Elm leafing.

^f Swallows seen.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. C. is intitled to our thanks for his Poem on Happiness. It would have obtained a place in our Magazine, but nothing of novelty appears in the production, and the subject is much hackried.

The Hint of a Reader, respecting the late war, will be attended to as soon as the materials necessary can be properly digested.

The Author or Authoress of Henry and Eliza is requested to favour us with the subsequent part of the tale at an earlier period of the month.

By mistake of the Engraver, an error was committed at the bottom of the plate of the Lunatic Asylum; the view being taken by Mr. BATTY, in Micklegate, York, who obligingly favoured the Editors with the loan of it.

THE
YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE,

For M A Y, 1786.

THE TRIFLER, No. IV.

Eo quod
Illecebris erat et grata novitate morandus
Spēſator. HOR.

For novelty alone, he knew, could charm
The lawleſs crowd. FRANCIS.

TO treat on a ſubject, in the purſuit of which the moſt eminent writers of modern ages have been fruſtrated, is certainly no very eaſy or trivial undertaking, and may ſeem to require more abilities and more experience than a mere *Trifler* can poſſibly have attained. But in an age when eſtabliſhed principles are received rather as a burden than an advantage to ſociety; when faſhion and invention are become the grand topics of meditation and employment; when the leaſt attempt towards the revival of antiquated and forgotten cuſtoms, the ſimpleſt diſcovery of new amuſements, or the propagation of ſuch as are not univerſally known, meet with the moſt liberal rewards and acknowledgments from every rank and ſtation; in ſuch an age, I ſay, ſome thoughts upon the ſubject of NOVELTY may not be found totally impertinent, though unſupported by that claim which ſhould chiefly recommend them.

Novelty, like commodities of every ſort, becomes more or leſs valuable according to its greater or leſs degree of ſcarcity, and continues to loſe part

of its influence as new inventions become more common, and variety is enjoyed with greater frequency. In thoſe dark ages of the world, when arts and ſciences ſerved no other purpoſe than to gratify the appetites of an ignorant monarch, or to conſume whole lives of his ſubjects in the contemplation of what they knew nothing more of except the mere exiſtence, without the moſt feeble attempts to cultivate or render them ſerviceable to the ends of moral inſtitutions or natural appearances, Novelty may be ſaid to have been at its higheſt pitch of infection. So little were arts and ſciences known in thoſe days, that the diſcovery of any thing new, though never ſo trivial, excited their attention almoſt to a degree of enthuſiaſm; but ſo ignorant were the people of cultivation, and their genius ſo incapable of exertion, that they admired it more for its rarity than its real value. Having no idea of the operations of any machine already conſtructed to their hands, nor how that conſtruction was produced, they could not poſſibly place any value on that, the mere exiſtence of which was all

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they

they could comprehend. The most they could presume to do was, to shew their apparent knowledge and real regard, by remaining fixed in a state of amazement and stupidity, without once inquiring in what manner, or to what purpose, so wonderful a piece of mechanism had been wrought. It was the amusement of monarchs to toy and dally with that which was the admiration of their subjects. When the Europeans first introduced locks and keys into America, the Virginian King was so struck at the oddness of the phenomenon, that it was his constant employment, for some time, to turn the key, and become door-keeper to his attendants: but, when arts and sciences began to flourish more diffusely over the whole globe, they became the objects of more circumspect attention; the folly and ignorance of preceding ages was now beginning to wear off, and there was manifestly to be seen in every new discovery something that called for inquiry, and demanded analysis. What was discovered in this led to something more mysterious, and of greater consequence; till, at length, the whole body of philosophy was laid open, its contents examined, the thread of its mysteries unravelled, and its truths exposed to public circumspection. By this means Novelty is become more common and less striking. It must be something of the greatest importance, and something of the most extraordinary nature, that can now excite the public curiosity; I mean, that can affect every individual alike; for fashions are continually changing; manners and customs depend totally upon the fancy and whimsies of court: but revolutions of this sort are not of equal moment to all ranks of people; the great alone are subject to them, and to these I shall very sparingly allude. The late rage of Ballooning, which had spread itself beyond even the nations of Europe, begins now to be appeased; every secret of the art is

explored, and every principal that actuated the powers of this *wonderful bubble* is rendered common to the most ignorant beholder. Yet nothing, at its first appearance, met with such universal attention; nor was the inventor unworthily rewarded: and I am sorry to remark, that so celebrated a nursery of the arts and sciences, as that University of which I have the honour to be a member, should degrade itself so far as to suffer such ingenious and truly philosophic merit as that of Mr. Sadler's to lie undistinguished by any single mark of esteem, or even attention. The improvement of an invention of such a nature, tho' at present so imperfect, may lead to the discovery of something more considerable, especially when ingenuity and ambition concur in the pursuit of one grand end. For an ambition so highly laudable as this must be, raises in our minds a desire, which, if it once calls for gratification, will never be resisted, nor ought we to resist a passion which may tend to produce such great and useful services. In every instance this passion of Novelty may easily be proved to be not less useful than considerable. Genius, however depressed by accident or inclination, must, at one time or other, be exerted; a state of indolence and solicitude can no longer be endured when once the passions are called forth by the force of example, or the hopes of encouragement. The warbling of birds, the falling of cascades, and all the variety of rural enjoyments, become either nauseous or totally insipid, when once the charm of Novelty has raised our desires, and its pleasures demanded gratification. It is true that solitude and quiet are the most effectual requisites for diving into the mysteries of profound literature; but while they improve the understanding, and favour the pursuits after real knowledge, genius and taste are left at a distance behind. The man of the world, who has travelled through most of the countries in Europe,

Europe, and carefully observed the difference between their manners and customs; has ranged from tavern to tavern, from coffee-house to coffee-house, and indulged himself with the gratification of every enjoyment of life, from the pomp and splendor of St. James's to the privacy and humility of the "straw-built cot," may be able to temper his genius, and direct his taste to a degree of elegance and accuracy, to which the rural enthusiast is an entire stranger. In order, therefore, to correct the natural morosity of such a man's temper, and to divert the peculiarities of his manner, nothing will be found of greater efficacy than a change of place, conversation, and acquaintance. A transition from obscurity to public attention; from the securities of retirement to the hazards of a riotous and vitiated metropolis; from the private conviviality of a few friends to a wide world of acquaintance; from the artless melody of a nightingale to the choral dignity of an opera; from the humble employment of husbandry, or the study of vegetation, to the matchless sublimity of theatrical entertainments, or the matter and importance of political squabbles; cannot but awake him from his lethargy, and demand his attention. He has now an opportunity of ascending from speculation to practice, from precept to example. The moralist, who has the interest and happiness of a few individuals at heart, must expect the rewards and acknowledgments of a few individuals only; but he that has all mankind for his subject, will not only be rewarded by such myriads of those to whom his labours were consecrated, but will receive the particular distinction of Him, in whose hand is the full and sole power of compensation and applause. In order to profess this latter, in any degree of perfection, a large acquaintance must be attained with the world and its foibles,

which can only be done by the above transition and accurate observation; and it generally happens that this transition is effected merely by the aversion which most people discover to a tedious return of the same pleasures, and the same uniform method of life. At a period when letters are sought after as the grand incentive to earthly happiness, and cultivated as the most indissoluble cement of society, I am happy to observe, that a means of circulating them by an easy and concise plan of publication becomes daily increased. Within the narrow bounds of a Magazine may be found, at once, information, variety, and entertainment.

I shall here remark an error which parents are continually guilty of, in restraining their children from that sphere of life which the early bent of their genius has discovered a strong partiality for. Perhaps eight out of ten are prejudiced in favour of a travelling life: a life which the most dignified rank, and the most luxurious enjoyments can never be compared with, either in point of pleasure or utility; to charm is in the power of every kind of life; but to charm with continuance the life of a traveller can only profess; he is carried off in the heat of his curiosity from the contemplation of one project, to others as different in their kind as distant in their station. Before one pleasure has lost its power of attraction, another succeeds in its place; from court to court, from country to country, from prospect to prospect, his attention is diverted, while every fresh motion brings along with it some new beauty, or conceals some unknown truth. The boundaries of his understanding are hereby extended, the bent of his genius complied with, and the ardour of his curiosity appeased. The study of arts and sciences is facilitated by a continual succession of new discoveries. The system of vegetation becomes

more enlarged, the distance and station of countries more determinate, and their manners and policy more publickly understood. In short, every pleasure that can touch the heart, and

every good that can improve the mind, is to be expected only from the fullest enjoyments of variety, and the keenest thirst of Novelty.

ESSAY ON THE FOLLY OF BRINGING UP CHILDREN TO A LEARNED PROFESSION, WITHOUT THE PROBABILITY OF PROVIDING THEM WITH A COMPETENCY.

THAT admiration is the effect of ignorance, is a truth universally confessed, and nothing so forcibly excites the wonder of the illiterate Plebeian as the character of profound erudition.

Dazzled by the splendor of literary honours, many an honest parent has prevented his son from acquiring a fortune behind the counter, to see him starve in a pulpit.

These reflections were occasioned by meeting an old friend at a coffee-house one evening last week. His looks were meagre, his dress shabby, and he sufficiently apologized for the rustiness of his coat, by the following narrative:

"My father," said he, after some preliminary conversation, "was a shoemaker of tolerable business in London; a very honest man, and very much given to reading godly books, whenever he could steal a moment from the lap-stone and last. As I was the only child, he took great delight in me, and used frequently to say, that he hoped in time to see me Archbishop of Canterbury, and no such great matters neither; for as to my parentage, I was as good as many a one that had worn a mitre; and he would make me as good a *scholar* too, or it should go hard with him.

"My destination to the church was thus unalterably fixed before I was five years old; and in consequence of it, I was put to a grammar-school in the city, whence, after a thousand perils of the cane, and perils of the rod, I was sent to the University on an exhibition of fifteen pounds a year, which my father obtained from one of the city companies, with no small dif-

ficulty. So scanty an allowance would by no means defray the enormous expence of university education; and my father, whose pride would not let me appear meaner than my companions, very readily agreed to pay me forty pounds out of the yearly profits of his trade, and to debar himself many innocent gratifications, in order to accomplish in me the grand object of all his ambition.

"In consequence of my father's desire, that I should complete the full term of academical education, I did not go into orders till I was of seven years standing, and had taken the degree of Master of Arts. I was therefore incapable of receiving any pecuniary emolument from my studies till I was six and twenty. Then, however, I was resolved to make a bold push, and to free my father from the burthen of supporting me with half the profits of his labours. The old man was eager that I should attempt to get some kind of preferment; not, as he would generously say, that he wanted to withdraw his assistance, but that he thought it was high time to begin to look up at the Bishoprick.

"I hastened to London as the most ample field for the display of my abilities, and the acquisition of money and fame. Soon after my arrival, I heard of a vacant lectureship; and though I was an entire stranger to every one of the parishioners, I resolved to trust my cause to honest endeavours, and a sedulous canvas. I shall not trouble you with an enumeration of the several indignities I suffered (for I had not lost my university pride) from being under the necessity to address, with the most abject supplica-

tions,

tions, chandlers, barbers, and green-grocers. Suffice it to acquaint you, that myself, and another young clergyman of regular education, appeared, on the day of election, to have but seventeen votes between us; and that a person who had once been a carpenter, bore away the prize with a majority of a hundred and twenty.

"Though disappointed, I was not dejected; and I applied to a certain rector for his curacy, the duty of which consisted in prayers twice a day, a sermon on Sundays, and innumerable burials, christenings, and weddings. I thought myself happy, however, in being offered forty guineas a year, without surplice, or surplice fees; but how was I chagrined, on being told by the rector, on the very first Sunday I went to officiate, that I need not trouble myself, as another gentleman had undertaken the whole duty at forty pounds!

"I waited a considerable time in expectation that something would fall out; but heard of nothing in which there was the least probability of success, unsupported as I was by friends, and unknown to fame. At last, I was informed by an acquaintance, that a certain clergyman in the city was about to resign his lectureship and that he would probably resign in my favour, if I were early enough in my application. I made all the haste I possibly could to reach this gentleman before his resignation; and found very little difficulty in persuading him to intercede in my favour. In short, his endeavours, joined to my own, secured the lectureship, and I was unanimously chosen. The electors, however, expressed a desire that I would quit my place of residence, which was at a distance, and live in the parish. To this request I consented; and immediately fixed myself in a decent family, where I lodged and boarded for 50*l.* a year; and as

I was not so ambitious as my father, I congratulated myself on the happy event, and sat down contented and satisfied. But, alas! how was I confounded when my collectors brought the annual contribution, to find it amount to no more than an exact sum of twenty-one pounds two shillings and three-pence three farthings! I was under an immediate necessity of discharging my lodging, resigning my preferment, and quietly decamping with the loss of no inconsiderable sum.

"Thus, Sir," said he, "have I now, for these twenty years, been tossed about in the world, without any fixed residence, and without any certain prospect of my bread. I must not however complain, as I am well assured there are many in the metropolis in situations very similar to mine. Yet sometimes, I own, I cannot help being foolish enough to imagine that I might, perhaps, have been happier, and I am sure I could have been richer, had I been brought up to my paternal awl and last. My father died about two years ago, and I have reason to think his disappointment and sorrow for my ill-success hastened his dissolution.

"I now support myself tolerably in the capacity of, what the world calls, a Hackney Parson. And though I do not get quite so much as a journeyman shoemaker, I make shift to keep soul and body together; and I thank God for that. If, Sir, you could recommend me, here is my address, up four pair of stairs."—

He was proceeding, but he had too powerfully excited my sympathy; and after consoling him to the best of my power, I took my leave of him, not without severe reflections on those parents, who, to indulge a childish fancy, bring up their children to misery and want.

The following REPRESENTATION of the CALAMITOUS STATE of the ENSLAVED NEGROES in the BRITISH DOMINIONS, it is hoped will be acceptable to our readers, particularly as those people have just sent over a PETITION to the QUAKERS in London, wherein they complain of their Sufferings, and request them to exert their endeavours for a suppression of that inhuman trade.

THE intent of publishing the following, is more fully to make known the aggravated iniquity attending the practice of the Slave-Trade; whereby many thousands of our fellow-creatures, as free as ourselves by nature, and equally with us the subjects of Christ's redeeming grace, are yearly brought into inextricable and barbarous bondage; and many, very many, to miserable and untimely ends.

The truth of this lamentable complaint is so obvious to persons of candour, under whose notice it hath fallen, that several have lately published their sentiments thereon, as a matter which calls for the most serious consideration of all who are concerned for the civil or religious welfare of their country. How an evil of so deep a dye, hath so long, not only passed uninterrupted by those in power, but hath even had their countenance, is indeed surprising; and charity would suppose, must in a great measure have arisen from this, that many persons in government, both of the clergy and laity, in whose power it hath been to put a stop to the trade, have been unacquainted with the corrupt motives which gives life to it, and with the groans, the dying groans, which daily ascend to God, the common Father of mankind, from the broken hearts of those his deeply oppressed creatures: otherwise the powers of the earth would not, I think I may venture to say could not, have so long authorized a practice so inconsistent with every idea of liberty and justice.

Much might justly be said of the temporal evils which attended this practice, as it is destructive of the welfare of human society, and of the peace and prosperity of every country, in proportion as it prevails. It

might be also shewn, that it destroys the bonds of natural affection and interest, whereby mankind in general are united; that it introduces idleness, discourages marriage, corrupts the youth, ruins and debauches morals, excites continual apprehensions of dangers, and frequent alarms, to which the Whites are necessarily exposed from so great an increase of a people, that, by their bondage and oppressions, become natural enemies, yet at the same time are filling the the places and eating the bread of those who would be the support and security of the country. But as these, and many more reflections of the same kind, may occur to a considerate mind, I shall only endeavour to shew, from the nature of the trade, the plenty which Guinea affords to its inhabitants, the barbarous treatment of the Negroes, and the observations made thereon by authors of note, that it is inconsistent with the plainest precepts of the gospel, the dictates of reason, and every common sentiment of humanity.

A particular account of the treatment these unhappy Africans receive in the West-Indies was lately published, which, even by those, who blinded by interest, seek excuses for the trade, and endeavour to palliate the cruelty exercised upon them, is allowed to be a true, though rather too favourable representation of the usage they receive, which is as follows, viz.

'The iniquity of the slave-trade is
'greatly aggravated by the inhu-
'manity with which the Negroes are
'treated in the plantations, as well
'with respect to food and cloathing,
'as from the unreasonable labour
'which is commonly exacted from
'them. To which may be added the
'cruel

'cruel chastisements they frequently
 'suffer, without any other bounds than
 'the will and wrath of their hard task-
 'masters. In Barbadoes, and some
 'other of the islands, six pints of In-
 'dian corn, and three herrings, are
 'reckoned a full week's allowance for
 'a working slave; and in the system
 'of geography it is said, *That in*
 '*Jamaica the owners of the Negroe*
 '*slaves, set aside for each a parcel*
 '*of ground, and allow them Sun-*
 '*days to manure it, the produce of*
 '*which, with sometimes a few her-*
 '*rings, or other salt-fish, is all*
 '*that is allowed for their support.*
 'Their allowance for cloathing in the
 'islands is seldom more than six yards
 'of osenbrigs each year: and in the
 'more northern colonies, where the
 'piercing westerly winds are long and
 'sensibly felt, these poor Africans suf-
 'fer much for want of sufficient cloath-
 'ing; indeed some have none till they
 'are able to pay for it by their labour.
 'The time that the Negroes work in
 'the West-Indies, is from day-break
 'till noon; then again from two
 'till dusk; (during which time they
 'are attended by overseers, who se-
 'verely scourge those who appear to
 'them dilatory) and before they are
 'suffered to go to their quarters, they
 'have still something to do, as col-
 'lecting of herbage for the horses,
 'gather in fuel for the boilers, &c. so
 'that it is often past twelve before
 'they can get home, when they have
 'scarce time to grind and boil their
 'Indian corn; whereby it often hap-
 'pens that they are called again to la-
 'bour before they can satisfy their
 'hunger. And here no delay or ex-
 'cuse will avail, for if they are not in
 'the field immediately upon the usual
 'notice, they must expect to feel the
 'overseer's lash. In crop time (which
 'lasts many months) they are obliged
 '(by turns) to work most of the night
 'in the boiling-house. Thus their
 'owners, from a desire of making the
 'greatest gain by the labour of their
 'slaves, lay heavy burdens on them,

'and yet feed and clothe them very
 'sparingly, and some scarce feed or
 'clothe them at all; so that the poor
 'creatures are obliged to shift for their
 'living in the best manner they can,
 'which occasions their being often
 'killed in the neighbouring lands,
 'stealing potatoes or other food, to
 'satisfy their hunger. And if they
 'take any thing from the plantation
 'they belong to, though under such
 'pressing want, their owners will cor-
 'rect them severely, for taking a little
 'of what they have so hardly laboured
 'for, whilst they themselves riot in the
 'greatest luxury and excess. It is a
 'matter of astonishment, how a peo-
 'ple, who, as a nation, are looked
 'upon as generous and humane, and
 'so much value themselves for their
 'uncommon sense of the benefit of li-
 'berty, can live in the practice of
 'such extreme oppression and inhum-
 'nity, without seeing the inconsistency
 'of such conduct, and without feeling
 'great remorse: Nor is it less amaz-
 'ing to hear these men calmly making
 'calculations about the strength and
 'lives of their fellow-men. In Ja-
 'maica, if six in ten, of the new-
 'imported Negroes survive the sea-
 'soning, it is looked upon as a gaining
 'purchase: and in most of the other
 'plantations, if the Negroes live
 'eight or nine years, their labour is
 'reckoned a sufficient compensation
 'for their cost.—If calculations of
 'this sort were made upon the
 'strength and labour of beasts of bur-
 'den, it would not appear so strange;
 'but even then a merciful man would
 'certainly use his beast with more
 'mercy than is usually shewn to the
 'poor Negroes.—Will not the groans
 'of this deeply afflicted and oppressed
 'people reach heaven, and when the
 'cup of iniquity is full, must not the
 'inevitable consequence be pouring
 'forth of the judgments of God upon
 'their oppressors. But, alas! is it
 'not too manifest that this oppression
 'has already long been the object of
 'the divine displeasure; for what
 'heavier

' heavier judgment, what greater calamity can befall any people, than to become a prey to that hardness of heart, that forgetfulness of God, and insensibility to every religious impression; as well as that general depravation of manners, which so much prevails in the colonies, in proportion as they have more or less enriched themselves, at the expence of the blood and bondage of the Negroes.'

Some who have only seen Negroes in an abject state of slavery, broken-spirited, and dejected, knowing nothing of their situation in their native country, may apprehend that they are naturally insensible of the benefits of liberty, being destitute and miserable in every respect, and that our suffering them to live amongst us, though even on more oppressive terms, is to them a favour; but these are certainly erroneous opinions with respect to far the greatest part of them. Although it is highly probable that in a country which is more than three thousand miles in extent from North to South, and as much from East to West, there will be barren parts, and many inhabitants more uncivilized and barbarous than others, as is the case in all other countries; yet, from the most authentic accounts, the inhabitants of Guinea appear, generally speaking, to be an industrious, humane, sociable people, whose capacities are naturally as enlarged, and as open to improvement, as those of the Europeans; and that their country is fruitful, and in many places well improved, abounding in cattle, grain and fruits. And as the earth yields all the year round a fresh supply of food, and but little cloathing is requisite, by reason of the continual warmth of the climate; the necessities of life are much easier procured in most parts of Africa, than in our more nothern climes. This is confirmed by many authors of note, who have resided there; among others, M. Adanson, in his account of Goree

and Senegal, in the years 1754, says, ' Which way soever I turned my eyes on this pleasant spot, I beheld a perfect image of pure nature; an agreeable solitude, bounded on every side by charming landscapes, the rural situation of cottages in the midst of trees; the ease and indolence, of the Negroes reclined under the shade of their spreading foliage; the simplicity of their dress and manners; the whole reviving in my mind the idea of our first parents, and I seemed to contemplate the world in its primitive state: They are, generally speaking, very good-natur'd, sociable and obliging. I was not a little pleased with this my first reception; it convinced me, that there ought to be a considerable abatement made in the account I had read and heard every where of the savage character of the Africans. I observed, both in Negroes and Moors, great humanity and sociableness, which gave me strong hopes, that I should be very safe amongst them, and meet with the success I desired, in my inquiries after the curiosities of the country.'

William Bosman, a principal factor for the Dutch, who resided sixteen years in Guinea, speaking of the natives of that part where he then was, says, ' They are generally a good sort of people, honest in their dealings; others he describes as ' being generally friendly to strangers, of a mild conversation, affable, and easy to be overcome with reason.' He adds, ' That some Negroes, who have had an agreeable education, have manifested a brightness of understanding equal to any of us.' Speaking of the fruitfulness of the country, he says, ' It was a very populous, plentifully provided with corn, potatoes and fruit, which grew close to each other; in some places a foot-path is the only ground that is not covered with them; the Negroes leaving no place, which is thought fertile, uncultivated; and immediately after they

'they have reaped, they are sure to sow again.' Other parts he describes, as 'being full of towns and villages; the soil very rich, and so well cultivated as to look like an entire garden, abounding in rice, corn, oxen, and poultry, and the inhabitants laborious.'

William Smith, who was sent by the African company to visit their settlements on the coast of Guinea, in the year 1726, gives much the same account of the country of Delmina and Cape Corfe, &c. for beauty and goodness, and adds, 'The more you come downward towards that part called Slave-Coast, the more delightful and rich the soil appears.' Speaking of their disposition, he says, 'They were a civil, good-natured people, industrious to the last degree. It is easy to perceive what happy memories they are blessed with, and how great progress they would make in the sciences, in case their genius was cultivated with study.' He adds, from the information he received of one of the factors, who had resided ten years in that country, 'That the discerning natives account it their greatest unhappiness that they were ever visited by the Europeans.— That the Christians introduced the traffick of Slaves; and that before our coming they lived in peace.'

Andrew Brue, a principal man in the French factory, in the account he gives of the great river Senegal, which runs many hundred miles up the country, tells his readers, 'The farther you go from the sea, the country on the river seems more fruitful and well improved. It abounds in Guinea and Indian corn, rice, pulse, tobacco, and indigo. Here are vast meadows, which feed large herds of great and small cattle; poultry are numerous, as well as wild fowl.' The same author, in his travels to the South of the river Gambia, expresses his surprise 'to see the land so well cultivated; scarce a spot lay unimproved; the low grounds, divided

by small canals, were all sown with rice; the higher ground planted with Indian corn, millet, and peas of different sorts: beef and mutton very cheap, as well as all other necessities of life.' The account this author gives of the disposition of the natives, is, 'That they are generally good-natured and civil, and may be brought to any thing by fair and soft means.' Artus, speaking of the same people, says, 'They are a sincere, inoffensive people, and do no injustice either to one another or to strangers.'

From these accounts, both of the good disposition of the natives, and the fruitfulness of most parts of Guinea, which are confirmed by various authors, it may well be concluded, that their acquaintance with the Europeans, would have been a happiness to them, had those last not only borne the name, but indeed been influenced by the spirit of Christianity; but, alas! how hath the conduct of the Whites contradicted the precepts and example of Christ! Instead of promoting the end of his coming, by preaching the gospel of peace and good-will to man, they have, by their practices, contributed to enflame every noxious passion of corrupt nature in the Negroes; they have incited them to make war one upon another, and for this purpose have furnished them with prodigious quantities of ammunition and arms, whereby they have been hurried into confusion, bloodshed, and all the extremities of temporal misery, which must necessarily beget in their minds such a general detestation and scorn of the Christian name as may deeply affect, if not wholly preclude, their belief of the great truths of our holy religion. Thus an insatiable desire of gain hath become the principal and moving cause of the most abominable and dreadful scene that ever was acted upon the face of the earth; even the power of their kings hath been made subservient to answer this wick-

ed purpose, instead of being protectors of their people, these rulers, allured by the tempting bait laid before them by the European factors, &c.

have invaded the liberties of their unhappy subjects, and are become their oppressors.

[To be continued.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

The following is a TRANSLATION of a PASTORAL POEM from GESSNER, which I believe has never before appeared in English. As the piece is written in a beautiful, natural, and simple style, I have endeavoured to follow the Author as closely as possible. If it finds a place in your Magazine, you may depend upon the rest being regularly continued by

Your humble servant,

AMICUS.

SEVERAL years of affliction had passed since the fatal night which the furious waves had separated from the cot of Milon, which was built upon a small promontory from the firm land. The sea had swallowed up the fertile plains which united the place of his habitation to the continent. That mansion, situated on a solitary island, was so far removed from the opposite shore, that, in the most profound calm both of air and sea, its inhabitants could not hear the bellowing of the grazing cattle on the azure banks. Every joy was refused them; they were deprived of the sweet connections of neighbourhood, and the tender complaisance of friendship, which the Gods had formerly granted them. It was some time since Semira had interred Milon, her dear husband. In the midst of this sorrowful solitude she passed her days with Melida, her daughter, who only had her little flock and the birds of the air to soften her trouble.

Melida grew up in the flower of her beauty without having any admirers; in dance and sportive play, more blooming than the peach-tree when it first shoots out its growing flowers; she would have appeared amongst the beautiful always the most beautiful.

The tender Semira, unwilling to disturb the solitude of her daughter by exposing her to fruitless sorrow, or by inspiring her with a relish for pleasures which were forbid them, concealed from her, with extreme care, all the charms of society which the

happy inhabitants of the opposite side enjoyed. Every day she went to consecrate an hour of sorrow and tears upon the tomb of Milon. Alas! thou art no more! Every day did she thus express her grief: Thou art no more! O thou the consolation of my life, the support of our misery! Entirely abandoned without any assistance, and surrounded by the angry sea, what is the lot that awaits us? The rigour of our misfortune is not softened by the compassion of friendship, and all human succour is refused us. Oh! why cannot I also see thee die, O Melida, my dear daughter! Alas! such is the excess of my misfortune that that is my most ardent desire! Why cannot I see thee die? For, if I die, thou wilt remain here alone in the flower of thy youth. Frightful perspective! Thou wilt remain here alone, surrounded by the roaring waves, without any other companion than thy misery and affliction. Never will any human sound then strike thine ear; never will the voice of a tender husband, whom thy charms and virtue would have rendered happy, reach thee. Thou wilt never hear the sweet name of *mother* pronounced by lisping children; accents of joy will be unknown to thee; doleful shades and rocky caverns will only resound the accents of thy grief. Long torments will consume thy youth; thou wilt die desolate; the tears of love will never fall at thy deplorable death; deprived of burial, thy corpse will be devoured by the ardour of the sun, or be left a prey to

to the birds of the air. Oh! hide from her my complaints, ye rocky caverns and ye solitary and doleful shades! It is to you alone I can confide my grief: hide from her my affliction, that a happy ignorance may hinder her from knowing the extent of my misfortune!

Such were the complaints of Semira, and thus it was that she concealed from her daughter the torments with which her maternal tenderness was consum'd.

Melida, full of innocence and charms, yet sported with the tender lambkins that were in want of no guide, for the troubled sea surrounded their small pasture. She amused herself with cutting odoriferous shrubs to form arbours; she was the tutelary divinity of plants; she raised the drooping flowers, and procured, by her care, a happy growth to the languishing stalk. Sometimes she piled up a multitude of stones to stop a rapid current, or collected waters to form a little lake. Around the isle she had planted a double row of fruit-trees, and, beautiful as Venus in the isle of Paphos, she walked alone under their growing shades. She had also decorated the grotto of a rock which the sea washed with its waves, for solitude renders the mind fertile in ideas: the walls of this grotto were ornamented with pebbles which the sea left upon the bank, and she ranged them after the variety of their forms and colours. A shell of a prodigious size received the transparent drops of a water which distilled with an agreeable murmur from the arched vault, and branches of jessamine bordered the entrance of the grotto.

In these innocent amusements Melida passed her time, without perceiving that she was alone; but sixteen years of her youth having thus glided away, she began to be sensible of her solitary situation. Reclined under the shade of the arbours which she had formed, thoughtful and languishing, she said to herself, What can be the design of the Gods in placing us in

this solitude? More unfortunate than all other creatures, why have we existed, and why do we now exist? Ah! I feel the sorrow which consumes me! There is something inseparable from my being, something that I cannot name, and which I am deprived of. No, I am not formed for this solitude; without doubt we have undergone some extraordinary revolution of which my mother leaves me ignorant. A frightful mystery incessantly obscures her face, and when I endeavour to find out this mystery, her eyes are bathed with tears which she cannot restrain. She never ceases saying to me, Let us expect every thing from the all-bountiful wisdom of the Gods, and let us place our destiny in their hands. Alas! I will wait, with respectful silence, the order of their decrees, without wishing to penetrate into the mysterious perspective.

Frequently buried in profound reflections, Melida cast her eyes upon the immense sea, and cried out, Ye liquid plains, whose termination my eyes can never reach, Oh! inform me, is this spot, this island which you surround, (for how little in comparison of your immense extent!) the only land inhabited? Do not you wash other banks too far off for me to be able to discern? Alas! my mother will not agree to it, but her secret grief makes me suspect it. This earth is not the only earth which you surround; for what is it I see immovable lower down, like a huge cloud suspended, which forms a long chain at the extremity of your borders? Perhaps my imagination may deceive me, but in the profound calm I thought I already heard the sound of distant voices. What other thing can it be than land? Its appearance, indeed, is very small, but the great distance is undoubtedly the cause. Do not I very well know that the waves seem to diminish by being at a distance? And our cot, when I look at it from the extremity of the island, does it not also appear much less to me? But if it be land,

as this is, ornamented with meadows and fruit-trees, it is undoubtedly inhabited by beings which enjoy them. Perhaps these beings may be different from those I see here; perhaps there are none that resemble me; perhaps none that can be better company for me than my sheep. But if there are!—Alas! how that thought torments me! If it be a land inhabited by creatures like myself, which are as numerous as the birds and sheep of our island, which sport together like the birds and my sheep—O happy creatures!—Leave, ah! leave me, too seducing thought! Phantastic images, where will you carry me? You only render me more miserable. O waves! if you are going to split upon yon bank, inform its fortunate inhabitants that a distressed damsel bewails upon the borders of this island!—Leave me, vain phantoms, you only increase my despair.

Melida frequently said to Semira, But tell me, my mother, why we always remain but two, while all other creatures multiply? Young plants of the same kind grow up around other plants; every year our flock increases: with what pleasure the tender lambkins play! they rejoice with the pleasure of living! And the different birds?—I have seen their union, and shed tears at it! Sitting under the thick foliage I have remarked every thing more than once. Two birds having built a commodious nest, caressed each other upon their neigh-

bouring branches. As they had the air of love, I soon after saw in the nest little eggs, which one covered with its plumage with the most tender care, whilst the other, perched upon a distant bough, sung to divert its friend. Every day I observed them from beneath the branches. A short time after, in lieu of eggs I saw little birds without feathers; I observed the old ones, more animated and eager than ever, fly around the nest, and bring in their fluted beaks food for their young, which received their nourishment with cries of joy. By little and little those were covered with feathers, and, tho' too weak, began to flutter their wings; they then forsook their nest, in order to perch upon the nearest branches; the old ones flew before them, as if desirous of inspiring them with the courage of imitating them. Oh! my mother, how charming was that sight! These little ones frequently stretched out their wings to fly, but fear always restrained them. The boldest of them having at length flown, sung with a joyful air the success of his attempt; he seemed desirous of inviting his fearful companions to undertake the same enterprize; those likewise attempted, and soon began to fly on all sides, and filled the air with songs of joy.—What strange thoughts these things have created in me! Why are those pleasures only prohibited us alone?

[To be continued.]

The recent performance of Mrs. CRAWFORD at the Theatre-Royal, York, having caused her to be at this time the object of peculiar attention in that city and the neighbourhood, we presume the following genuine Memoirs of that celebrated Tragedian will be acceptable to the generality of our Friends. As Mrs. SIDDONS is engaged to perform at the ensuing Assizes, we mean in a future Number to present our Readers with some original Anecdotes of that wonderful Actress, and may also probably furnish them with a few Strictures on the general and comparative merits of these Ladies in the different characters they represent.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. CRAWFORD.

THIS lady was born at Bath, in the beginning of the year 1734. Her father, Mr. Street, followed the

profession of an apothecary in that city, and was not more distinguished by his integrity than by his abilities in

in the pharmaceutical art. Her mother was descended from the Hertfords, an ancient and respectable family in Dorsetshire. To give a detail of her progress in literature during the early period of her life, would be a recital too minute for popular narration; suffice it to say, she was instructed in the useful and ornamental parts of female education, by the best masters that polite part of the kingdom afforded. Shakspeare, the father of our English drama, was studied with the greatest avidity by our fair pupil; and it is undoubtedly fact, that she could repeat many of his most striking passages at thirteen years of age. From that time her attention was, for the most part, attracted by the exhibitions of the theatre, where Mr. Dancer was some years since a principal performer. This gentleman, though he had some natural defects to combat, was a spirited, pleasing actor; and understanding the turn of our heroine's disposition, took every step in his power to introduce himself to her acquaintance, which, from the little estimation the profession of a player was then held in by contracted minds, he found the utmost difficulty to effect.

Her beauty, vivacity, and accomplishments, had now rendered her an object of general admiration, and one of the reigning toasts of Bath was Miss Nancy Street. Her passion for the stage, however, increased with her years; and at the time of life when her perfections had created the warmest hopes in her parents of seeing their daughter make what the world calls a fortunate match, she, to the astonishment of every body, gave her hand to Mr. Dancer, who was soon after, in company with his lovely wife, obliged to leave his situation, which was no unprofitable one, to avoid the resentment of her relations.

They therefore bent their course towards York, where she made her *entrée* on the stage about twenty-seven years ago. Although at that time a

mere novice in the theatre, yet the audience of that city, with the discernment for which they have long been distinguished, predicted her future excellence. Her person was remarkably fine, her voice melodious, and the internal powers she then possessed were called out by every little indulgence, which in the course of a season had such an effect as to give her a very considerable estimation as an actress.

At this time Mr. and Mrs. Dancer were applied to by an agent for Mess. Barry and Woodward, who had just opened a very elegant theatre in Dublin, and were, after settling the usual preliminaries, engaged to perform under the management of those gentlemen.

This was about the year 1759, when the company which performed at the Theatre-Royal in Crow-street, was the strongest ever seen in Ireland. It consisted of Mr. Barry, Mr. Woodward, Mr. Mossop, Mr. King, Mr. Dexter, Mr. Arthur, Mr. Sowdon, Mr. Vernon, Mrs. Fitz-Henry, Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Kennedy; and occasionally Mr. Foote, Mr. Shuter, Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Pritchard.

On Mr. Dancer's arrival in Dublin, he was so ill with an asthmatic disorder, which had afflicted him for a considerable time, that he was unable to perform, and his wife made her first experiment upon the stage there in Cordelia, in the tragedy of King Lear—a character which, tho' it perfectly agreed with her innocence and simplicity, did not at that time give any certain indications of her standing in the highest rank of her profession. The wildness of her genius seemed uncorrected by taste, and by the use of the stage; and her timidity in some parts deprived her of her powers; but though in her performance there was much to be condemned, yet there was more to be praised; and her appearance afterwards in Monimia, Belvidera, Rosalind, Lady Townly, Violante, and Lady

Lady Betty Modish, shewed the versatility of her talents, and in a short time placed her at the head of the Irish stage. During this period her husband's malady increased, and he died just as she became the favourite of the public, about the year 1761.

Perhaps a more critical situation for a young widow, than that in which Mrs. Dancer now stood, cannot well be imagined: but however surrounded by admirers, her conduct was irreproachable; she maintained her character under the highest temptations; and her perseverance in resisting applications, increased the number of her votaries to such a degree that she became in a manner the universal Passion.

Barry was at this time in the zenith of his reputation; and the theatre was but little frequented, except when that admirable tragedian and his fair colleague performed together. He had been for some time the preceptor of our heroine; he was her Othello, her Romeo, her Castalio, and her Jaffier: and it is no wonder if such an intercourse inspired a mutual passion, which at length terminated in their marriage, about the end of the year 1763.

In the summer of the year 1766, Mr. Foote prevailed on these two capital performers to play a few nights at the King's Theatre in the Hay-Market. They appeared in Othello and Desdemona; and Mrs. Crawford gave such striking proofs of her astonishing abilities, that the best judges of the drama pronounced her, without hesitation, the First Actress on the English stage.

At the commencement of the season 1767, this lady made her first appearance, with her usual *eclat*, at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, in the character of Sigismunda. She soon afterwards played Zenobia, in the tragedy of that name written by Mr. Murphy; who, conscious of the obligations he owed her, addresses her in the dedication in the following

words: 'Zenobia, madam, is your own entirely. Wherever my inaccuracy has left imperfections, they are so happily varnished over by your skill, that either they are not seen, or you extort forgiveness for them; and if the author is any where happy enough to *snatch a grace* beyond his usual reach, it is multiplied by your address into a number of beauties. The fate of Zenobia has been very extraordinary. She was saved in her lifetime, from the waters of the Araxes, by the hand of a shepherd; and now she is saved from the critics by Mrs. Barry.'—The same gentleman, on the publication of the Grecian Daughter, after lamenting that he had neither time nor ability to make it better, says, 'To heighten it with additional beauties, was reserved for the enchanting powers and genius of the before-mentioned lady.'

Mr. Home, also, in the preface to Alonzo, makes his acknowledgments to her in these words: 'For Mrs. Barry he wrote the part of Ormisdada; and the most flattering circumstances to him, in the success of his play, is the universal opinion (vouched not only by the loudest applause that ever shook the stage, but by the greatest effusion of tears) that the *Actress* so much exalted the character, that she exceeded all imagination, and reached the summit of perfection. Though the public voice has exalted her above his praise, yet he claims the merit of having, before others, observed her now allowed and unrivalled excellence. From the colour of the dawn, he foretold the brightness of the day.'

The tragedy of Almida owed its success entirely to the merit she displayed in the principal character; and it was upon this occasion our English Longinus observed in this forcible manner, *Mrs. Barry had given a striking contradiction to the received opinion, That the Life of Beauty*

Beauty was too short to form a complete Actress.

Thalia has not been less liberal of her favours to this lady than the tragic muse. Her Rosalind, Lady Townly, Mrs. Sullen, Violante, and, above all, her Epilogues, sufficiently evince the truth of this assertion. In the latter, exclusive of her natural easy way of speaking, she has a peculiar happiness in *pointing* the wit and satire of the writer, which seems to fall from her *extempore*, and acquires double force from her brilliant manner of delivering it.

At Drury-Lane Mr. and Mrs. Barry continued until the close of the year 1774, when they made overtures to the managers of Covent-Garden, which were readily agreed to, and by this step they gained an increase of salary of 200l. a year. Here they continued till the death of Mr. Barry, which happened on the 10th of January, 1777. Mr. Barry's death was followed with a total eclipse in the firmament of Melpomene; his widow, it is true, retained her amazing powers, but the gentlemen of the tragic band were such cyphers, when placed beside Barry's inestimable abilities, that, when Mrs. Crawford was off the stage, it was all rant, whine, and insufferable bombast; and the best of the aspiring gentlemen, when playing with her, put the audience in mind of a barn-actor paying his devoirs to the tragic muse. This falling off, to a woman like Mrs. Crawford, who was

conscious of her great abilities, and of the universal impression they had made, was felt by her with the most pungent affliction. Still she might have retained her high renown, if she had not given her hand in marriage to a man whose exterior was not his least accomplishment. He played in England and Ireland without success; though whilst he was *attempting* Pierre she has been known to cry out at the side wings of the stage repeatedly, *Bravo, bravissimo*, and seemed transported with extasy. The mediocrity of his performance, it is supposed, has been one of the principal reasons of her not having been constantly engaged in London. Perhaps the wonder-working powers of Mrs. Siddons has been another cause. Be that as it may, Mrs. Crawford appears now to be on the plan of performing in the different provincial theatres. She has been some time at Edinburgh—has played the Grecian Daughter and Lady Randolph at York, and is, we hear, now performing the same two characters at Manchester.

We shall close our account of this great performer with lamenting that the beauties attendant on an harmonious elocution cannot, like those of poetry, be their own record! that the animated graces of the actress can live no longer than the breath and motion that presents them; or, at best, can but faintly glimmer through the memory or imperfect attestation of a few surviving spectators.

NATURAL HISTORY. N^o. III.

THE PANTHER, or LEOPARD,
IS like a tiger in all respects except the size, for he is much less, and the spots are entirely round. They are bred in many parts of Asia and Africa, and they prey upon all sorts of animals they can vanquish like, the tiger. They have a long body, bright shining eyes, a great mouth, strong white teeth, round ears, and spots of several colours. Those that have seen

them affirm that they approach somewhat nearer the shape of a lion than a tiger, but this perhaps may be only fancy, since travellers worthy of credit affirm there is no difference between them except in the size and skins.

We are told by almost all authors that a panther can never be tamed, and yet Captain Hamilton affirms, that, near Tatta in India, he is made use of in hunting deer, antelopes, hares,

hares, and foxes, which plainly shews they are not so ungovernable as has been pretended. But it is the common method of most travellers to pick up whatever has been said by any writer and make it their own, for which reason a multitude of errors are constantly propagated and taken for truth. And here it will not be improper to mention another animal made use of in hunting by the Indians; because it is hard to know to what class of quadrupedes he properly belongs. They give him the name of SHOEGOOSE, and he is about the size of a fox, with long ears like a hare, and a face like a cat. The back and sides are grey, and the belly and breast are white. When it is taken out to hunt, a horseman takes him behind him hoodwinked. The deer and antelopes being pretty familiar, they will not stir till the horse is come pretty near them; and then he who carries the shoegoose takes off his hood, and shews the game, which he springs after very swiftly and soon overtakes. He then leaps upon their backs, and getting forward to their shoulders scratches their eyes out, and then they become an easy prey to the hunters. But the leopard or panther is not so nimble, for he cannot run down the game but after a long chase.

The panther of America is about the height of a very large greyhound, and is of a reddish colour, with very strong limbs. His tail is exceeding long, and his eyes are large, fierce, lively, and of a greyish colour. His prey is hogs, deer, or any other creature he can master. No animal is so nice and clean in his food as this, for when he has got his prey, and has filled his belly, he lays up the remainder carefully, covering it with leaves; but if any other creature comes near it to touch it he will eat no more of it. He purrs like a cat, and makes a noise like a man-in-the-woods when he is likely to be killed; which is generally in a tree, for the least cur will make him get into one, and then the hunters shoot him. When he is only wounded he becomes very fierce and dangerous, and will fly upon the dogs that come near him. The planters find him to be the greatest enemy of any in these parts. Some people venture to eat his flesh, and affirm it is very delicate food. His skin is of great use to the Savages in winter time, for they make themselves mantles with it, though it is not greatly esteemed for the fur; however, when the skin is dressed, it makes very fine shoes for women, and gloves for men.

A N A N E C D O T E.

THE late Bishop of Corke, a great virtuoso, and a learned and hospitable man, whenever he saw a stranger at church, who bore the appearance of a gentleman, used to invite him home to dinner. There happened a regiment to be quartered in Corke, several of whom were Scotch. An English officer, who was extremely fond of a jest, asked the North-British commander to go to church with him one Sunday morning, well knowing the Bishop would invite them both. They accordingly went; and, as they came out, the Bishop, who knew the English gentleman, sent his

compliments to him, and if he and his friend were not engaged should be glad of their company to dinner. The Englishman pressed the other to go, though he made several objections; at last he prevailed, by telling him the Bishop was a person of great interest, and might be very serviceable to him. When they arrived within a quarter of a mile of the house, 'Gads so?' said the Englishman, 'I forgot to ask you one very material question, and that is, Whether you have your catechism by heart? for it is his Lordship's custom, after dinner, to examine the company round.' 'Troth

'no,'





CHAS PRICE in is usual Drejs.



CHA^S PRICE in Disguise.



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‘no,’ quoth he, ‘I dinna ken a word on’t.’ ‘Well, well,’ returned his friend, ‘he always begins with the greatest stranger, and if you can answer the first question, it will hardly come to your turn again.’ Upon examining the prayer-book, he found it was only to tell his Christian name; but, to make sure work of it, he got the second also, and was conning it over in his mind till they arrived at the house, where his Lordship receiv’d them with all imaginable politeness, shewing them his study, his cabinet of curiosities, his gardens, improvements, and, in short, every thing that could manifest his own judgment, and give them pleasure. At length the bell rung for dinner; and after it was over, the ladies retired, and bottles and glasses were placed on the table. The Bishop, who had a mind to drink the stranger’s health, said, ‘Captain, may I crave your name?’ The Scotsman instantly stood up, and an-

swered, ‘William, my Lord;’ and, without giving the Bishop time to say any more, ran on with ‘my godfathers and my godmothers, in my baptism, wherein I was made a member of Chreest, a cheeld of Gode, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, &c.’ The Bishop, who had not a grain of fanaticism, stood amazed, and said, ‘Sir, I hope you think I’m too much of a gentleman to catechise any one at my own table.’ The Englishman, and the rest of the company, laughed immoderately, which completely put the Captain out of countenance. The other, who was known to be a wag, honestly owned he had done it for a joke; but the Scot told him he had forgot the motto of the thistle, when he attempted to play upon him: however, there was no more said about it; the evening was spent with great harmony, and the two officers went home together.

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF MR. CHARLES PRICE.

[Concluded from our last, p. 109.]

THE ensuing lottery Price played the same game with like effect, but more artfully, with notes of higher value, for 20l. and 40l. were grown too suspicious—another lad got himself into custody—another *ruse* was made, and Price missed again by a moment.

His next scheme was an advertisement for a person in the linendrapery business, and with notes of 50l. up to 100l. two agents purchased linendrapery. These two young fellows were likewise detected, by having passed an 100l. note at Woollerton’s, linen-draper in Oxford-street, who was fortunate enough to recover the whole of his property back, which Mr. Bond had seized at No. 3, on the Terrace in Tottenham-court-road. In short, to follow Mr. Price for six years, thro’ all his proceedings, would be impossible; suffice it to say, he had 45 different names, 45 different disguises,

and 45 different lodgings; but that this was *his unfortunate number*.

His various deceptions in the circulation of forged notes now becoming highly dangerous, he turned his thoughts to a new species equally artful, and, for a time, equally successful. Still in disguise, however, he went to the coffee-houses about Change—got a boy to take 10l. to the Bank, giving him directions to the teller, who gives the customary tickets to the cashier who pays; this ticket the lad had orders, instead of pursuing the teller’s direction to the cashier, to turn round another way, and bring the ticket back to the coffee-house. There he used to alter the tickets from 10l. to 100l. by adding an 0, or a 1, to any other sum where the addition might puzzle the teller, as from 50, to 150, &c. and then send it by another hand to the cashier, who paid it unsuspectingly

without knowing. This scheme was his last, and he practised it, till having received a bank note which he passed at Mr. Aldus's, a pawnbroker in Berwick-street, as we at first said, he was there apprehended. This note had many indorsements, and Price having disguised several of them, by additions to the names, and his friend, the aforesaid *old gentleman*, not being then at his elbow, probably then engaged in some other equally honourable employ, Mr. Price left one indorsement standing entire. This led to Mr. Aldus's, who knew him by the name of *Powel*, where he came two or three times a-week, had pledged things of great value, and whose residence Mr. Aldus could never find out, although he caused him to be frequently followed. Another officer was then, by Mr. Clarke's direction, placed there till he did come, which was the next day but one, when he was amused and kept in conversation till Mr. Clarke's arrival, who secured and brought him to Bow-street.

These suspicions were almost *tantamount* to proof of his being the celebrated Mr. *Patch*, which name he got from the *patch over his eye*. Thus were the gentlemen of the Bank made happy in the detection of so dangerous an offender, and the only discovery they had now to make, which was of the utmost importance, was, where the female companion and the implements were concealed, and which were, by a manœuvre of Mr. Clarke's, discovered, but not till after his death. This we shall relate in turn. One thing we must not omit to mention; when he was under examination, Sir Sampson Wright suddenly called out Sam, who stood behind Price; Sam answered, and appeared to his old master, who started as at a ghost; but recollecting himself, he assumed his old *congée*, and made a most polite bow to his old servant, no doubt either to awaken his humanity, or hint at what he might expect if he disclaimed him. The fact

was, Samuel could only swear to his voice, but could not have the least idea of his person or features.—Being then committed to Tothilfields Bridewell, he turned his thoughts, naturally enough, to the destruction of the implements. Well knowing that nothing could be got out of Mrs. Price, or any of his family, to affect him, he had made no scruple of declaring, when under examination, that his lodgings were at a cheesemonger's in the neighbourhood of Tottenham-court-road; equally secure that nothing could be found there to afford the least suspicion of his being the forger described under the character of *Patch*. Determined to destroy every thing that could lend the least assistance to his discovery, he sent for Mrs. Price and his eldest son, a fine youth about fifteen years of age, and then, to her great surprise, communicated to her the circumstances respecting his aunt, and that her lodgings were in Tottenham-street.

By the son he sent a letter to Mrs. Pounteney, informing her of his situation, and desiring her instantly to destroy every atom of the apparatus, cloaths, &c. To get this letter safe out of prison, he had recourse to an expedient as artful as it was successful. He told his son, that it was often the custom of the keepers of prisons to search the persons of visitors to prisoners, and as he was charged with an offence, to detect which he had every expedient to dread, his own safety required him to have recourse to equal stratagems to frustrate their designs. Accordingly, having wrote the letter, he desired his son to take off his shoe; which being done, Mr. Price tore up the inner sole, and under it put the letter to Mrs. P—, with this injunction, and if he should be asked any questions at the gate, whether he had any thing from his father to carry any where, to say no; if they attempted to search him, to submit to the search quietly, and with temper. Thus prudent and thus guarded in his conveyance

veyance of a letter to the very person whom the Bank of England would have given any sum to discover, the manoeuvre had its effect, and the letter reached the aunt in safety.

This shrewd woman, on the receipt of the letter, with an admirable presence of mind came down into the kitchen where the maid was, and mildly blamed her for keeping so small a fire in such cold weather. She ordered her to take the cheeks out of the grate, and throw on fresh coals; which being done, and the fire beginning to be somewhat high, she artfully told the maid she had received a letter from her master, who was gone abroad, informing her that the cloaths he had lately worn he had discovered to be infested by the plague, and contracted during the time of his being last out of England, and that he had ordered her to burn the whole of them immediately, for fear of the infection spreading, and endangering the lives of all in the house.

She accordingly brought down every article of cloaths in which Mr. Price had concealed himself under the character of *Patch*, and, laying them all on a heap on the kitchen floor, took a cullender and sprinkled them with water till they were sufficiently damp to prevent their blazing. When this was done, she put them on the fire, and, as soon as they began to blaze again, took them off, turned them, and watered them afresh, laying the unburnt part downwards. This she continued till the whole were consolidated into a cake, and by that means reduced every atom to a powder.—Thus, with a presence of mind and a dexterity unparalleled in such an extremity, let what would come to pass, whatever could affect Mr. Price otherwise, nothing could then discover him, by dress, as the much-wanted *Patch*.

Having thus effected one principal end of the letter, she then turned her thoughts to the other—the destruction of the materials with which Mr. Price had so industriously carried on his in-

genious practices. The servant had a sister living in the neighbourhood, and Mr. Price having had occasion once or twice for a carpenter, through the medium of this sister, a carpenter in the neighbourhood had been employed by Mrs. Pounteney, and to whom Price had never been visible; she therefore ordered the servant to go for that carpenter, in order to take down the wood frame, presses, instruments, &c. with which Price made his paper and pulled off his notes from the plates, all which were exactly fitted up in the mode and manner of a copper-plate printer's materials. While the maid was out for the carpenter, Mrs. P—— took the copper-plates and put them into the fire, and, when red hot, took them out and let them lay till they were cool, whereby they were capable of being broke with ease. Having effected this, she reduced them to very small pieces, which, with a large bundle of small wires, with which Mr. Price had manufactured the paper and water-marks, she gave them to the son, and desired him to distribute them in the dust heaps in the adjacent fields. The lad having obeyed his great aunt in these particulars, the remains of the implements of death lay there, till, by a stratagem of Mr. Clarke's, they were brought to Bow-street by dust-men, who found them. The carpenter took down the apparatus, and being paid for his trouble was dispatched; every thing then was brought down, and reduced to ashes, so that nothing remained intire but the bits of plates and wires, which could not be reduced.

We will now give our readers some idea of the assurance which Mr. Price possessed, by relating the following measure he took to try if he was even suspected. He would go to the coffee-houses about Change, appear as Price, inquire for Mr. Norton, write a letter and leave it at the bar.—In ten minutes he would come in again as Mr. Norton, take his own letter, drink

his coffee, or whatever else he pleased to call for, and away.

A boy, who had two or three times taken his cash to the teller, and that boy's mother who had also seen him, were brought by his attorney to see him in prison. The boy could not identify him, the mother could, and, in spite of all that could be said, persisted in her knowledge. We hear for a fact, they were both before the magistrate at Bow-street. Mr. Price had been three or four times brought up to be viewed only by the persons who had taken forged notes of him in different disguises; the event was, he saw the impossibility of escaping the slow but sure hand of justice. He told the keeper he had been *betrayed*, and the next morning was found hanging. The invention, the method, and the means he took, were of a piece with his usual precaution and deliberation. He made his own son the instrument of his destruction. By the following artifice he obtained his tools. He informed his son, that the keepers of the prison came into his room sooner than he wished; that in his situation he had something secret to write, which they might get at by suddenly coming upon him;—that he wished to prevent it, and gave his son money to purchase two gimblets and a fix-penny cord, pointing out to him how he would stick the gimblets in from post to post and tie the cord across the door, which opened inwards, and thereby prevent any person from coming in till he pleased to permit them. The scheme had its effect;—he fastened the two gimblets under two hat-screws; and thus, having two securities to prevent his falling, he was found the next morning hanging without coat or shoes, and his thumbs tied down to the waist-band of his breeches, to secure him against struggling.

Thus, after a life of six years, every day crowded with ingenuity, dread, and obscurity, and sunk with the horrors of his own conscience, he

dreadfully rushed into the presence of the Almighty.

Under his waistcoat were found four papers; one was a petition to the King, praying protection for his wife and eight innocent children. The second was of a similar nature to the gentlemen of the Bank. The third contained his grateful thanks to Mr. Fenwick, the keeper of the prison, for his consistent indulgence and favour. The last consisted of an affectionate leave of his wife, wherein he begged her forgiveness for every injury he had done her, and entreated her attention to their offspring.

One thing is observable: in these papers, formed with consideration, he neither confessed or denied any thing. The Coroner's inquest sat on his body, and brought in their verdict *felo de se*; in consequence of which he was buried in a cross road near the prison, leading to Chelsea.

We have now concluded our account of Mr. Price, from the time of his commencing his dishonest schemes on the Bank in the year 1780, to his last hour; but have not, as yet, said any thing of his circumstances previous to that. From the best intelligence we find he was born in Moumouth-street, St. Giles's; his relations living there now. Was a considerable time there in the character of what is called a Barker; that afterwards he was valet to Sir Francis Blake Delaval—went with him the tour of Europe—returned to England; and through Sir Francis, who was the bosom companion of the late Samuel Foote, Esq; Price became comedian; that he acted a principal part in that well-known business by which Sir Francis obtained his Lady, with an immense fortune, and in which Mr. Foote performed the part of the Conjuror, and afterwards conjured that gentleman out of 500 l. in a money scheme. That he afterwards set up in the distilling; defrauded the revenue; was sent to the King's Bench; was released by an insolvent act; turned brewer; defrauded a very capital gentleman

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gentleman of that branch, now living, out of 1000*l.* by the assistance of the lady aforementioned, in one of his disguises; was held up in a book intitled, "*The Swindler's Chronicle*:" became lottery-office keeper; then stock-broker; gambled in the alley; was ruined by it; again set up lottery-office keeper; courted Mrs. Pounteney; ran

away with the niece; and lived with both.

We have said enough already of his character to shew what he was capable of, and what ought to have been to him, as well as to every person breathing, a certain, though safe maxim, that Honesty is the best policy.

HENRY AND ELIZA.

[Concluded from our last, p. 120.]

PICTURE to yourself a decrepid, toothless wretch, worn out with age and wickedness, and rapidly advancing to Shakspeare's second childhood.

"----- Betwixt a mortal and a spright;
"So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,
"So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man."

But this was not all; for, besides an appearance the most wretched, his mind was of the blackest dye: his greatest delight was to distress others, and to amass by their sufferings immense wealth, which he kept buried in the earth. Five long winters I lived with this wretch, after my father left me, in misery, and thought I could not suffer more; yet what was the temper of a disagreeable uncle to what I was to endure, and thro' his means?

Sitting one day, in the summer of the sixth year, on the side of the rivulet that ran at the bottom of the garden, my uncle came to me. As he approached, I perceived his countenance altered; he appeared more mild than usual, and entered into conversation; all at once his colour changed. I was afraid some evil had happened, and inquired the cause. Pray, Sir, said I, is any thing the matter? you look ill—if I can do any thing to alleviate your misery I will—suffer me to ask you what has happened? As I pronounced the last word, he pulled a dagger from under his coat, and swore he would put me to instant death if I did not agree to his proposals. At the sight of the dagger I shrieked

and fainted: when I recovered, I found myself in a room where the the smallest glimpse of light could not enter. I sought about some time in hopes of finding a door, but in vain; I had the happiness to find a bell, which I rung vehemently; at last an old woman, with a light in her hand, opened the lattice of a grated window, and asked me what I wanted? I directly inquired where I was, and what brought me hither? All the answer I could gain was desiring me to compose myself, and wait with patience, and I should have dinner presently. So saying, she shut the grate. You must suppose I was much surprized to meet with such behaviour, which I could give no account for. Often did my wandering thoughts drive me to distraction, when I revolved in my mind the misfortunes that might await me.

How long I stayed in this dismal abode I cannot tell, but must suppose it a considerable time from the holes I made, every time I had dined, with a pin in a letter I luckily had about me.—I was surprized one day to see a stout man open my prison door; a gleam of hope instantly arose that he might be come to relieve me. I therefore fell on my knees, and earnestly besought him to deliver me. He gravely asked me if I was not confined here on account of a disorder in the brain? How was I astonished! A croud of ideas instantly rushed on my mind when I saw thro' the villainous artifice that had been made use of. I told

told him that I was not confined for any fault, or for any disorder, but merely to satiate the avarice of an uncle. He said I should have my grievance redressed, and instantly left me. About an hour after came the old woman with my dinner. I thought it had an odd taste, but, being hungry, I eat it, and soon perceived a drowsiness come upon me. I found myself unable to sit up, sleep overcame me, and for a while lulled all my cares to rest. When I awoke, how much was I surprized to find myself in a large room, elegantly furnished! I rung a bell, and soon found, alas! that I was in one of the worst of houses! How I came there, or by what means, no one would tell me; but I too late found the fordid wretch had sold me, for the vilest of purposes, to one as abandoned as himself, in the very house you found me in. I had been able so far to baffle all her vile arts, and hoped, ere long, death would have put an end to my miseries, when you in a fortunate moment was sent by Providence to my assistance.

Henry listened attentively to her melancholy tale, and, when she finished, gave a sigh to poor Eliza! She startled at the name, and asked him if he knew any thing concerning such a person. He told her the whole particulars of Hamer's death, and of the picture and papers signed Eliza. Oh! says she, I am that unfortunate Eliza, whose death my dear father, Hamer, so often deplored. I now perceive the machinations of that vile wretch your uncle, said Hastings; but, tho' deprived of a fatherly protection, yet look upon me as your protector in future, and no doubt we will, if he is yet alive, oblige him to make restitution for all the wrongs you have suffered. Eliza blushed consent, and he immediately set about preparing for their journey, when they saw in the papers that the old man had put an end to that life which the stings of conscience rendered insupportable to

him, and had made no will, consequently the whole of his fortune must devolve on Eliza. Their hearts by sympathy attached to each other, needed not the long forms of courtship, but were soon to be united, when one fatal day had nearly put an end to all their brightest prospects.

Hastings happened by chance to meet with some of his old acquaintance, who, under the specious mask of friendship, drew him to a tavern; where, relating the good fortune he had so lately experienced, they with their vile arts inveigled him to the gaming-table, where he totally forgot the precepts Hamer had given him. To describe the anguish he felt is impossible, when he found himself bereft of every shilling his friend had left him. Stung with remorse, he could no longer bear to look on her whom he loved. To be the object of her charity, his pride would not submit to. Reflection harrowed up his soul, and drove him to desperation.—He had retired to a private room to put a period to an existence now become hateful to him.—At that moment rushed in Eliza, who had been warned of his distress by his servant, and wrested the fatal weapon just in the moment when he was bent on self-destruction. Misjudging man! to suppose by that act he could bury all in oblivion! to rush at such a moment into the presence of the Almighty—how vain and impious the thought! How often since has Hastings blessed the moment that his guardian angel came to save him from perdition!

Suffice it to say, she blessed him with her hand, and, from the ample fortune she possessed, they lived very genteely. Hastings so fully repented of his former folly as never to bear the sight of a gaming-table again, but retired into the country, where they lived a pattern of conjugal felicity.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

THE HISTORY OF A MAN OF SILENCE.

AS I am a Subscriber to your Magazine, I expect that you will oblige me by an early insertion of the following singular account of myself.

Perhaps there never existed a mortal of a more whimsical kind of character than myself. SILENCE has been my motto from my cradle; nor has it been ever remembered that I uttered *three* syllables at a time when there was the smallest possibility of making *two* answer the same end.

It has often been remarked by those who had the care of me in my infancy, that I never laughed, cried, or expressed the smallest attempt at articulation, notwithstanding every means was employed by my parents, which bore the least probability of accomplishing this so much-desired effect.

In this state of taciturnity I continued till I arrived at the commencement of my fifteenth year, when my father began to entertain thoughts of placing me apprentice, desiring me to make choice of some profession which I should like. After having carefully examined into almost the whole circle of the Arts and Sciences, I made choice of a *Limner*. My reason for giving this the preference was, that I thought it the most favourable to my darling doctrine, *Silence*.

The term of my apprenticeship being expired, I entered into business for myself, but soon began to perceive the absolute necessity I lay under for a wife. I accordingly fixed my affections on a young woman my next door neighbour, who was no stranger to my peculiarity of character, and therefore the more likely to conduce towards the promotion of my domestic happiness. Notwithstanding I was determined upon the match, yet I could never prevail upon myself to open my lips to her, though I spoke very forcibly—with my eyes. I now began to follow her with the

greatest assiduity; always, however, paying a proper regard to the tacit singularity of my disposition. Was she at church; so was I. Was she at play; so was I. I attended her like her shadow, equally as constant, and equally as silent.

My attention to her at last attracted the observation of her mother, who having sent for me, addressed me nearly as follows: "I have observed, Sir, that you have lately behaved in so very particular a manner to my daughter that it would be highly indiscreet and unpardonable in me, as her mother, any longer to overlook it. I have therefore sent for you, to know your intentions from yourself. If your views are dishonourable, I beg you will remove them to some other object: if on the contrary you are actuated by honourable principles, it is time you should declare it, as my daughter's reputation may be hurt by a continuance of your late particularity. In a word, Sir, is it your intention to make my daughter your wife?" As I found there was a necessity for my speaking, I squeezed her hand, and said, "*Yes*." Thus ended the remarkable courtship, with only *one* word on my side, and still less on that of my intended wife's.

I was not less remarkable for the deliberation with which I performed every occurrence of life than for my taciturnity; an instance of which I shall here subjoin. I was sitting one night enjoying my pipe at the *Horns*, when my servant entered in a terrible fright, and informed me that my house was on fire. Some men would have been so much affected at this intelligence as to be unable to act. I, on the contrary, (after sending back the servant) continued to smoke the remainder of my *Oroonoko*, drank my glais at the bar, and then deliberately proceeded towards home. By the time I had

I had reach'd my own door, the flames, by the vigilance of the firemen, were somewhat extinguished; and now the servant call'd to mind that my youngest son was a-bed in one of the apartments. I went therefore in with an intention of rescuing him from the danger that seemed to threaten him, when I recollected that the head of *Lord Dilertanti*, which I was to finish the next day, ran an equal risque of being consumed; upon which, I first effected the preservation of his *Lordskip*, and then returned to seek Tommy, whom I found asleep and unhurt.

An old acquaintance, who was Captain of a ship, calling to see me one day, I detained him to dinner; which being over he insisted upon my returning his visit, by supping with him the following night on board his ship. This I readily promised him; and accordingly, at the time agreed on, I repaired to the place of appointment, where I found a cordial reception from the Captain, who was exceedingly glad of my company. Having occasion to go upon deck, with which I was not much acquainted, I unfortunately fell overboard; however, as I was an excellent swimmer, it gave me no manner of concern, notwithstanding it required an exertion of all my art to avoid the suction occasioned by the bottom of the vessel. The Captain, who wondered at what detained me, came upon deck, and missing me, instantly conjectured what was my situation. The night being uncommonly dark, it would have been in vain to have endeavoured at finding me, otherwise than by calling to me; which he did with all the force of lungs he was master of. But notwithstanding I was nearly spent, and my strength almost exhausted, by so long buffeting the water, I refused to give him any answer. As he was no stranger to my peculiarity of humour, he immediately gave orders to put out the boat, which was directly done; when he found me almost lifeless, and I verily believe a few minutes more

would have qualified me for an eternal silence.

I had for some years frequented a certain coffee-house where I was universally taken for a dumb person. The other customers were so well convinced of my being deprived of the power of speech, that they never scrupled to repeat any thing, however secret, before me. A gentleman who had used the same house for near three years, during which time seldom a day passed without his seeing me, (tho' he had never known me open my lips) happened to sit one morning next me, and very accidentally overturned a cup of scalding chocolate upon my legs. Overcome by the pain, I immediately started from my seat, and roared out, "'Sdeath, Sir!" An earthquake could not have occasioned greater consternation than did these two monosyllables of mine. The whole coffee-room was in confusion: some insisted that I was a Jesuit, others that I was a French spy; while not a few were inclined to set me down as an emissary [of the Spaniards. As I began to perceive that they were not much disposed to conjecture in my favour, I paid my three-pence, and never more entered that house.

A close attention to business having greatly impaired my health, I was advised to take a country lodging for the benefit of the air; but as a lingual noise is not the only one I dislike, I have of late frequently chang'd my situation. In one place I was disturbed in the morning by a cock, in another by a dog, and in a third by the prating of a parrot. One night my rest was broke by the courtship of a couple of cats, and the next by the squeaking of a pig. In brief, my unhappy disposition renders me miserable every where, and I shall certainly be constrained to return to London, where, in the variety of noise, neither cocks, dogs, pigs, nor parrots, can be particularly noticed.

Your most humble servant,

MATTHEW MUTE.
P O E T R Y.

P O E T R Y.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

The YOUTH and HERMIT.

A TALE.

FREE from the world, with holy zeal inspir'd,
 Resolv'd from busy men to live retir'd,
 Within an hollow rock an Hermit dwelt,
 Coarse was his food, but sweet the peace he felt;
 He here, sequester'd from the noise and strife
 Of this uncertain, variegated life,
 Enjoy'd the blessings which around were giv'n
 With thankful heart, and blest the hand of Heav'n.
 Noble his form, majestic was his tread,
 And locks of snowy white adorn'd his head;
 At eve the shepherds to his homely cell
 Would oft repair, where he as oft would tell
 The various works of an almighty Lord,
 Who form'd this vast creation by his word;
 And from each subject on the wond'rous ball
 Bad them look up to the First Cause of all:
 This maxim he would frequently recite,
 And taught them, 'That whatever was—
 was right.'
 Th' attentive swains his noble precepts hear'd,
 Approv'd his doctrine, and the man rever'd.

A youthful 'Squire, one eve depress'd with thought,
 The Hermit's solitary dwelling sought;
 Praying, with ardent warmth, that he might find
 What caus'd his sweet serenity of mind,
 Which he, tho' Fortune shed her favours round,
 Had often wish'd for, but had never found.
 The 'Squire he met at entrance of the vale,
 And thus address'd him: 'Reverend father,
 hail!'
 'All hail, my son,' reply'd the hoary sage,
 'To these lone mansions of declining age
 'That's rarely visited by youth:—Come, tell
 'What brought your footsteps to my humble cell?'

'I'm come, most reverend sire,' the youth reply'd,
 'To seek those comforts Fortune has deny'd;
 'What tho' each day they spread my splendid board,
 'And I of yon tall edifice am lord;
 'While round Mirth revels with her clam'rous din
 'I want, alas! *true Happiness within!*
 Vol. I. No 5.

'Officious friends would drown my cares in noise,
 'And while they strive to brighten, kill my joys.
 'Tis said, O father, by the neighb'ring swains,
 'With you sweet Peace, that heav'n-born maiden reigns,
 'Teach me her secret mansions to explore,
 'I will not ask—I will not wish for more.'

'In vain,' reply'd the sire, 'you hope to find
 'In life's tempestuous sea—*true peace of mind*:
 'Yet youth's too apt to paint the flattering scene,
 'And think no clouds of Care will intervene;
 'But, while below, we must expect to meet
 'A share of sorrow mingled with our sweet:
 'And you, perhaps, my son, thro' want of thought,
 'In paths erroneous have for comfort sought;
 'Have wish'd to find in Pleasure's gaudy reign
 'Sweet balmy Peace: alas! thy hopes were vain.
 'Or have you thought to bid adieu to Care
 'In guilty transports with some am'rous fair?
 'Ah! tell me, after, on maturer thought,
 'Were not your transient joys too dearly bought?
 'Your fancy'd raptures fled on swiftest wings,
 'And left within your breast a thousand stings!
 'True Peace you'll never find in such pursuits,
 'For keen remorse is Dissipation's fruits.
 'Would you, my son, *true happiness* acquire,
 'And taste those blessings you so much desire,
 'Know, that 'tis not to cots or cells confin'd,
 'But dwells secure in ev'ry virtuous mind:
 'Renounce the follies of your youthful days,
 'And walk in Wisdom's all-adorning ways:
 'To you kind Heav'n has dealt with liberal hands,
 'And where she much has giv'n, she much demands:
 'Fly to relieve the helpless Orphan's cries,
 'And wipe the tear from the sad Widow's eyes;
 'To Him, who makes mankind his constant care,
 'In all thy wants direct thy humble pray'r,
 'For he can all thy various griefs controul,
 'And dart a ray of Peace across thy soul;
 'For needful trifles ne'er thy pray'r employ,
 'But ask substantial, never-fading joy,
 U 'That

‘ That when yon mansion’s vanish’d from
your eyes,
‘ You may have those, far better, in the
skies,
‘ Where endless pleasures reign, and never-
fading joys.
‘ Go seek for Virtue, ever beauteous guest,
‘ And calmly leave to Providence the rest.’
He ceas’d—the youth his good advice pursu’d,
Convinc’d that, *to be truly happy’s to be truly*
good. W. W.

On a LADY’s asking a GENTLMAN how
much he LOVED her.

MY passion, Sylvia, to prove,
You bid me tell how much I love.
I love thee then—but language fails—
More than bees love flow’ry vales;
More than turtle loves his dove;
More than warbles love the grove;
More than nature loves the spring;
More than linnet loves to sing;
More than insects funny beams;
More than poets airy dreams;
More than fishes love the flood;
More than patriots public good;
More than flocks the grassy plains;
More than hinds refreshing rains;
More than statesman loves his plot;
More than am’rous age to doat;
More than lords their pedigree;
More than Britons to be free;
More than heirs love twenty-one;
More than heroes laurels won;
More than elves the moon-light shade;
More than ancient maids to wed;
More than hermit loves his cell;
More than beauty to excel;
More than miser loves his store;
More than myself—can I love more?

SYMPATHETIC BLISS.

WHEN balmy Zephyr’s gentle breeze
Proclaim’d the welcome Spring,
When blooming verdure cloath’d the trees,
And birds began to sing;
Charm’d with the scene, in mute surprise
The young Pastora stray’d,
Till tender looks and broken sighs
The feeling breast display’d.
‘ Hail! hail!’ she cry’d, ‘ ye blissful pow’rs
‘ Of Sympathetic Joy!
‘ Tis your’s to fill the fleeting hours
‘ With sweets that ne’er can cloy.
‘ In this retreat with you I’ll dwell,
‘ Remote from mortal care;
‘ Content shall guard the humble cell,
‘ And Health the feast prepare.
‘ Oft as the happy rural throng,
‘ With frolic freedom gay,
‘ To mirth devote the artless song,
‘ I’ll join the sprightly lay.

‘ When pale Distress with fault’ring voice
‘ Demands the friendly tear,
‘ In blissful Pity’s native guise
‘ Her drooping heart I’ll cheer.

‘ Nor shall my breast defie the flame
‘ That speaks the pow’r of love,
‘ For oft with Damon’s favourite name
‘ I’ll charm the list’ning grove.’

She ceas’d the strain—swift from the shade
The happy Damon flew;
With eager arms he press’d the maid,
So gentle, kind, and true.

To quell the rage of Love’s alarms
He snatch’d an eager kiss;
She blush’d, and own’d she felt the charms
Of Sympathetic Bliss.

The CENSURE of the WORLD.

AN ELEGY.

YES! sure ’tis here that Pride, that Folly
reigns:

I’ll bid the low, censorious World farewell,
And bend my course to yonder verdant plains,
Where Peace, where Innocence, where
Candour dwell.

Ye heav’n-born Three! your vot’ry there
shall raise

A green turf altar to each honour’d name;
In artless strains there celebrate your praise,
And lose, perchance, th’ applause he can-
not claim.

Ye chearful songsters that awake the morn,
And sooth my soul with mild mellifluous
airs;

Ye aged oaks that yonder hills adorn,
Beneath your shades will I forget my cares.

Far hence shall masqu’d Hypocrisy remove,
The blush of conscious guilt be never
known;

Nor Superstition dare pollute the grove,
But Virtue come a resident alone.

Let Luxury despise my homely lot,
And Vanity contemplate gilded dooms;
Content transforms to palaces a cot,
And Virtue brings true greatness where
she comes.

Thus Damon sung, when Lycidas past by.

‘ Are these thy strains, my much-lov’d
friend? he cry’d.

What scenes hath fancy pictur’d to thine eye,
To Fairy dreams, Elysian groves ally’d!

True---small regard is paid to worth sublime,
And modest Merit walks unheeded by:
But shall we live in this unfriendly clime,
And wonder at a cold and low’ring sky?

Yet let not mean, inglorious ease, my friend,
Tempt thee the social duties to forego;

The calls of mild Benevolence attend,
Direct the blind, and cheer the souls of woe.
Shall

Shall venom'd Slander damp that sacred fire
Which warms the breast inviolately pure?
No!---brighter bid the heav'nly flame aspire,
'Tis noble to be good, and to endure!

The EXTENT of COOKERY.

WHEN Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
A plain brown bob he wore;
Read much, and look'd as though he meant
To be a fop no more.
See him in Lincoln's-Inn repair
His resolution flag;
He cherishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.
Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the House,
And soon a Judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.
Adieu, ye bobs, ye bags give place,
Full bottoms come instead:---
Good luck! to see the various ways
Of dressing---a calf's head.

The CONTENTION.

AN EPIGRAM.

ONce, says an author, *when* I need not say,
Two travellers found an Oyfter in the
way;
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew
strong,
While, scale in hand, Dame Justice hopp'd
along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the
laws,
States out the case, and fain would win the
cause.
Dame Justice weigh'd long the doubtful
right,
Takes, opens, swallows it before their sight:
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you,
'Twas a fat Oyfter---live in peace---Adieu!

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

HOUSE of LORDS.

May 2.

WENT thro' and reported the bill for
appointing additional commissioners
of land-tax.

May 22. The order of the day being read,
that the bill for appropriating one million
annually for the extinction of the national
debt,

Lord Loughborough hoped that the bill
would be printed for the use of their Lord-
ships; but Lord Bathurst said it was con-
trary to custom. The question on the mo-
tion was put, and it was agreed that the bill
should be committed on Thursday next.

The Duke of Richmond then moved, That
there should be laid before the House a copy
of the report of the select committee of the
House of Commons; which was agreed to.

May 23. Passed the Gibraltar head-money
bill. Adjourned.

HOUSE of COMMONS.

April 26. Sir Godfrey Webster, Bart. and
Henry Flood, Esq; the two petitioners, were
declared duly elected for Seaford.

Mr. Burke delivered two more charges
against Mr. Hastings, which were referred
to the committee appointed to inquire into
the subject.

Major Scott moved that Mr. Hastings
should be permitted to be heard in his own
defence; which was agreed to.

April 27. Mr. Hughson, from the Exche-
quer, presented an account of the surplus of
the sinking fund, to the 5th of April, 1786.

April 28. The House having resolved itself
into a committee on the Newfoundland bill,

Lord Beauchamp moved, That the pro-
posed bounties should extend also to the
islands of Jersey, Guernsey, and Alderney.
This was agreed to.

May 1. The order of the day being read
for hearing Mr. Hastings on the charges
which have been exhibited against him,

Major Scott moved that Mr. Hastings be
called in; he consequently appeared at the
bar, and went into a specific reply (assisted
in reading by Mr. Markham, and the Clerk
and Deputy-Clerk of the House) to all the
various charges so far as the 16th. About
half past ten, Mr. Pitt moved that the re-
mainder be adjourned till to-morrow; which
was accordingly done.

May 2. Mr. Hastings being placed at the
bar, renewed his defence to the remaining
charges, and concluded with thanking the
House for the indulgence they had shewn.

Mr. Burk rose, and acquainted the com-
mittee, that, with their permission, he would
call witnesses; which being granted, he
called in Sir Robert Barker, who was exa-
mined relative to the disposition of the Ro-
hillah Chiefs, and the Rajah Dowlah. The
examination finished at ten o'clock, and the
House, on the motion of Mr. Burke, agreed
to report progress.

May 3. Mr. Dundas informed the House
that some amendments appeared necessary to
him in certain clauses of the East-India judi-
cature bill, which he intended to lay before
the House, and therefore moved for leave to
bring

bring in a bill for certain recited purposes; which was granted.

May 4. The order of the day being read for going into a committee on Mr. Pitt's bill for vesting certain sums in the hands of commissioners, for the purpose of discharging the national debt,

Mr. Sheridan rose to oppose the Speaker's leaving the chair, and to state his objections to the proceeding. After a long speech, he moved a number of resolutions, all of which, except one, were negatived.

May 8. Mr. Gilbert brought up the report of the committee to consider of the most effectual means to prevent the present frauds which exist in the adulteration of wine, which was read and agreed to.

May 10. The House went into a committee to take into consideration the duty on battens and deals. Mr. Pitt moved that a duty of 5 s. per cent. in addition to the present duty, be laid on all battens, &c. imported; which was carried.

The House being resumed, resolved itself into a committee on the militia bill.

Mr. Pitt moved, That the service in the militia should be in future for *five* instead of *three* years; at the expiration of which time all who served for themselves should be intitled to their discharge; but those who acted as substitutes should be compellable in time of war, rebellion, or insurrection, to serve to the end of such war, &c. which was agreed to.

May 11. The order of the day for the attendance of Mr. Hastings being read, he was called in, and delivered in minutes of his answer to the charges delivered in on Monday last by Mr. Burke; after which Capt. Jacques and Major Balfour were called to the bar and examined.

May 12. In a committee on ways and means, resolved, That 1,500,000 l. be raised by Exchequer bills, to be charged on the first aids in the next session, and that one million be raised in the same manner.

In a committee of supply, resolved, That 25,000 l. be granted for carrying on the buildings at Somerset-House. That 13,000 l. be granted for supporting the African settlements. That 168 l. 18 s. 4 d. be granted for defraying the extra-expences of prosecuting offenders against the laws relating to coin. That 14,939 l. be granted for defraying the extra-expences of the Mint in 1785. That 4106 l. be granted as a compensation to Joseph Lodin Macvoir, for his loss by the seizure of his ship in 1776, by Governor Macnamara. That 127,138 l. be granted to his Majesty to make good the deficiency on grants of last year.

The House having proceeded to take into consideration the sinking fund bill,

Mr. Pulteney and Mr. Fox proposed two clauses; which were agreed to.

May 15. Agreed to the reports of the resolutions of Friday on ways and means, and the supply. Read a third time and passed the national debt bill.

Mr. Wilberforce moved, That the House resolve itself into a committee on the county election bill brought in by Lord Mahon, now Earl Stanhope, for the better regulation of elections of members to serve in Parliament for counties; which was carried.

May 16. Agreed to the report of the amendments made to the Isle of Man bill. Also to the Scotch Judges salaries bill. Passed the ecclesiastical court bill.

Mr. Burke moved the order of the day to consider farther of the charges against Mr. Hastings.

Major Gardner was then called to the bar, and underwent a long examination relative to the transactions at Benares. Adjourned.

May 17. Read a second time the two Exchequer loan bills; the bill for laying a duty on deals and battens, and the occasional voters bill.

After a long debate respecting the business of fortification, Mr. Rolle moved, That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, praying that his Majesty would be graciously pleased to order an estimate to be laid before the House of the repairs necessary for the old works at Portsmouth and Plymouth; which was agreed to.

May 18. Lord Surrey rose to make his promised motion for an equal representation of the people; which, after a short debate, was rejected.

Major Gilpin was called to the bar on the proceedings against Mr. Hastings, and went thro' an examination of considerable length on the subject of the Princesses of Oude.

May 22. Agreed to the report of the whale fishery bill. Agreed also to the report of the resolutions of Friday last on the supply. Read a first time the insolvent debtors' bill.

Mr. Pitt presented the bill for transferring certain duties on wines from the customs to the excise; which was read a first time and ordered to be printed.

May 23. Went thro' the bill for laying a duty on deals and battens, with amendments. Agreed to the report of the amendments made to the county election bill.

The House having resolved itself into a committee on the perfumery bill, a very long and irregular conversation took place; but the committee at length went through the clauses, and filled up the blanks.

May 24. A message from the Lords was read for the production of such papers and documents as they required from the Commons, to consider of the means of the public revenue, whereby they were enabled to appropriate one million annually for the reduction of the national debt; but the message

was

was not attended to, as the Commons were of opinion that the proceeding was unprecedented.

The bill for repealing certain clauses in the late India bill, and for regulating the jurisdiction of India, passed with the single negative of Mr. Fox, (who entered his protest against it) and was ordered to the Lords.

Went into a committee on the militia bill; the blanks were filled up, except that which enacts that two thirds should be called out annually. The discussion of that point was deferred till the bill was reported.

May 25. Mr. Gilbert having clearly pointed out the necessity of immediately revising the poor laws, as preparatory thereto he made a motion for procuring the return of various charitable donations left within a certain period throughout this kingdom. After a little conversation the motion was agreed to.

Alderman Watson brought up a petition from the wine trade, requesting to be heard by counsel on the principle of the bill; which was received.

The House then went thro' the remaining clauses of the perfumery bill. Adjourned.

MONTHLY OCCURRENCES.

L O N D O N, May 2.

A Letter from Vienna, dated April 14, says, "An engineer, named Muffi, has invented a mill, which completely grinds all sorts of corn without the aid of wind, water, or fire.

A letter from the Hague has the following paragraph: The States General have published their decision on the disbanding of their troops. The officers and soldiers retire with a small gratification. The Prince Stadtholder is reinstated in all his functions, and continues to be firmly supported by the King of Prussia, who, unwilling to see the husband of his niece a prey to intestine divisions, had destined ten of his best veteran regiments to subdue Dutch insolence, and restore a too-much-injured Prince to his dignity and honour.

May 5. Every thing in France is at this time in the English taste; the rage for boots and leather breeches is so general, that the genius of the people seems altered, and jockeyship appears to take place of gallantry.

May 8. Lord Geo. Gordon was this day excommunicated in the parish of St. Mary-le-Bonne. The excommunication was very long, and took near a quarter of an hour to read it. Several of Lord George's friends came up from the city to hear it. Lord George Gordon went in the afternoon to the clerk of the parish to obtain a copy of it for his own defence, but was informed that one of the officers of the Spiritual Court had waited in the church till it was read, and carried it back with him to the Spiritual Court, and that the clergyman who had read it had it not ten minutes in his possession. In 40 days the King will be applied to for a writ *de excommunicato capiendo*, when his Lordship will be imprisoned in Newgate without any trial or jury, till he complies with the Archbishop's authority, and then the Archbishop will present another petition to the King *de excommunicato deliberando*.—The refusal of his Lordship, from religious

scruples, to give evidence in a cause now pending in Doctors Commons, has occasioned the above event.

May 11. This day, in the court of Common-Pleas, the trial between Miss Rankin and Miss Mellish re-commenced; when, after going through a great body of evidence, at four Lord Loughborough began to sum up; at the conclusion of which the evidence adduced weighed, in his Lordship's opinion, in favour of Miss Rankin. At nine his charge, and the Jury withdrew; and after staying out of court near an hour, they returned with a verdict for Miss Rankin.

May 13. The American States of New-England have published "A Book of Common Prayer for the use of the first Episcopal Church established in America;" and a correspondent, who has had a cursory view of it, has sent us the following particulars:

It is accompanied with a preface, setting forth that the Book of Common Prayer, as used in England, had long been complained of, as containing many things that favoured too much of Popery; and that now the American States were separated from Great-Britain, they had taken that opportunity of publishing a Form of Public Worship, free from those exceptions that some of the most eminent Divines of the Church of England had wished to see some alteration in.

They then acknowledge their obligation to Mr. Lindsey and other Divines, whose plans they have adopted to form this Book of Common Prayer. The most striking particulars are, all the prayers are of the Unitarian stamp, and Christ, the Saviour of the world, is no where mentioned but as *the Son of God and the Mediator*. The Litany is consequently much shortened, and adapted to the present reigning powers, and their state of government, instead of King and Parliament. Christmas-Day is termed *The Birth-Day of Christ*, and Ash-Wednesday much shortened, and curses and blessings are left out every where.---The Office of Matrimony

mony is shortened, and the word *they* is left out in the woman's part. The Lord's Prayer is like Mr. Lindsey's, "Our Father who art in heaven;" and in the Belief, all the parts about descending into hell are left out. In the Ceremony of Baptism, the child is to have three or more sponsors from the parents and relations of the family, but no godfather or godmother, and no signing with the cross. The *Gloria Patria* is left out, and some Doxologies introduced, to be used instead of it. In the Psalms there are particular parts printed in Italics, which the Editor says may be left out in public worship, as they are rather apt to be misunderstood, or want explanation to common readers. There are some other alterations, particularly wherever the Christian system of atonement is mentioned, and the adoration or worship of the second person in the Trinity. The Athanasian Creed is left out, and the Absolution.

May 17. Matters are in the happiest train for a renewal of our connection with Russia. The Empress has a predilection for the English, which cannot easily be done away by the intrigues of the French cabinet, while the British administration continue to treat with her on liberal terms.

Yesterday his Serene Highness the Prince of Mecklenburgh, brother to her Majesty, arrived at St. James's Palace from Germany.

A letter from Brussels, dated May 9, says, "Lord Torrington has received the most perfect assurances, that nothing is further from the intention of the Austrian government than to disturb that harmony which prevails with the British court; but that the illicit practices in Flanders had occasioned them to be zealous to encourage their own manufactures, and to lay such restraints as must of consequence equally affect all countries, and not levelled at any one in particular."

On Monday a poor couple presented themselves in the Great Park at Windsor, during one of the King and Queen's ambulatory excursions, with 15 children, all the fruit of one marriage, in the course of 12 years, to whom their Majesties gave a donation, and promised, if upon enquiry they were found deserving, to make some provision for such a numerous progeny.

May 20. Mons. Blanchard performed his 17th aerial excursion the 18th ultimo, from Douay, and was the noblest sight the inhabitants of Flanders ever beheld. He mounted with the greatest intrepidity, and was followed by the eyes of the multitude for half an hour. This voyage, from the violence of the wind, may be considered as the most perilous experiment which this wonderful aeronaut ever made. He went 96 miles in the same number of minutes, and descended at P'etolle, a village in Picardy.

M. Deleloge, the Lord of the Manor, received him with every mark of distinction.

The people of Douay, it is said, raised him 1000 l. sterling, and are charmed with having liberally contributed to a performance so novel and amazing.

It is a pleasing fact that the East-India company's trade employs at this time upwards of 63,000 tons of shipping and 7000 seamen, being one fifth more than ever was known.

May 26. The last packet from the East-Indies bring the following melancholy intelligence:

Account of the burning of the Montague, Capt. Thomas Brittell, drawn up by Mr. James Elliott, who belonged to her, and was on board when the accident happened. Dated from on board the Rodney.

"December 6, 1785, as we lay at Diamond Point, about 70 miles below Calcutta, we had taken in 4100 bags of salt-petre, and were stowing them, the caulker's mate was going to heat pitch upon the upper deck to pay his work, he called down the fore hatchway to the gunner's boy to hand him up some fire, upon a small shovel of the armourer's, to make a fire in the forge to heat his pitch; the boy handing the fire up the fore hatchway, (the fore hatches being unlaid) let a piece of the fire fall down upon the salt-petre; one of the bags having burst, there was loose salt-petre in the square of the hatch-way, which immediately caught fire. We attempted to smother it; but the flames increased so fast that we could not stay above three minutes in the hold after the first took fire. Mr. Benger, the chief officer, came down into the hold, but was forced to go up again immediately. Our cutter and yawl were hawled on shore, and the long boat was a-ground in Diamond Creek. I came up out of the hold with the chief officer, and went into the stern-gallery to look for a boat; the third officer was then almost along-side the Dutton, with some men in the jolly-boat. Perceiving there was no assistance near, I left Mr. Benger in the stern-gallery, and got out of one of the quarter-ports into the mizen-chain, and jumped overboard; when I swam under the stern, Mr. Benger was hanging on by a rope, which he quitted, and immediately the ship blew up. I never saw any more of Mr. Benger. Mr. Williams, the third officer, picked me up in the jolly-boat, with a great many more. I was not above twenty yards from the ship when she blew up. From the first of her taking fire till her explosion did not exceed five minutes. The chief officer, the fifth officer, the surgeon's mate, the midshipman, twenty-five foremast-men, and three passengers, were lost.

Y O R K, May 4.

THIS morning, at eight o'clock, the right Hon. Countess Fitzwilliam was safely delivered (after being upwards of 15 years married) of a son and heir, at the Earl's house in Grosvenor-Square, London. On Saturday forenoon, as soon as the event was known in this city, the bells at the cathedral were set a-ringing, and in the afternoon several peals were rung at it and other churches upon the same happy occasion.

Mr. John Newton, dyer, is chosen a common-councilman for Micklegate ward, in the room of the late Mr. John Hartley.

May 10. A late decision at the Easter sessions held at Northallerton being of great consequence in the doctrine of settlements, we have been requested to lay the following case, with Lord Mansfield's judgment thereon, before our readers:—"On October the 11th, the day after Michaelmas-day, 1776, Dawson, a pauper, hired himself to serve until the Michaelmas-day following, October 10, 1776. He gained a settlement by this hiring and the service under it. Lord Mansfield: "To be sure there must be a hiring for a year, and this is one. Though he were hired in the afternoon of the 11th, yet we shall say that he was hired at twelve o'clock at night on the 10th; for it is settled that the law will not allow a fraction of a day. He served till the 10th, that is a year. If a man is born on the 10th, he is of age on the 9th."

May 12. We are happy to find that, in a letter received by a gentleman of the committee for the establishments of Sunday-schools in this city, from the Archbishop of this province, his Grace is pleased to express his entire approbation of such an institution.

May 15. The Treasurer of the general infirmary at Leeds has received the sum of fifty pounds, being a benefaction to that charity from James Milnes, of Thorns-House, Esq.

May 16. This day the First (or King's own) regiment of Dragoon-Guards, consisting of nine troops, were reviewed near this city by Maj. Gen. Wynyard. The men made a fine appearance, and their dexterity in their evolutions, both on foot and on horseback, reflected the greatest credit on themselves and officers, and was highly applauded by the General and several thousand spectators.

May 17. John Fothergill, Esq; executor to the late Mrs. Dorothea Fothergill, has paid into the hands of Mr. Pickard one hundred pounds, being a legacy left by her to the York county-hospital. The same gentleman also paid, as above, twenty guineas, being a benefaction from himself to the said hospital.

May 18. Sir Henry Etherington, Bart. has paid into the hands of Mess. Pease and Harrison the sum of fifty pounds, being his second benefaction to the Hull infirmary.

May 24. This day being the anniversary of the birth of the late Most Noble the Marquis of Rockingham, the principal gentlemen of the county and city of York met at Bluit's inn (now Ringrose's) in this city, to pay their annual tribute to the memory of that deservedly-regretted and excellent Nobleman. An elegant dinner was provided, several constitutional toasts, and the health of the Whig-members of both Houses of Parliament, were drank, and the day concluded with that harmony and satisfaction which the occasion could not fail to inspire.

May 29. This day being the anniversary of the Restoration of King Charles II. it was commemorated here as usual.

B I R T H.

THE lady of Maj. Thompson delivered of a son at her father's house in York.

M A R R I A G E S.

ROB. Parker, Esq; of Halifax, to Miss Burnett of the same place.—At Tadcaster, the Rev. Wm. Rhodes to Miss Addinell, both of that place.—Mr. E. Farnell, spirit-merchant, to Miss E. Hammond, both of York.—At St. Michael's, Spurriergate, Mr. Gawfen, of Newry in Ireland, merchant, to Miss Sanderfon, daughter of Mr. T. Sanderfon, ironmonger in York.

D E A T H S.

AT his house in York, Mrs. Aistroppe, wife of Mr. Aistroppe, and niece of the Rev. Mr. Adam of Wintringham.—Capt. B. Green, son of Mr. Green, tanner in Knareborough: A deserving young man, and for some time commander of the Swallow packet. Tho. Peacock, Esq; the second son of the Rev. W. Peacock of Northallerton.—Miss Cooper of Halifax.—Mrs. Riddale, wife of Mr. Riddale, merchant in Halifax.—At Holbeck, near Leeds, in her 78th year, Mrs. Johnson, relict of Mr. N. Johnson.—At Doncaster, Mrs. Hall, sister of the late Sir Geo. Armytage, Bart.—At Bristol, the Hon. Geo. Fitzwilliam, brother to Earl Fitzwilliam.—Mr. Wadsworth, attorney in Huddersfield.—Dr. R. Conyers, L. L. D. rector of St. Paul's, Deptford. He was formerly vicar of Helmsley Blakemoor, where he was born, and where his unwearied zeal in preaching the gospel, and his exemplary piety and beneficence, will be long remembered.—At Hemsworth, the Rev. R. Stringer, M. A. aged 89.—At Hartshill, on the 6th of May, Mr. G. Cutts, and the next day died his wife. It is remarkable that Mr. Cutts' mother and brother died in September last, and were both buried in one grave.

The STATE of the WEATHER at YORK.

[Continued from our last.]

☞ The commas over the quarter from which the wind blows denote its violence, viz. ' a breeze, " a brisk wind, "' high wind, "" a storm. The same in rain and snow, shew the quantity.

1786.	Barom.	Thermom.	Wind.	State of the Atmosphere.
APRIL 29	— 29.75	— 56	— E."	— Heavy. Rain.'
30	— 29.80	— 35	— N.""	— Cloudy. Hail.
MAY 1	— 29.90	— 46	— E.'	— Heavy. Snow.'
2	— 29.60	— 40	— S. W.""	— Ditto. Rain.""
3	— 29.40	— 51	— Ditto	— Ditto. Ditto.""
4	— 29.40	— 48	— S. E."	— Ditto. Ditto. Hail.
5	— 29.60	— 44	— E."	— Ditto. Rain.'
6	— 29.60	— 46	— Ditto	— Ditto. Ditto.""
7	— 29.65	— 54	— Ditto	— Cloudy
8	— 29.65	— 51	— Ditto	— Ditto.
9	— 29.50	— 50	— E. N. E.""	— Heavy. Rain."
10	— 29.15	— 58	— S. W.	— Rain.""
11	— 29.60	— 60	— Ditto."	— Cloudy. Rain.'
12	— 29.40	— 52	— S. E'	— Ditto. Ditto."
13	— 29.90	— 57	— W.""	— Cloudy.
14	— 30.20	— 63	— S. W."	— Ditto.
15	— 30.10	— 70	— W."	— Heavy. Rain."
16	— 29.95	— 64	— W. S. W."	— Cloudy.
17	— 30.00	— 64	— N. W."	— Ditto.
18	— 30.00	— 60	— N. E."	— Ditto.
19	— 30.20	— 56	— E."	— Heavy.
20	— 30.00	— 54	— N. W."	— Ditto. Rain."
21	— 29.90	— 62	— W."	— Ditto. Ditto.
22	— 30.00	— 61	— W.""	— Clouds.
23	— 30.00	— 60	— W.""	— Heavy. Rain.'
24	— 30.05	— 62	— W."	— Ditto. Ditto.
25	— 30.10	— 65	— W. N. W."	— Cloudy.
26	— 30.10	— 75	— S. W.'	— Serene.
27	— 30.25	— 64	— N. E."	— Cloudy
28	— 30.30	— 66	— N.'	— Ditto.
29	— 30.30	— 70	— W.""	— Few clouds.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are singularly obliged to F. for his candid suggestions, and will certainly comply with his Request.

The Critic should learn to correct himself, before he attempts to scrutinize the productions of his neighbours.

We must again request our Correspondents to transmit their favours to the Publishers on or before the 20th of each month; as a later transmission of them will be attended with the greatest inconvenience.

THE
YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE,

For JUNE, 1786.

THE TRIFLER, No. V.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.

HOR.

“Wand’ring from clime to clime, observant stray’d,
“Their manners noted, and their states survey’d.”

POPE.

AS the fashion of running through France, Italy, and Germany, or, as it is called, making the tour of Europe, has of late become so universal, that no gentleman of competent fortune is deemed to have received a finished education without it; it may not, perhaps, be unpleasing to the generality of triflers, who lounge from coffee-house to coffee-house, and from one place of public entertainment or another, in quest of some amusement to put off the time that hangs heavy on their hands, to know the causes that first induced men to leave their native soil, their friends, and their relations, to wander on distant shores, and expose themselves to the dangers of stormy oceans and unhealthy climates; at least, in reading this, they will be full as well employed for themselves, and much better for their neighbours, than by engaging in political squabbles, debating on subjects they do not understand, and settling finances

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they will never have the management of, exposing themselves publicly to ridicule and contempt, and disturbing all who have the unhappiness to sit near them; nor may it, perhaps, be altogether useless to many of the travellers themselves, as they will be informed of what, may be, their tutor forgot to tell them, that some other employment might have been found than sauntering away their time on the Thuilleries, and ruining their fortunes and constitutions with gamesters and opera-girls. The first traveller of this terrestrial world whom we find upon record was Cain, who, after the murder of Abel, is said, in the 4th chapter of Genesis, to have gone into the land of Nod, not by choice, but by the express and absolute command of the Supreme Being, who condemns him to be a wanderer and a vagabond on the face of the earth. It will be unnecessary here to enter into a discussion where this land of Nod was; whether it was China or

X

America,

America, or any other place more or less distant from the fatal spot; these points have already been controverted by much abler heads; but unfortunately these investigators, in spite of their indefatigable researches, have been unable hitherto to determine the critical spot where the garden of Eden stood; and, till that difficulty is previously removed, it will puzzle the ablest geographers to point out the countries that lie to the Eastward of it. In all probability, however, he was not banished farther than the confines of the inhabited countries; for we are told in Gen. vi. that "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took them wives of all that they chose." This, which was one of the causes of the deluge, could not have happened in the common course of things, had they been separated by any considerable distance. It is not unlikely, from the similarity of the crime which caused the curse, the similarity of the curse which followed the crime, and from the little which is transmitted to us of the manners of the Caanites, that they much resemble the Jews of the present day, living more by trade and commerce than by the culture of the earth, which, in those times, was considered as the most honourable employment. As there is no other mention of antediluvian travellers, it will not, on the following grounds, be unfair to conclude, that there were none. Money, the indispensable attendant of every fashionable traveller, was yet unknown, and, on account of the curse denounced against Cain, travelling was doubtless a disgrace: add to this, that there was so little variety to be met with where husbandry was the general occupation, when cities were yet unbuilt, and courts were yet unknown, that few would be hardy enough, under these disadvantages, to make what would now be styled a polite tour. To say that natural curiosities would have repaid their toils, and compensated for their

disgrace, would only be engaging in disputes relative to the figure of the earth before the deluge. Whether it was then, as now, diversified by hills and vallies; whether the beds of rivers were then broken by cataracts; whether the land was then, as now, divided into ten thousand isles and continents, while the ocean was deformed by rocks and breakers, and agitated by the howling tempest, are points that must be left to the learned; and the reader of this must be contented with the simple narrative which was at first proposed, and in which we are now arrived at an important æra. By the invention of ship-building, of which the ark was either the first specimen, or, at least, a considerable improvement, men were enabled to transport themselves, their families, and necessaries, when they went in search of more convenient settlements, in a much more easy and expeditious manner than by traversing the sultry plains, exposed to the parching heat of the sun, and the noxious exhalations of the night; nor does it appear that they were either ignorant of these advantages, or neglected to make use of them; for we are told, that within 250 years after the flood, not only those parts of Asia, Africa, and Europe, that were nearest to the settlement of Noah, were inhabited, but that they had penetrated as far as Italy, Spain, Germany, France, and even to the British isles, which are said to have been peopled by Gomer, the grandson of Noah, and from him the inhabitants assumed the name of Cymru, which is to this day preserved among the Welsh. It may, perhaps, seem something strange, that the human race, which consisted, after the flood, of only eight persons, should, in the short space of 250 years, multiply so fast as to make it necessary to go in search of habitations to such distant climates; but we are not to infer from hence, that all the intermediate countries were filled with people. They

They might proceed so far in order to discover the most convenient places for settlement; they might do it in order to avoid that rage for conquest which had already begun to disturb society. Being ignorant of the use of the compass they might frequently be driven farther than they intended, as is often the case still with the natives of the South-sea islands, which accounts for the human species being found on isles separated 2 or 300 leagues from any other land. But it would be tedious to enumerate the various expeditions of these early adventurers; the hopes of a better settlement, by conquest or discovery, appear to have been the prevailing motives that stimulated their attempts, nor did any one quit his country without some self-interested view till about the year of the world 2200, when Osiris left Egypt, at that time the seat of learning, and proceeded thro' Greece, Italy, Spain, Gaul, and Britain, to civilize the manners of the people, and teach them the art of agriculture; his example was followed by Cecrops, by whom the Greeks were first instructed in religious knowledge. The next after him, who had public spirit enough to hazard his life for the benefit of society, was Hercules, who traversed Greece, Italy, and Spain, to exterminate the bands of robbers with which those countries were infested; an undertaking which was completed by Theseus, his successor in those dangerous enterprises. It might, perhaps, seem unpardonable to pass over here the celebrated adventures of Ulysses; but as they were the result, not of choice, but of necessity, and the knowledge that Ulysses derived from them induced no one to follow his example, however entertaining or instructive they may be to the reader, it is certainly unnecessary to take any notice of them here. It is indeed something strange, that so polite and wise a people as the Greeks were so little inclined to go in search of knowledge

and improvement into other countries. But for this several reasons may be assigned; they were divided into a number of petty states, which were seldom at peace with one another, or even with themselves, so that every individual found sufficient employment for his time and thoughts in the factions and hostilities he was concerned in, and had no opportunity of spending three or four years in visiting other countries. Besides looking upon themselves already as the wisest and most polished of mankind, they held other nations in too great contempt to entertain an idea of adopting their sentiments and manners. That there were some indeed who went into Persia, and served in the armies of the Persian monarch, cannot be denied; these, however, were rather hostages for the fidelity of their countrymen, than men who acted from choice or inclination. Another reason, no less cogent, might be added to these—their poverty, which would alone be sufficient to give them a distaste for travelling; for, altho' a name well known, or a splendid title, may be very pretty travelling passports, yet nothing gives so much real importance as a pocket full of money. Gold is the sovereign talisman that opens every door for pleasure or information, and is a better remedy for every ill than even patience itself; it is that alone which will extract sincerity from a Frenchman, make a Dutchman hospitable, and the haughty Spaniard familiar. Let not then *my Lord Anglois* suppose that the respect he is treated with is paid to his merit or his country; the cringing slaves that surround him are indifferent about the former, and esteem the latter for no other reason than they get most by it. They affect to love his country because they know it is an Englishman's weak side; they applaud his generosity that they may partake of it; and attend him with the utmost assiduity because he pays them for it better than they deserve.

serve. If any gentleman is inclined to disbelieve these assertions, he may prove the truth of them by a much less expence than he is at to be deceived; he need only forget to furnish his pocket-book, and he will soon perceive, without the help of extraordinary penetration, that his continental friends can very well dispense with his company; that English gallantry is by no means irresistible; that English home bred humour may sometimes give offence; and that impertinent waiters and postillions are not always to be terrified by the threat of a horsewhip or pistol. But to return to the ancients. The Romans, who succeeded the Greeks in arts and empire, were, as well as their predecessors, too proud to search after improvement among nations they styled slaves and barbarians. The Roman youths for many centuries were educated at home; till, after the destruction of Carthage, it became fashionable to send them to prosecute their academical studies at Athens, which at that time abounded with philosophers, sophists, and orators of every denomination, and was, in short, the university of the world: perhaps they might have discovered it worth while to have proceeded farther, but the faction which soon after

began to distract the state turned their thoughts into another channel: these factions (except during the reign of Augustus) continued with very little intermission till the irruption of the Goths and Vannals overthrew that mighty empire. All now became a scene of anarchy and confusion, ignorance and barbarism universally prevailed; men, provided they lived themselves, were careless how their neighbours lived; and, during the space of more than 700 years, the chief, and almost only travellers, were Christians, who traversed every region of the then known world to propagate their religion. The gallant reign however of Charlemagne, which happened about the latter end of the eighth century, altered the face of affairs, and, by its consequences, once more revived that passion for novelty, which hath since led Europe, but particularly this country, into so many extravagances. But, having now come down to that period called the middle ages, and exceeded the usual limits of this paper, it may not be amiss to postpone the remainder to a future number, together with some reflections and remarks on the use and abuse of travelling.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE complaint that the present race is degenerated from the noble spirit of their ancestors, has been thought, by many, to be founded on just principles. But as I was always remarkable for looking upon the *fair* side of an object, when the rest of the world preferred a view of the *dark*, so from the same principle I could wish to prove that our present Lords and 'Squires, instead of being worse, are, in reality, much better than their great grandfathers; that they have the public good, and the improvement of society, much more

at heart than the old-fashioned gentry who strutted in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. But, to prove my position, we must take some point where there is a wide and remarkable difference between the two races of men; and the late Spring Meeting at York suggests the idea that the article of horse-racing is a fair standard by which we may estimate their respective merits. The Quizes, for by that name I choose to distinguish the men of Queen Beis's days, and which being interpreted by a Cantab signifies a "Queer Fellow;" the Quizes, I say,

say, had no horse-races. The only races they ran were who should first enter a breach, or board a Spanish man of war; mean fellows, you see, without a bit of spunk; mere soldiers and sailors, men very different from our modern Bucks. But the Blood, the Hero of the present day, to his other beneficial and patriotic employments of intriguing, drinking, and gaming, adds horse-racing; by which, I repeat, he does more service to his country, and shews a nobler spirit than the Quiz who never dream'd of a horse-race once during his whole existence. But to the proof—which will consist in demonstrating the great utility and advantages of horse-races.

The horse is by all allowed to be a noble animal, and he who conduces to the improvement of the breed shews himself possessed of the spirit of patriotism. But the kinds of horses are so various that, in this improvement, we should consider which species is most deserving of our care. This point we shall now investigate.

The horse being a noble animal, that is the best beast which most resembles a Nobleman. Which species of horse then has most of the Nobleman in its composition? Not the heavy cart-horse, for the Peer dislikes the drudgery of work; not the formidable trooper, for the Nobleman has not a greater aversion to any thing than to active service; not the hunter, for his Lordship never ventures his person into the keen morning air, unless, perhaps, when he reels home from the tavern; but it is the race-horse that bears the strongest resemblance to a Nobleman. The similitude is so apparent that it would even strike the dull imagination of a Dutchman. Look at the appearance of a race-horse. How sleek and thin does he appear! His legs are mere spindles! View him in the stable, which, to bring the resemblance closer, we may denominate his dressing-room. The *comb* is frequently ap-

plied, and full half the day is consumed in *dressing*. His meat is of a different texture and nature from that of the plebeian trooper and cart-horse. Oats and warm mashies are his chief aliment, which exactly corresponds to venison and turtle. The race-horse and Nobleman are both of high extractions, and boast an illustrious pedigree. To close the comparison, the courser is without mercy whipped and spurred by his rider, and his Lordship, in like manner, bears with patience the Ministerial lash.

Behold then the nobility of a race-horse! What praises are not due to that man who endeavours to improve the breed of such a noble animal!

But to proceed with the advantages which flow from an attention to race-horses.

The business of the course obliges the Peer to put himself on a level with the Peasant; the Prince to mix familiarly with the Sharper. This effect alone should induce us to drink success to horse-races in full bumpers. The distinctions of rank are merely adventitious, and the differences which fortune creates are so trivial, and of such a fragile nature, that a single moment can destroy them. It was never surely designed that two men who are born alike as to external form and intellectual powers, should, from the casualties of fortune, be raised so many degrees the one above the other: a thing so obviously absurd could never be intended by the wise Creator of the universe. Every means then which can be applied to the extinguishment of this unjust distinction between man and man should be applauded; and nothing conduces more than a horse-race to level all the circumstances of rank. Great and small, rich and poor, are jostled and jostle together in one collected mass, and every one is reduced to a state of natural equality. Such then being the good effects of the course, that man shews himself possessed of the purest spirit

spirit of philanthropy who endeavours to increase the number of horse-races.

The circulation of coin which a horse-race occasions is of a most beneficial tendency. Were it not for this method of spending his money, the Peer would be obliged to let his rents remain locked up in his strong box, without a possibility of spending them; while the farmer, for want of money, would no longer be able to proceed in the business of his farm. But as the case now stands, the Peer no sooner has procured a sum than he is disburthened of it at a race; and thus the farmer, and the whole tribe of sharpers, traders, and beggars, find it less difficult to procure subsistence. Owing to the attractive powers of Newmarket, which draw together such a croud of foreigners, we have now saved the trouble and expence of a journey to France to study fashions. From the celebrity of our English races, our shores are crowded with Princes and Dukes of France without

number, who leave here such a quantity of louis d'ors that we may hope that money in a few years will become as plentiful as pins, and the national debt no larger than a mole-hill.

These, gentlemen, are a few of the advantages of horse-racing, which, for the honor of the present age, is now brought to the utmost state of perfection, and which, to the shame of those who lived in the sixteenth century, was then a science scarcely known. It is devoutly studied by all ranks; and, when we behold the advantages which flow from it, ought we to suppose that its followers are actuated by any other spirit than that of patriotism and philanthropy? The Latin adage of "*tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis*," must now be rendered in a different way from that in which it is usually understood; for we are not grown *worse*, but *better* than our ancestors.

XANTHUS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I am much pleased with the plan of the Yorkshire Magazine, and will do every thing in my power to promote its success. In this kingdom it is not Politicians and Courtiers alone that have wants; every man, from the Duke downwards, is in want of something, on which account I would recommend you to devote a few pages of your publication to the wants of the people of Yorkshire. The moral clergy are particularly in want, as you will see by the following.

Your's,

ANDREW MARVEL.

W A N T E D,

A Small living, by a clergyman in priest's orders. Any Archbishop, Bishop, or Dignitary in the church, who has such a one to bestow, may hear of a decent, orderly, and unbefriced clergyman of forty-five years of age, with a wife and six children, who is willing to accept the same, under the express stipulation of catechising the children, reconciling the differences of his parishioners, and living in such a manner as to be an example of sobriety, brotherly love, and charity, to all around him.

W A N T E D,

Half a dozen curacies.—The distances no objection, as the advertiser is provided with a Balloon gown, and is a remarkably good flyer.

W A N T E D,

A nurse to attend a consumptive gentleman, who is advised by the Faculty to reside six months in the clouds, for which purpose a Balloon is provided with all suitable conveniences.

W A N T E D,

A steady man-servant, to attend on a melancholy gentleman, who has been advised by his physician to reside

side twelve months in the planet Mercury. Also a man-servant to attend on a gentleman of a flighty disposition, who is ordered to reside a few years in the planet Saturn.

W A N T E D,

By a physician, a Job Balloon, with a careful guide. The flight not to extend beyond the county of York.

W A N T E D,

A second-hand Balloon Gown, by an elderly clergyman.

W A N T E D,

By three young ladies, who lost their passage to India last Christmas, a Roomy Balloon, to set out for Jupiter early in the month of July.

W A N T E D,

During Lent, fifty thousand gallons of bowel air for inflating Balloons. Contractors for this article will be supplied with pease porridge *gratis*, by applying to the Balloon-Office in Coney-street.

ADVERTISEMENT

EXTRAORDINARY.

York and Saturn Balloon, in 90 days.

On the 2d day of August next an Air Balloon of a large dimension, to carry six passengers, will set out from the Saracen's-Head, for the planet Saturn.—Persons of a gloomy complexion will be accommodated with good places, by applying to the Balloon-Office in Coney-street.—The Balloon will call at the Moon to take in fresh phlogisticated air, but will not touch at any of the planets unless driven in by stress of weather. All letters and packets of a gloomy and desponding nature, will be faithfully delivered as soon as the Balloon arrives at her place of destination.

Performed by

OLIVER CROMWELL, and Co.

COPY of a GENUINE LETTER from a CANTAB at YORK, to his CHUM at CAMBRIDGE, dated January 1, 1786.

Dear Tom,

OUR old friend Soc having failed in his design of reforming Parliament, has most eccentrically re-

Just arrived by the last Saturn Balloon, a YOUNG ANIMAL. He has the head of a Fox, the body of a Pig, and the limbs of a Man. He was purchased in Saturn by the name of a COALITION CUB; and as it is remarkably mischievous, it is confined in an iron cage for the inspection of the curious. In a few weeks it will be sent to the Tower. Admittance one shilling.

NEWS EXTRAORDINARY.

We hear that at our next assizes it will be learnedly argued, "Whether a person can be arrested for debt during his actual residence in an Air Balloon." The public is much interested in this question, as it is well known that there are several Balloons now constructing for the use of some gentlemen to whom a personal absence may be convenient.

A gentleman of some eminence in the law has undertaken to prove that a marriage solemnized in the clouds is a good and valid marriage, and that the clergyman who officiates on the occasion is not liable to the pains and penalties of the law. This intelligence will cool the anvil of the Blacksmith of Gretna Green.

We hear that Mr. Pitt has declared his intention of making up the deficiency of the post-horse act by laying a heavy tax upon phlogisticated air; and particularly upon bowel air. But we are assured that Lord North, and the Members in opposition, are determined to burst sooner than permit the supplies to be raised from their bowels.

solved upon MELIORATING our planetary system, which, he says, has within these 20 years become extremely disordered. The sun, he tells us,

us, does not give half the heat he used to do; Venus shines too bright; Mars is too red; Saturn is too dark; the Moon is too pale; and the Georgium Sidus has come into the system as a spy. These, he says, are dreadful and alarming innovations, which, if not speedily corrected, will end in the extinction of the civil and religious liberties of our little planet, together with the annihilation of ripe cherries, peaches, nectarines, and all our summer fruits. To be convinced that these are not imaginary evils, our friend has engaged to give an ingenious chemist in this place the sum of two hundred pounds, who, on his part, has engaged to fill him with phlogisticated air to the size of Clifford's Tower; a size that will reduce his natural weight to nothing. In this phlogisticated state he proposes to ascend into unbounded space on the first day of April next, and of this ascension notice has been sent to all the Literati in Europe and America. Our friend entertains the most sanguine hopes of success, it being his determined resolution to raise his head above our humid atmosphere, in which

situation he has not a doubt of being able, with the naked eye, to discover the causes that, for some years past, have so banefully operated upon our most excellent system. His dress is to be a silk surtout of immense magnitude, for the weaving of which no less than two hundred artificers are employed. His habit is to be wove in stripes of various colours, in compliment to the States of America. He proposes to have only two attendants; the one is a confidential friend, and the other his cook, which last has engaged to victual him out for the sum of fifty pounds. Now, my dear Tom, how would you relish a beef stake broiled upon the face of the sun? or what do you think of a delicious draught of claret with the Man in the Moon? By all that's pleasant I envy our friend the voyage. *Soc* is a liquorish dog, and I dare say will have a smack at Venus as he passes by. Success attend him, and may he descend to be a blessing to his dear, distracted, and ruined country.

Adieu!

W. HONEYCOMBE.

REPRESENTATION *of the* CALAMITOUS STATE *of the* ENSLAVED NEGROES *in the* BRITISH DOMINIONS.

[Continued from our last, p. 134.]

DIVERS accounts have already appeared in print, declarative of the shocking wickedness with which this trade is carried on; these may not have fallen into the hands of some of our readers, we shall therefore, for their information, select a few of the most remarkable instances that we have met with, shewing the method by which the trade is commonly managed all along the African coast.

Francis Moor, factor to the African company, on the river Gambia, relates, 'That when the king of Bar-

' goods; which (says the author) the
' governor never fails to do: against
' the time the vessel arrives, the king
' plunders some of his enemies towns,
' selling the people for such goods as
' he wants.—If he is not at war with
' any neighbouring king, he falls
' upon one of his own towns, and
' makes bold to sell his own miserable
' subjects.'

N. Brue, in his account of the trade, &c. writes, 'That having received a quantity of goods, he wrote to the king of the country, that, if he had a sufficient number of slaves, he was ready to trade with him. This prince (says that author) as well as other Negroe monarchs, has

‘has always a sure way of supplying his deficiencies by selling his own subjects.—The king had recourse to this method, by seizing three hundred of his own people, and sent word to Brue, that he had the slaves ready to deliver for the goods.’

The misery and bloodshed, consequent to the slave-trade, is amply set forth by the following extracts of two voyages to the coast of Guinea for slaves. The first in a vessel from Liverpool, taken verbatim from the original manuscript of the surgeon’s journal, viz.

‘SESTRO, December the 29th, 1724. No trade to-day, though many traders come on board; they inform us, that the people are gone to war within land, and will bring prisoners enough in two or three days; in hopes of which we stay.

‘The 30th. No trade yet, but our traders came on board to-day, and informed us, the people had burnt four towns of their enemies, so that to-morrow we expect slaves off. Another large ship is come in: yesterday came in a large Londoner.

‘The 31st. Fair weather, but no trade yet: we see each night towns burning; but we hear the Sestromen are many of them killed by the inland Negroes, so that we fear this war will be unsuccessful.

‘The 2d January. Last night we saw a prodigious fire break out about eleven o’clock, and this morning see the town of Sestro burnt down to the ground, (it contained some hundreds of houses) so that we find their enemies are too hard for them at present, and consequently our trade spoiled here; so that about seven o’clock we weighed anchor, as did likewise the three other vessels, to proceed lower down.’

The second relation, also taken from the original manuscript journal of a person of credit, who went surgeon on the same account in a vessel from New-York to the coast of

Guinea, about nineteen years past, is as follows, viz.

‘Being on the coast at a place called Bafalia, the commander of the vessel, according to custom, sent a person on shore with a present to the king, acquainting him with his arrival, and letting him know they wanted a cargo of slaves. The king promised to furnish them with slaves; and in order to do it, set out to go to war against his enemies, designing also to surprize some town, and take all the people prisoners: some time after, the king sent them word, he had not yet met with the desired success, having been twice repulsed in attempting to break up two towns; but that he still hoped to procure a number of slaves for them; and in this design he persisted till he met his enemies in the field, where a battle was fought, which lasted three days; during which time the engagement was so bloody that four thousand five hundred men were slain on the spot.’ The person that wrote the account beheld the bodies as they lay on the field of battle. ‘Think (says he in his journal) what a pitiable sight it was, to see the widows weeping over their lost husbands, orphans deploring the loss of their fathers, &c. &c.

Those who are acquainted with the trade agree, that many Negroes on the sea-coast, who have been corrupted by their intercourse and converse with the European Factors, have learnt to stick at no act of cruelty for gain. These make it a practice to steal abundance of little Blacks of both sexes, when found on the roads or in the fields, where their parents keep them all day to watch the corn, &c. Some authors say, the Negroe Factors go six or seven hundred miles up the country with goods, bought from the Europeans, where markets of men are kept in the same manner as those of beasts with us. When the poor slaves, whether brought from far or

Y

near,

near, come to the sea-shore, they are stripped naked, and strictly examined by the European surgeons, both men and women, without the least distinction or modesty; those which are approved as good, are marked with a red-hot iron with the ship's mark; after which they are put on board the vessels, the men being shackled with irons two and two together. Reader, bring the matter home, and consider whether any situation in life can be more completely miserable than that of those distressed captives: when we reflect, that each individual of this number had some tender attachment which was broken by this cruel separation; some parent or wife, who had not an opportunity of mingling tears in a parting embrace; perhaps some infant or aged parent whom his labour was to feed and vigilance protect; themselves under the dreadful apprehension of an unknown perpetual slavery; pent up within the narrow confines of a vessel, sometimes six or seven hundred together, where they lie as close as possible. Under these complicated distresses they are often reduced to a state of desperation, wherein many have leaped into the sea, and have kept themselves under water till they were drowned; others have starved themselves to death, for the prevention whereof some masters of vessels have cut off the legs and arms of a number of those poor desperate creatures, to terrify the rest. Great numbers have also frequently been killed, and some deliberately put to death under the greatest torture, when they have attempted to rise, in order to free themselves from their present misery, and the slavery designed them. An instance of the last kind appears particularly in an account given by the master of a vessel, who brought a cargo of slaves to Barbadoes; indeed it appears so irreconcilable to the common dictates of humanity, that one would doubt the truth of it, had it not been related by a serious person of undoubted cre-

dit, who had it from the captain's own mouth. Upon an inquiry what had been the success of his voyage? he answered, 'That he had found it a difficult matter to set the Negroes a-fighting with each other, to procure the number he wanted; but that when he had obtained this end, and had got his vessel filled with slaves, a new difficulty arose from their refusal to take food; those desperate creatures choosing rather to die with hunger than to be carried from their native country.' Upon a farther inquiry, by what means he had prevailed upon them to forego this desperate resolution? he answered, 'That he obliged all the Negroes to come upon deck, where they persisted in their resolution of not taking food; he caused his sailors to lay hold upon one of the most obstinate, and chopt the poor creature into small pieces, forcing some of the others to eat a part of the mangled body; withal swearing to the survivors, that he would use them all, one after the other, in the same manner, if they did not consent to eat.' This horrid execution he applauded as a good act, it having had the desired effect in bringing them to take food.

A similar case is mentioned in Astley's Collection of Voyages, by John Atkins, surgeon on board Admiral Ogle's squadron, 'of one Hardin, master of a vessel, in which several of the men-slaves, and a woman-slave, had attempted to rise, in order to recover their liberty; some of whom the master, of his own authority, sentenced to cruel death; making them first eat the heart and liver of one of those he killed. The woman he hoisted by the thumbs; whipped and slashed with knives before the other slaves, till she died.'

As detestable and shocking as this may appear to such whose hearts are not yet hardened by the practice of that cruelty which the love of wealth, by

by degrees, introduceth into the human mind; it will not be strange to those who have been concerned or employed in the trade. Now here arises a necessary query to those who hold the balance and sword of justice; and who must account to God for the use they have made of it.

Since our English law is so truly valuable for its justice, how can they overlook these barbarous deaths of the unhappy Africans without trial, or due

proof of their being guilty of crimes adequate to their punishment? Why are those masters of vessels (who are often not the most tender and considerate of men) thus suffered to be the sovereign arbiters of the lives of the miserable Negroes; and allowed, with impunity, thus to destroy, may we not say, murder their fellow-creatures, and that by means so cruel as cannot be even related but with shame and horror?

[To be concluded in our next.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

Some friend to the rising generation not long since pointed out the utility that would naturally accrue from having some of the best speeches selected which have been delivered at various times in the Houses of Parliament, and handed down to posterity, as convincing proofs that oratory has flourished as much in the present age as at any remote period. In consequence of this hint, two volumes have made their appearance in the world, under the title of Beauties of the British Senate, from which work I have presumed to send something, as I judge it worthy to appear in your valuable Repository. Should my endeavours to oblige meet your approbation, I shall deem my time not misapplied, and occasionally continue the extracts. I remain

Your's, &c.

YORK, June 11, 1786.

W. R.

GENERAL BURGOYNE'S SPEECH—MAY 21, 1778.

I Here in my place, as a representative of the nation, require and demand a full and impartial inquiry into the causes of the miscarriage of the northern army, in an expedition from Canada.

It is a great national object. The crisis of the time emphatically requires it. The existence of the British empire depends upon the exertions of the military, and the best foundation for public spirit is public justice. In addition to the natural animation, which, as Britons, the army possess, place before their eyes that secondary spring and comptrroller of human actions, reward and punishment. Let the first and most glorious reward, the honest applause of the country, be obtained by a scrutiny into truth, for those who deserve it: on the contrary, if there has been delinquency; let the spirit of *Manlius* preside in the punishment.

"The hand of Fate is over us, and Heav'n
"Exact's severity from all our thoughts."

If there has been disobedience; if unauthorized by circumstances, if *uncompelled by orders*, (for I will never shrink from that plea) a General has rashly advanced upon an enemy, and engaged against insurmountable odds, the discipline of the State should strike, though it were a favourite son.

"*I, Licetor, deliga ad palum.*"

These, Sir, are the means to excite true ambition in your leaders; these are the means to keep them in due restraint; this was the system of the glorious patriot, Lord Chatham, whose obsequies ye now celebrate; and, could his ashes awaken, they would burst their cerements to support it.

As for myself, if I am guilty, I fear I am deeply guilty. An army lost! the sanguine expectation of the kingdom

kingdom disappointed! a foreign war caused, or the commencement of it accelerated! an effusion of as brave blood as ever run in British veins shed! and the several family distresses combined with public calamity! If this mass of miseries be, indeed, the consequence of my misconduct, vain will be the extenuation I can plead of my personal sufferings, fatigue and hardship, laborious days and sleepless nights, ill health and trying situations; poor and insufficient will be such atonement in the judgment of my country, or perhaps in the eyes of God—yet, with this dreadful alternative in view, I provoke a trial—give me inquiry—I put the interests that hang most emphatically by the heart-strings of man—my fortune—my honour—my head—I had almost said my salvation, upon the test.

But, Sir, it is a consolation to me to think that I shall be, even in surmise, the only culprit.—Whatever fate may attend the General who led the army to Saratoga, their behaviour at that memorable spot must entitle them to the thanks of their country. Sir, it was a calamitous, it was an awful, but it was an honourable hour. During the suspense of the answer from the General of the enemy, to the refusal made by me of complying with the ignominious conditions he had proposed, the countenance of the troops beggars description—a patient fortitude, a sort of stern resignation, that no pencil nor language can reach, sat on every brow. I am confident every breast was prepared to devote its last drop of blood, rather than suffer a precedent to stand upon the British annals of an ignoble surrender.

Sir, an important subject of inquiry still remains: The transactions at Cambridge, and the cause of the de-

tention of troops. If I there have been guilty, let me there also be the only sufferer.

Sir, there is a famous story in ancient history that bears some analogy to my circumstances; and when allusions tend to excite men's minds to exertions of virtue or policy, I shall never think them pedantic. This event happened when Roman virtue was at its height. It was that wherein Manlius devoted his son, and the first Decius devoted himself. A Roman army, shut up by the Samnites at Caudium, were obliged to surrender their arms, and to submit to the more ignominious condition of passing under the yoke of the enemy. The Consul who had commanded them, proposed, in the Senate, to break the treaty whereby the army was lost to the State, and to make him in person the expiation, by sending him bound to the enemy to suffer death at their hands. In one point of view the present case extremely differs from the example; because, by the treaty of Saratoga, the army was saved to the State. It is the non-compliance with public faith that alone can lose it—and here the parallel will hold. If I have been instrumental to the loss of those brave troops *since* the treaty, I am as culpable as if I had lost them *by* the treaty, and ought to be the sacrifice to redeem them.

Sir, this reference may appear vain glorious. It may be doubted whether there exists, in these times, public spirit seriously to emulate such examples. I perhaps should find myself unequal; but others who are most ready to judge me so, must at least give credit to one motive for stating the parallel—*That I am too conscious of innocence to apprehend there is the least risk of being exposed to the trial.*

AN ACCOUNT OF FREDERICK HOWARD, EARL OF CARLISLE.

THE present times have afforded so few examples of our nobility dedicating any of their time to letters, or attending to pursuits which

have any claim to the applause of the world, that it will excite no wonder we seize with alacrity an opportunity of celebrating one who has distinguished

guished himself as a follower of the muses; one who has a right to claim an honourable notice for his attention to, and proficiency in, literary acquisitions.

FREDRICK HOWARD, Earl of Carlisle, was born May 28, 1748, and succeeded his father in the title in the year 1758. His mother was Isabel*, daughter of William Lord Byron, a lady who is the author of some poetical performances. His Lordship received his education at Eton, and while there, celebrated some of his school-fellows in the following verses.

In youth, 'tis said, you easily may scan,
Strong stamp'd, the outlines of the future man.

This maxim true, how bright will St. John shine,
Form'd by the hand of all the tuneful nine?
If not to careless indolence a prey,
How will whole nations listen to his lay?

Say, will Fitzwilliams ever want a heart,
Chearful his ready blessings to impart?
Will not another's woe his bosom share,
The widow's sorrow, and the orphan's prayer?

Who aids the old, who soothes the mother's cry,
Who wipes the tear from off the virgin's eye?
Who feeds the hungry? who assists the lame?

All, all, re-echo with Fitzwilliams' name.
Thou know'st I hate to flatter, yet in thee
No fault, my friend, no single speck I see.
Nor, if alike my former maxims true,
Shall e'er ill-nature tinge thy heart, Buncleugh.

Shall deep remorse thy honest bosom tear,
Disdainful anger, or corroding care?
Shall e'er ambition dissipate that smile,
Disturb that heart so free from every guile?
Sooner shall Bute to Temple bend his knee,
And **** or *** pious Christians be.

How will my Fox, alone, by strength of parts,
Shake the loud senate, animate the hearts
Of fearful statesmen? while around you stand
Both Peers and Commons, listening your command;

While Tully's sense its weight to you affords,

His nervous sweetness shall adorn your words:

What praise to Pitt, to Townsend, e'er was due,

In future times, my Fox, shall wait on you.

Mild as the dew that whitens yonder plain,
Legge shines serenest midst our youthful train;

He whom the search of fame with rapture moves,

Disdains the pedant, tho' the muse he loves;
By nature form'd with modesty to please,
And join'd with wisdom unaffected ease.

Will e'er Ophally, consciously unjust,
Revoke his promise, or betray his trust?
What tho' perhaps with warmer zeal he'd hear

The echoing horn, the sportsman's hearty cheer,

Than godlike Homer's elevated song,
Loud as the torrent, as the billows strong;
Cast o'er this fault a friendly veil, you'll find

A friendly, social, and ingenuous mind.

Witness ye Naiades, and ye guardian powers

Who sit sublime on Henry's lofty towers;
Witness if e'er I saw thy open brow
Sunk in despair, or sadden'd into woe,
Well-natur'd Stavordale—The task is thine,
Foremost in pleasure's festive band to shine.
Say, wilt thou pass alone the midnight hour,
Studious the depth of Plato to explore?
To lighter subjects shall thy soul give way,
Nor heed what grave philosophers shall say?
The God of Mirth shall list thee in his train,
A chearful vot'ry and the foe of pain.

Whether I Storer sing in hours of joy,
When every look bespeaks the inward boy;
Or when no more mirth wantons in his breast,

And all the man appears in him confess;
In mirth, in sadness, sing him how I will,
Sense and good-nature must attend him still.

From Eton his Lordship went to King's College, Cambridge, and afterwards travelled abroad. During his travels, he was elected one of the Knights Companions of the Order of the Thistle, and was invested with the ensigns thereof February 27, 1768, at Turin, the King of Sardinia representing

* She wrote, amongst other things, some verses to Mrs. Greville on her Prayer to Indifference. See *Pearch's Collection of Poems*. It is remarkable, that the grandfather of the present Lord was also a poet, though not noticed in Mr. Walpole's *Catalogue of Noble Authors*. See *Gent. Mag.* Aug. 1739, verses entitled "The late Earl of C——'s Advice to his Son, the present Earl of C——e." Written a few hours before his death."

representing his Majesty on that occasion.

On the 13th of June 1777, his Lordship was sworn of the Privy Council, and at the same time appointed Treasurer of his Majesty's Household. In April 1778, he was named one of the Commissioners to treat, consult, and agree upon the means of quieting the disorders subsisting in certain of his Majesty's colonies, plantations, and provinces in North America. With the rest of the Commissioners he went to America; but the disposition of the colonies being adverse to a reconciliation, the object of his mission was defeated, and he returned without being able to render any service to his country. In November 1779, he became First Commissioner of Trade and Plantations; and in February 1780, was nominated Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; in which situation he remained until the change in the Ministry in 1782, when the Duke of Portland was appointed to succeed him.

Since this period his Lordship has been in opposition to the measures of the present Ministry, and has exerted himself in the House of Lords with considerable ability. If we are not

deceived in our conjectures, the time will come when he will stand one of the first in the political phalanx, and should he not hold some post under Government, will be a very formidable opponent to the Ministry.

His Lordship is the author of a small collection of poems, among which the story of Count Ugolino, from Dante, is the most excellent. He is also the author of a tragedy called "*The Father's Revenge*;" the plot of which is taken from Boccaccio, and may be found in Dryden's *Miscellanies*. It has also been employed twice on the theatre, once so early as 1592 by Robert Wilmot, in a tragedy called *Tancred and Gismunda*; and again by Mrs. Centlivre in *The Cruel Gift*; or, *The Father's Repentment*. We should have been glad to have given a farther account of this performance, which we had once the hasty pursuit of; but it being confined to a small circle of his Lordship's friends, and not published, we have not been able to procure a copy.

On the 22d of March 1770, his Lordship married Lady Carolina, second daughter of Granville Levison Gower, Earl Gower, by whom he has several children.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH.

[Continued from our last, p. 140.]

SEMIRA, fearful of disclosing her secret, which, if told, might be attended with the most disagreeable consequences, said, I am ignorant of all these things; but why dost thou make thyself uneasy by such useless inquiries? why dost thou perplex thyself with vain ideas, which agitate thy mind with fruitless desires, and trouble the sweetness of thy repose? Why wouldst thou, by culpable curiosity, foresee the design of the Gods, who alone know what will befall us, and who will fulfil, soon or late, our destiny according to their all-wise will?

Alas! replied Melida, I ask pardon of the Gods; but I cannot help wishing that our species might multiply like others. I am, indeed, ignorant how it can be done, that care is undoubtedly reserved for the Gods: but plants issue from their seed; animals increase by different means; I have observed all, I cannot want any thing more. Oh! could I but some day find little human creatures born in some such manner, what care would I take of them; how I should love them!—But let me leave these illusions, the Gods will take care of me. Oh! my mother, permit me only to

ask

ask you one question more, which shall be the last: I have not always been as I am now, I know it well; it is but by degrees that I am become tall like all the beings that surround me; I remember the time when I was no higher than a plant; I must have been still less; there must have been a time when I began to exist, the same as plants, birds, and other creatures: Tell me then, for you have certainly existed before me, tell me how, and in what place you did find me, and what happened with regard to me. If you will tell me that, perhaps I may be able to discover some trace, or—alas! I can hardly tell what it is—you might be able to tell me all.

In this manner did Melida torment her mother, by embarrassing her with a thousand questions. Thou afflictest me, my daughter, said Semira to her; thou afflictest me with thy strange discourses—I cannot tell thee how thou came. Finding myself alone, I prayed the Gods to grant me a companion, and one fine morning I found thee, quite little, under a rose tree behind the cot. But once more, too curious daughter, torment me not with thy foolish questions; cultivate our flowers, play with thy lambs, and neither irritate the Gods by thy curiosity, nor me by questions which I cannot answer; whilst thou givest thyself up to these strange thoughts, thou art no longer ingenious in amusing thyself, thou only renderest thyself miserable and me unhappy: thy grotto is now left imperfect, and thy plants neglected.

Thus it was, that Semira, overwhelmed with sorrow and ingratitude, lived in solitude with her daughter: but the Gods at length gave an ear to their intreaties, and determined to convert her grief into joy. Love charged himself with this prodigy. In the council of the Gods, who amongst them is more capable of rendering a young beauty happy?

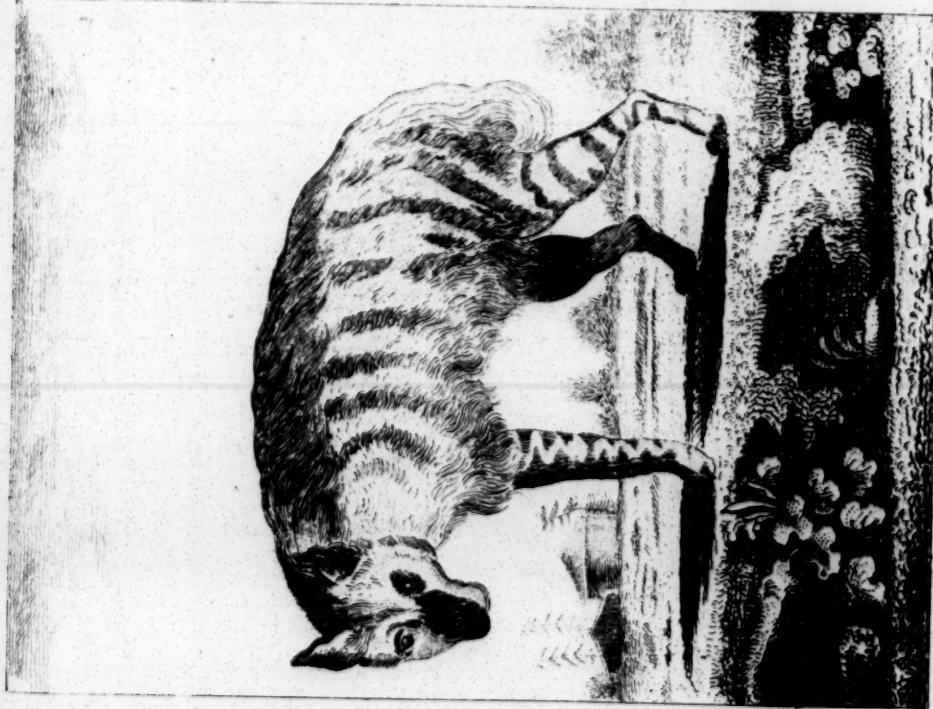
On firm land, opposite the island, dwelt a youth of a majestic figure; when he traversed the flowery meadows, or sauntered in the shady groves, one might have taken him for a God. His father had often related to him the calamities that his country had formerly undergone. Yonder thou seest that spot in the sea, said he to him, pointing to the island with his hand. He saw it from his cot, which was not far from the shore. Formerly a long piece of land was raised in the sea, like an arm extended; at the extremity of that land dwelt a faithful couple, Milon was the name of the husband, and Semira that of his wife. Excellent pastures extended from our bank, even to their cot, and numerous flocks grazed on each shore. A daughter, who, though but just born, was already a prodigy of grace and beauty, and was all their happiness and consolation: the women of the country came in crowds to contemplate her beauty; they brought her small presents, and blessed her happy mother. But suddenly there was a great overthrow; the remembrance of it alone strikes dread within me. In the middle of a dark night, a noise, a thousand times more shocking than that of thunder, filled all the country with consternation; the earth trembled from its very foundations; the tempestuous sea burst its bounds, and raised horrid bellowsings; accents of fear and desolation echoed from every part, notwithstanding the dismal veil of night. Never was the cause of that terrible event made known. Trembling and quivering with fear, every body flew to the fields—the rising sun shewed the vast ravages of the sea; the furious waves had overflowed the pastures, situated between this island and that island. It was not till the sun had darted his first rays upon the calm sea that we discovered that island: one of us, to whom the Gods had given a more piercing

piercing eye than the rest, thought, by the clearness of the day, that he saw Milon's hut, and trees around it. Perhaps he is now alive with his companion: perhaps Melida, (so his amiable daughter was called) condemned to sorrowful solitude, is the most accomplished beauty that ever mortal saw.

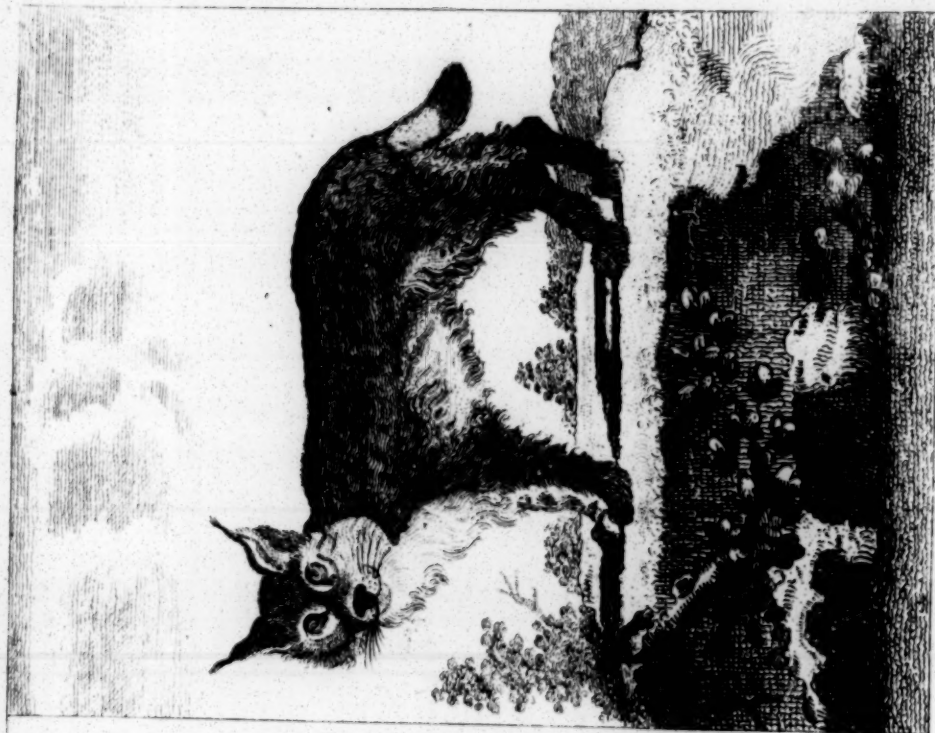
The recital of this adventure made so lively an impression upon the young man's mind, that, from that moment, he frequently repaired to the sea shore, to ruminate on the destiny of the inhabitants of that isle. The uniform sound of the tranquil sea having one day thrown him into a profound sleep, Love hovering over him, fanned him with his wings, that the mid-day heat might not awake him, and sent him a dream: he shewed him the banks of the island; little Loves were there fluttering under the sacred shades, their attitudes expressing sorrow—on the flowery turf, and on the waving branches of the grove, they sent forth incessant lamentations.—A young beauty, adorned with all the graces of love, and buried in profound reflections, advanced with slow steps from the bottom of a grove; she was solemnly wandering with her head bent downwards; a few of her golden tresses waved on her shoulders, the rest were negligently tied behind with a branch of myrtle—her beautiful face was covered with a ravishing paleness, like that of the rose, which decays upon a lilly-white bosom; the most lively desire wandered in her large blue eyes, ready to be extinguished. Thus was she walking, without feeling the sweet impressions of the zephyrs that wantoned around her, and without taking notice of the beautiful flowers which amorously twisted round her feet, and which, to excite her attention, exhaled the most agreeable perfumes. She perceived not the most tempting fruits—in vain did the trees that bore them invite her to relieve its branches, bent down by the weight of abun-

dance. She stopped on the bank of the sea, and mournfully casting her eyes upon the distant azure of the other shore, raised her snowy hands, and seemed to implore assistance.—The young man imagined he floated on the sea, and flew to the relief of this distressed maid; he thought that Love received him on the shady bank, and conducted this angelic form to his trembling arms. He saw little Loves wavering by their sides, encircling them with garlands, and, softly wantoning their wings, embalm them with the sweet perfume of flowers. The young man's heart palpitated; his burning cheeks resembled the carnation; his arms extended to press the beautiful object, met with no resistance, and caught but empty air. He at length awakes, yet remains a long time in delightful ecstasy. Gods! cried he, with faltering lips, where am I? What! has she escaped from my arms? Alas! I am here laid upon the bank, and that island is far distant from me! A dream, alas! a dream has deceived me, and rendered me for ever miserable.

From that day he made more frequent visits to the shore; absorbed in profound reflections, he walked upon the sand of the sea, and turned his eyes towards the opposite island. In the night-time, by the light of the moon, when all the country was in deep silence, and nothing could be heard but the beating of the waves, he went to the extremity of the shore, and listened whether there did not proceed some sounds from the island even to him. He frequently imagined he heard plaintive accents, and sometimes an agreeable voice, for the ardent imagination of lovers easily deceives them. He often shouted with a loud voice, and thought he was answered from a great distance; and, when a star appeared in the horizon beyond the island, he fancied he saw a light, or the glimmering of a fire. Perhaps, said he, she is sitting all alone, near the nocturnal flame of her hearth,



THE HYÆNA.



THE LYNX.

hearth, musing on her sorrowful fate, and sighing in vain on the loss of her youthful days, during the silent night. O winds! why have not I your wings? Hasten, ye winds! fly to that shore, and tell her that a miserable youth is languishing upon this bank. But what! said he frequently to himself, what is become of my reason? Wretch that I am! What is the object of my love? A dream, a vain phantom!—I was sleeping here, and my imagination traced to my view an image by far more beautiful than I have ever seen. I awoke; but Gods! that image disappeared not like a dream; it reigns o'er all

my soul, and is profoundly grown on my mind. Yet this dream, this phantom, which cannot perhaps be realized in the world, I love: it leads me incessantly to the bank, and nourishes in my heart a continual flame that torments me, alas! too actually. Ah! blush and recollect thy reason by what thou wert before; be easy and content; be assiduous and industrious at thy work. Go! laugh at thy folly! quit this bank! and thank the Gods that thou art not yet become the ridicule of all the country.

[To be continued.]

NATURAL HISTORY. N^o. IV.

[With an ENGRAVING of the HYÆNA and the LYNX.]

THE HYÆNA

IS an animal not well known to the Greeks and Latins. It resembles a wolf in many particulars, but it is more crafty, voracious, and cruel, and is particularly noted for opening graves and taking out dead bodies. It is nearly of the size of a wolf, but more hairy, and it has bristles on its neck, back, and head, like a hog. Authors have given a different account of their colours, for some would have them to be the same colour as a wolf, others of a bear, others of a gold colour, and others again affirm that they are variegated with blue stripes. It is certain, however, that there is a great resemblance between the wolf and hyæna, as well in size and verocity as in the craftiness with which they take their prey. The wolf attacks goats and sheep, but the hyæna, dogs and mankind. Some pretend that the hyæna can counterfeits the voice of men, and will call them out and devour them; but this is a fable.

Briffon would have the hyæna to be of a particular species, and says he is only met with in Africa; he is of the size and shape of a wolf, with short ears, and the whole body is co-

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vered with long dark-coloured or blackish hair. He has six incisive teeth in each jaw, four toes with nails on the fore feet, and five behind.—Linnaeus would have him to be of the dog kind, and calls him the dog with long erect hair on the neck.

THE LYNX, or WOLF-HART,

Has been supposed to be of the shape of a wolf, and the colour of a hart. Others have thought that it was engendered between a wolf and a leopard, which is a great mistake; for he is nothing like a wolf, and that in which he resembles a leopard and a hart is so common to many other animals, that it is very probable he has the name of wolf-hart because he pursues the harts in the same manner as a wolf does a sheep.

The muzzle of a lynx is not long and pointed like a wolf, but blunt and short like a cat; the length of his head is about seven inches, his neck four, and his body twenty-four inches, without including the tail, which is eight in length. His height, from the extremity of the fore feet to the top of the back, is twenty inches, and from the bottom of his hind feet to the upper part of his buttocks twenty-three.

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ty-three. He has five claws on the fore feet, and four on those behind. Each toe is armed with long, crooked, sharp claws, which are sometimes concealed like those of a cat. The back is of a reddish colour, spotted with black, and the belly and the inside of the thighs are of a grey ash colour, spotted likewise with black, but in a different manner; for the spots on the belly are larger, not quite so black, and more distant from each other than those on the back, legs, and paws, whose outsides are reddish. However, all the hair is of different colours; for the root is of a greyish brown, the middle red, or of an ash colour, and the ends white. But this whiteness at the ends takes up so small a part of the hair, that it is no hindrance from seeing the principal colour, which is that in the middle, and it only makes the surface of the body appear as if it was silvered over. However, the hair of which the spots consists has no white at the ends, and at the roots it is not quite so black as the other part. The dog-teeth, which are four in number, are two-thirds of an inch long in the upper jaw, but the two in the lower jaw are but half an inch. Between the dog-teeth in each jaw there are four incisors, and those above are longer than those below. He has ten grinders, four in the upper, and six in the lower jaw. The tongue is four inches and a half long, and one and a half broad. It is covered with prickles in the same manner as in a lion, and from the end of the tongue

to the middle they are very hard and sharp, and turned towards the foot; from thence to the root of the tongue they are turned the contrary way, and are more blunt and less hard. The ears resemble those of a cat, and on the top of each there is very small tuft of black hair, by which this animal may be distinguished from all others. The stomach is like that of a cat, and contains nothing singular, any more than the rest of the entrails. This creature in England is generally call'd the OUNCE, and it is to be met with in Italy and Germany, but those in Asia are of a much more beautiful colour. That described by Dr. Charlton is chiefly found in Persia, and is either the very same, or is extremely like the lynx, but it has no black spots.

The lynx of Brasil, called by the Portuguese ONZA, and by the natives JAGUARA, has a head, whiskers, ears, feet, and toes, like a cat. The claws are shaped like a half moon, and are extremely sharp; the eyes are grey, and shine like fire in the night, and the tail is long like that of a cat, in which it differs from the lynx. The whole body is covered with short yellowish hair, and has a great number of black spots elegantly disposed. It is a very cruel animal, and will attack both man and beast; however, it is afraid of fire, for which reason the natives, who often lie in the woods, kindle fires about them to keep this animal at a distance.

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

A HUMOROUS LETTER,

WRITTEN TO A CLERGYMAN BY A PRINTER,

*Who was a widower, with six children, under the feigned name of ELZEVIR. The design was to invite him and his company to supper, especially Miss Elizabeth Marshall, a beautiful girl of eighteen, with 3000*l.* fortune, who (her friend's house being full) was then lodged in the priest's study.*

SIR,

I am told there is a book which lies in your study in sheets, and all those who have seen it admire it

should continue so long unbound. I think it is called Marshall's Epithalamiums, or some such name; but lest I should be mistaken in the title, I'll describe

describe it to you as well as I can. It is a fine fair manuscript, written with black shining ink on the whitest and smoothest vellum that can be imagined, the strokes of the pen are so very nice and delicate as to discover it was directed by a masterly hand; and there is such a symmetry and proportion in all the parts of it, and the features (as I may term them) of each letter are so exact, as puts the reader to a stand in admiring the beauties of them. The book has an additional ornament which it did not want, the initial letters and all the margins are flourished with gold—but that which recommends it more is, that tho' written about eighteen years, yet, I am told, it is not the least sullied or stained, insomuch that one would think it was never yet turned over by any man; and indeed there is the most reason to believe it, the first leaves of it being yet unopened or untouched. The volume of itself does not appear to be of any great bulk, yet I have heard it valued at 3000l. It would, indeed, be a thousand pities

that so valuable a piece should ever be lost, and the surest way to prevent this is by increasing the copies of it; so that if the author will give his consent, and you be so kind as to licence it, I will immediately put it into the press. I have all tools necessary for the purpose, and a curious set of letters that never were used but in printing of one book, and of this there is only half a dozen in the whole impression; so that you must imagine they are not the worse for wearing. For my part I'll spare no cost or pains to embellish and adorn the work with the most natural and lively figures, and I shall not despair to make this edition appear as beautiful in the eyes of all men as the original is at present in mine, which, to tell you the truth, is so charming and fine, that methinks I could read it both by day and by night with pleasure. If therefore you will let me have the favour of your company this evening, and bring this incomparable piece along with you, it will much conduce to the happiness of, &c.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

By inserting the following epistle (which I met with thro' mere chance) in your next Magazine, you will oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

LORD LANSDOWN'S LETTER OF ADVICE TO HIS NEPHEW, ON HIS GOING INTO HOLY ORDERS.

DEAR NEPHEW,

I approve very well of your resolution of dedicating yourself to the service of God. You could not choose a better master, provided you have so sufficiently searched your heart and examin'd your reins as to be persuaded you can serve him well. In so doing, you may secure to yourself many blessings in this world, as well as sure hope in the next.

There is one thing which I perceive you have not yet thoroughly purged yourself from, which is FLATTERY. You have bestowed so

much of that upon me in your last letter, that I hope you have no more left, and that you meant it only to take your leave of such flights; which, however well-meant, oftener puts a man out of countenance than obliges him.

You are now to become a searcher after truth; and I shall hereafter take it more kindly to be justly reprov'd by you, than to be undeservedly complimented.

I would not have you misunderstand me, as if I recommended to you a sour PRESBYTERIAN severity;

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that

that is yet more to be avoided. Advice, like plying, must be so sweetened and prepared as to be made palatable, or nature may be apt to revolt against it.

Be always sincere, but at the same time always polite. Be humble, without descending from your character, and reprove and correct without offending good manners. To be a CYNIC is as bad as to be a Syco-phant. You are not to lay aside the Gentleman with the sword, nor put on the gown to hide your birth and good-breeding, but to adorn it.

Such has been the malice of the wicked, that pride, avarice, and ambition have been charged upon the clergy in all ages, in all countries, and equally in all religions.—What they are most obliged to combat against in their pulpits, they are most accused of encouraging in their conduct. Let YOUR example confirm your doctrine, and let no man ever have it in his power to reproach You with practising contrary to what you preach.

You had an uncle, the late DEAN of DURHAM, whose memory I shall ever revere. Make him your example. Sanctity sat so easy, so unaffected, and so graceful upon him, that in him we beheld the very BEAUTY of holiness. He was as chearful, as familiar, and condescending in his conversation, as he was strict, regular, and exemplary in his piety. As well-bred and accomplished as a COURTIER, and as reverend and venerable as an APOSTLE. He was indeed in every thing apostolical; for he abandoned

all to follow his Lord and Master. May You resemble him—may he revive in You! May his spirit descend upon you, as ELIJAH's upon ELISHA! And may the great God of Heaven, in guiding, directing, and strengthening your pious resolutions, pour down his best and choicest blessings upon you!

To the above I think some lines I lately observed in the papers, from Poems by W. Cowper, Esq; entitled, The Sketch of a Petit-Maitre Parson, would be no inapplicable supplement, as the author seems to have been inspired with the same pious fervour, and has clothed his sentiments in language equally warm and animated.

"I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and
whose life,

Coincident, exhibit lucid proof

That he is honest in the sacred cause—

To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
But loose in morals, and in manners vain;
In conversation frivolous; in dress
Extreme; at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in Park, with lady by his side,
Ambling, and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home; and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routes; familiar with a round
Of *Ladyships*;—a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold;—
And well prepar'd, by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity, and love o'th' world,
To make God's work a *sinicure*;—a slave
To his own pleasure—and his patron's pride,
From such Apostles, O ye Mitred Heads,
Preserve the Church!—and lay not careless
hands

On *sculls* that cannot teach, and will not
learn."

X. Y. Z.

A V I S I O N.

Sleeping upon my sofa, in the heat of the day, my imagination presented the following curious dream:

I conceived myself transported into a beautiful country; abounding with every thing the luxuriance of fancy could invent, or the heart desire.

A female met me, whose beautiful countenance and elegant manner instantly attracted my notice, and I bowed before her with awe and respect. She accosted me with the most affable and gentle condescension, which, notwithstanding the dignity of
her

her deportment, infused confidence into my soul, and those sweet sensations which arise from friendship—I regarded her with hope and expectation, and she relieved the pleasing anxiety of my mind by speaking.

“Stranger,” said she, “you are, I perceive, a new inhabitant of this isle. It is surrounded by a sea of sorrows, and though it exhibits, at first view, prospects the most enchanting, there are in it many dreary situations, many roads dangerous, rugged, and disagreeable. If you travel with me, your progress will be slow, but it will be sure, and you will escape many of those accidents and perils which daily befall the unwary passenger. This is the isle of *LIFE*; what beautiful gardens adorn it—how fragrant the flowers, how inviting the sweets it produces! but though they are pleasing to the eye, and grateful to the palate, many of them contain poisons destructive to the human frame.

“My name is *Consideration*, and if you follow my advice, I will direct your choice; and though my precepts are harsh, you will find they lead to peace.

“This magic wand, bespangled with eyes, is called *Reason*, the touch of it will enable you to discern every object as it is, not as it appears.

“In this phial is a cordial which never fails to revive the drooping spirits of suffering mortals; it is *Fortitude*, and without its aid you would faint and perish under the fatigue of travelling through this isle.”

I acknowledged the goodness of my fair friend, and promised to be guided by her wisdom and experience. She took me by the hand, and we walked forward to an amazing croud, where I was so jostled and pressed that I feared losing my conductress, nor was my alarm without cause, as she informed me that many who had agreed to accompany her had been so fascinated by the variety of appearances that she had lost their attention, and they hurrying forward with im-

patience, she could never overtake them, unless some difficulty or impediment arrested their career.

The crowd around me seemed all eagerness and hurry in the pursuit of a golden ball, which seemed to fly before them, and which each was endeavouring to lay hold of, but in vain.

This ball, so anxiously pursued, she told me was *Happiness*, and to catch it was the constant study of the inhabitants of the isle. “It is, said *Discretion*, the cause of their labour, the spring of their actions, the study of their minds. You and I will pursue it also, but I must direct the chase; for though you perceive the multitude taking different roads, in order the more speedily to come up to it, yet most of them mistake the right way, and will in a little time find themselves farther removed from the object of their pursuit.

“Behold, said she, those climbing up yonder hill—observe the trouble and fatigue they undergo; such of them as have a little of my cordial about them may reach the top, but they will not be able to grasp the ball; no, it will fly before them: that hill is the hill of *Ambition*, on the summit of which you see the ruins of *Disappointment*.

“Others running down that declivity will be also mistaken; notwithstanding the steepness of the descent, they are not satisfied with that which they consider so favourable to them, but behold with what eagerness they are unburthening themselves of every valuable about them, see how heedless they throw away their gold; yet they are defeating their own desires. *Happiness*, by the time they get to the bottom, will be so much above them as to be totally out of their reach, they are speeding fast to the horrid mansions of poverty and wretchedness, and if some of them do not fall dead upon the way, they will all look back with sorrow and contrition upon that wealth which they

they have so imprudently lavished in a vain pursuit.

"Now let us take the smooth and level road before us: by avoiding the hill of *Ambition* happiness will not be

below us—by shunning the decline to *Poverty*, it will not be above us; the level road is the only one by which it can be overtaken."

On this we went forward.

ON LIFE AND REPUTATION.

Non est vivere sed valere vita.

MART.

LIFE may not unaptly be compared to fire: it glimmers, it blazes, and again it glimmers. Childhood springs forward to maturity; maturity declines into age. To enjoy life, one would naturally suppose to be the general study; but what shall we think of the students, when so few of them attain their aim? That they are either wilfully blind or pitiably ignorant, and have not considered that "to enjoy is to obey."—The man whose life is one continued round of dissipation, can never be said to enjoy it. He, as every other, will have his moments of reflection, and all his misnamed pleasures will not compensate for the pangs of these.

The repiner has no enjoyment. He is ever dissatisfied—with himself as with all mankind. Possessed of an ample fortune, he enjoys it not; for his neighbour is more opulent than himself. Of this character, though the instances are numerous, none are entitled to pity; for "wherefore should a living man complain?" Seated in the midst of those blessings which the all-bounteous Creator has scattered with no sparing hand, to murmur were to blaspheme.

For the complete fruition of life there may be many requisites; but reputation, like another Aaron's rod, seems to comprise them all. Without reputation life would become burthenome indeed! With what stigma then shall I brand those who take a diabolical delight in destroying it? Shall I term them the pests of society, or own myself at a loss for a name expressive of their crime?

That there are persons who can so lace themselves in impairing a spotless character by a hint of disbelief,

or a shrug of suspicion, must surely be a painful reflection to every ingenuous mind. The man who listens with a greedy ear to aught that favours of scandal, and is studious to disperse the scoundrel tales that envy has midwived into being, has surely something diabolical in his composition; and I would as soon be connected with the devil as with his emissary. Yet I fear there are too many of this stamp; too many who place their prime felicity (Lucifer-like) in reducing others to a level with themselves, and need no other hell than they bear in their bosoms. These are harpies realised. Defilement is in their touch. With what a ravenous appetite do they fasten upon innocence! The pollution of purity is to them a feast; the propagation of calumny, their highest joy.

To enjoy life, I repeat it, we must enjoy a good name. Justly has the wise man said, "Its price is above rubies;" and well, therefore, might the poet say,

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;

"Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;

"But he who filches from me my good name,

"Robs me of that which not enriches him,
"And makes me poor indeed!"

Nothing ever struck me more forcibly in that school of morality, the plays of Shakspeare, than this sentence. I have repeated it ere now till I have fancied myself fired with the honest indignation of the poet, and exclaiming,

With loss of reputation, life should close:
Close then, O life! ere reputation flee.

To maintain his reputation inviolate should certainly be the study of every man, till death gives him to live indeed!

TO

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

In my country perambulation a few days ago, I met with the following Notice, which was pasted upon the church door of a village called Acomb, near York. I took it down literatim, and if you deem it worthy of occupying a place in your Magazine, it is at your service. Your's, &c. T.

A LIST of the MELISHAH for the township of KNAPTON.

William burton

Matthey gill

Steven fowler

John taylor

Richard gowland

Biglin tateson

John hartley

Henry blackburn

John slater

John burton

John prat

All parsons who shall think themselves aggrieved may Then appeal at Mr
 waud on castle hill
 January twenty Eight

THE MISER'S LEGACY.

PAULLINO, finding himself bowed down with age, and ready to sink into the grave, condescends to make his will.—“I give and bequeath,” says he—and at the word *bequeath* he sighs—“I give and bequeath all my estates unto my son Charles.”—*And your cash, Sir?*—“My cash!—What that too? Well, my cash, since it must be so, I give

and bequeath unto my son Henry.”—And a tear dropped down.—*Then, Sir, your house, your furniture, your—*“Hold, my friend, hold! My house, my furniture, I cannot dispose of!”—Paullino would have added his reasons for it; but it was too late.—Already was his breath gone—already was he in the land of spirits.

A N E C D O T E S.

AN honest baker having, by his close and anxious application to business in the day-time, and a very constant attendance at the ale-house at night, contracted a distemper best understood by the name of the *Hyp*, or *Horrors*, was so very miserable that he had made two attempts upon his own life; at length, by the persuasion of his friends, he applied to a Physician in the neighbourhood for advice. The Doctor (I suppose a Quack, by the low fee which he demanded) told him he would cure him in a month if he would follow his directions; but he expected, in the mean-time, a new quartern loaf whenever he should send for it. In return

for the first quartern loaf he sent him a box of pills, with directions to the baker to take three of them at six o'clock in the morning fasting, after which he was to walk four miles; to take the same number at six in the evening, and to walk the like number of miles; to repeat the same number of pills at eight o'clock at night, and to work them off with a pint of ale or small beer without a pipe or any supper. The baker kept his word with the Doctor, and the Doctor kept his with the patient, for at the end of the month the honest fellow was in as good health, and enjoyed as high spirits as when he was a boy.—The cheapness of his cure induced the baker to inquire

inquire of his Doctor by what wonderful medicine so speedy and perfect a cure had been effected: the Doctor (which is another proof of his not being regularly bred) told him the pills were made of his own loaf covered

with gold leaf; and added, if he would take the same medicine, and follow the same directions, in case he should ever again be attacked with the like disorder, he might be sure of as speedy and effectual a cure.

A N O T H E R.

ON Holy Thursday the churchwardens and charity children of the several parishes in London made their review of the boundaries of each parish, according to annual custom. Nothing remarkable occurred,

unless in Broad-street parish, where a building called the *Excise Office* appeared to have extended itself so far that the overseer and churchwardens declared it *had no bounds!*

A N O T H E R.

WHEN the statue of his present Majesty was first placed in the Royal Exchange, the Scotch were highly pleased, as it seemed almost to front the walk of their countrymen, and to look towards them, and address them. An Englishman perceiving the Scots so highly delighted, told them that the King seemed to smile upon them very graciously—And what for not? said a Caledonian, we are aw his best freends, Sir!—This reply was accompanied with a

grin of applause from the whole company. The Englishman said he should not now dispute the attachment of Scotchmen to his Majesty, but he begged leave to ask a short question—Ay, Sir, what's thot? If King George I. and George II. had met with no better friends than Scotsmen, whether the statue of George III. would have found a place in the Royal Exchange, or any where else? Geud troth, said the Scot, you ask sike questions as ne honest mon can answer.

THE FOLLY OF RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

THE Jews in Constantinople had once a violent altercation with some Mussulmans concerning Paradise; the former insisting, that they alone, on their departure from this world, would be admitted into it.—“If this is your maxim, what is to become of us?” demanded the Turks. The Jews, being afraid to say that their antagonists would be utterly excluded from heaven, replied, “Why, you will be placed at the outside of the walls, and will have the pleasure of viewing us.”

The merits of this singular dispute at length reached the ears of the

Grand Vizir, who, as he only waited for a pretext to exact fresh contributions from the Jews, declared, “Since this *canaille* think proper to shut the gates of Paradise against us, it is but just that they should supply us with pavillions, in order to shelter us from the injuries of the weather.” He accordingly levied, besides what they had hitherto paid, an additional tax from the Jews, and *that* avowedly for the purpose of furnishing pavillions for the Grand Signor in the other world. A tax with which this tribe of stiff-necked Anti-Christians are faddled in Turkey to this day!

P O E T R Y.

P O E T R Y.

ODE for his MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY.

[Written by the Rev. WM. WARTON,
Poet Laureat.]

WHEN Freedom nurs'd her native fire
In ancient Greece, and rul'd the
lyre;
Her bards, disdainful, from the tyrant's brow
The tinsel gifts of Flattery tore;
But paid to guiltless power their willing vow:
And to the throne of virtuous kings,
Tempering the tone of their vindictive strings,
From Truth's unprostituted store
The fragrant wreath of Gratulation bore.
'Twas thus Alceus smote the manly chord;
And Pindar on the Persian Lord
His notes of indignation hurl'd,
And spurn'd the Minstrel-Slaves of Eastern
fway,
From trembling Thebes extorting conscious
Shame;
But o'er the Diadem, by Freedom's flame
Illum'd, the banner of Renown unroll'd:
Thus to his Hiero decreed,
'Mongst the bold chieftains of the Pythian
game,
The brightest verdure of Castalia's bay;
And gave an ampler meed
Of Pisan Palms, than in the Field of Fame
Were wont to crown the Car's victorious
speed:
And hail'd his scepter'd champion's patriot
zeal,
Who mix'd the Monarch's with the People's
weal;
From civil plans who claim'd applause,
And train'd obedient realms to Spartan laws.
And he, sweet master of the Doric oar,
Theocritus, forsook a while
The graces of his pastoral isle;
The lowing vale, the bleating cote,
The clusters on the sunny steep,
And Pan's own umbrage, dark and deep,
The caverns hung with ivy-twine,
The cliffs that wave with oak and pine,
And Etna's hoar romantic pile;
And caught the bold Homeric note,
In stately sounds exalting high
The reign of bounteous Ptolemy:
Like the plenty-teeming tide
Of his own Nile's redundant flood,
O'er the cheer'd Nations, far and wide,
Diffusing opulence and public good:
While in the rich warbled lays
Was blended Berenice's name,
Pattern fair of female fame;
Softning with domestic life
Imperial Splendor's dazzling rays,
The Queen, the Mother, and the Wife!

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To deck with honour due this festal day,
O, for a strain from those sublimer Bards!
Who free to grant, yet fearless to refuse
Their awful suffrage, with impartial aim
Invok'd the jealous Panegyric muse:
Nor, but to genuine Worth's severer claim
Their proud distinction deign'd to pay,
Stern arbiters of Glory's bright award!
For peerless Bards like these alone,
The Bards of Greece, might best adorn,
With seemly song, the Monarch's natal
morn;
Who, throng'd in the magnificence of Peace,
Rivals their richest regal theme;
Who rules a people like their own,
In arms, in polish'd arts supreme;
Who bids his Britain vie with Greece.

On S P R I N G.

WELCOME, soft Spring, thou season of
delight!
Ye Zephyrs, welcome to the flow'ry grove!
Where op'ning blossoms charm th' en-
raptur'd sight,
And creeping tendrils form the green al-
cove.
The meads, long hid beneath the drifted
snow,
Now vestments of a milder season grace;
And Flora's od'rous gifts promiscuous blow,
And wait their fragrance through the ver-
dant space.
Enchanting scene! Now from the airy height
The eye all Nature's lavish bounty sees;
Myriads of beauties rush upon the sight,
Yet still succeeding beauties crowd to
please.
The variegated field, profusely gay,
The wood, wide-waving, catch the eager
gaze;
Or, near the margin of the slumb'ring sea,
A moss-clad rock its pond'rous head dis-
plays.
The plowman blithely turns the fertile soil,
Aurora's meek-ey'd dawn his task renews;
The yellow harvest crowns his useful toil,
And plenty from her horn her blessings
strews.
From busy throngs the pensive angler strays,
And slyly on the stream's edge takes his
stand;
The fraudulent hook upon the surface lays,
And drags the flutt'ring tenant to the
land.
In bloom of health, as Dian chaste and fair,
In beauty such as love-sick bards define,
The rosy milk-maid, with industrious care,
Receives the milky favours of her kine.

A a Beneath

Beneath her cow in artless strains she sings,
 Her theme the kindness of some village-
 swain;
 That swain o'erhears, and from his covert
 springs,
 Falls at her feet, and tells her all his pain.
 With modest extasy she hears him sigh,
 Not vainly conscious of her conqu'ring
 charms;
 She willing joins in the connubial tye,
 And blushing folds him in her virgin arms.
 The youthful group, now gather'd on the
 green,
 In emulation strive who first shall pay
 The flow'ry off'ring to their maiden queen,
 The sov'reign mistress of delightful May.

THO. WINDSOR, Corporal in
 the 23d Regiment of Foot.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

To a ROSE.—EXTEMPORE.

GO, lovely Rose, and grace my CELIA'S
 breast—
 There shed, in fragrant odours, sweet per-
 fume!
 Tell her, "her swain would be completely
 blest,
 Might he (O heav'nly transport!) fill thy
 room."
 Rotherham. DAMON.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

To CELIA,
 On VALENTINE'S DAY.

'TIS on this day, as ancient bards relate,
 Each feather'd songster chooses out a
 mate;
 Whilst youthful swains, whom softer pas-
 sions move,
 In lays poetic breathe the flame of love.
 The tender tear, which Pity bids to flow;
 The tender heart, which melts at others woe;
 The heaving sigh, which Sympathy express,
 Secur'd a place for thee in Damon's breast.
 Let scepter'd Chiefs for empires idly toil,
 Theirs be th' result of rapine, war, and spoil;
 I, with contempt, their fancy'd honours see,
 Content, if Heav'n bestow a *Cot* and *Thee*.
 With anxious hope thy Damon waits the
 hour
 When adverse Fate shall blast his wish no
 more;
 When he shall lead his Fair to Hymen's
 shrine,
 And join in ONE the WIFE and VALEN-
 TINE.
 Rotherham. DAMON.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.
 A CHURCH-YARD THOUGHT.

[By the late Rev. R. CAPSTICK.]

WITH sacred awe this ground I tread,
 The silent mansion of the dead!
 The sleepers here once drew their breath,
 Though now the prisoners of death;
 And I, of health and life possess,
 Must shortly sleep among the rest.
 How many suns are yet to rise
 Before cold Death shall seal my eyes
 I cannot tell—ere this be o'er,
 My pulse, perhaps, may heave no more!
 If so uncertain is my fate,
 My life so frail, so short my date;
 If I must straight resign my breath,
 And walk the downward road of Death,
 What should I do?—"Repent to-day"—
 A voice within me seems to say.

A CURIOUS EPITAPH.

Here cool the *ashes* of
 MULCIBER GRIM,
 Late of this parish, *Blacksmith*.
 He was born in *Seacole lane*
 And bred at *Hammer-smith*.
 From his youth upwards, he was much
 addicted to *vices*,
 And was often guilty of *forgery*.
 Having some talents for *irony*,
 He thereby produced many *beats* in his
 neighbourhood,
 Which he usually increased by
blowing up the coals:
 This rendered him so unpopular,
 That
 When he found it necessary to adopt
cooling measures,
 His conduct was generally accompanied with
 a *biss*.
 Tho' he sometimes proved a *warm* friend,
 Yet, where his interest was concerned,
 He made it a constant rule to
strike while the iron was hot,
 Regardless of the injury he might do thereby;
 And when he had any matter of moment
 upon the *anvil*,
 He seldom failed to
turn it to his own advantage.
 Among numberless instances that might be
 given of the cruelty of his disposition,
 It need only be mentioned that he was the
 means of *hanging* many of the
 innocent family of the *Bells*,
 Under the idle pretence of keeping them
 from *jangling*;
 and put great numbers of the *Hearts of Steel*
 into the *hottest flames*,
 Merely (as he declared) to *soften* the
 obduracy of their *temper*s.

At length, after passing a long life in the
commission of these *black actions*,
His fire being exhausted, and his bellows
worn out,
He fled off to that place
where only the *fermid odeal* of his own *forge*
can be exceeded;
Declaring with his last puff,
That
"Man is born to trouble, as the
sparks fly upwards!"

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

The MISER.

"I'M robb'd! I'm murder'd! I'm undone!
"I'll cut my throat! I'll hang! I'll
drown!"
Thus with a wild despairing look,
A Miser to his neighbour spoke:
"The matter, Sir? "Some thief has found
"Where, deep conceal'd within the ground,
"I kept my dear, dear golden treasure,
"And made a vile burglarious seizure,
"Leaving—(sad villain!)—in the hole
"A t—d in room of what he stole."
The neighbour with a smile replies,
"Have patience, GRIPO, and be wise;
"What you have lost was, on my word,
"To you as usefess as a t—d;
"Imagine THAT your golden store,
"You'll be as rich as heretofore."

"I own the truth of what you say,
"But then—(curst thought!)—another may
"Grow richer, and perchance more blest,
"Tis *that* corrodes and gnaws my breast;
"What can I do!—Depriv'd of hope!—
"For Heav'n's sake, Sir, lend me a rope."

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

On seeing the SCHOOLMASTER of W—bl—t—n
playing at TAW with the BOYS on the Sab-
bath-Day.

DEAR Sir, by accident I saw
You playing with the boys at taw;
When, as your time had else been void,
You might have been much worse employ'd.
'Tis a jejune and harmless play
For Scholars on a Holiday;
Who may on SUNDAYS too be brought
(By MASTERS good example taught)
To play at taw, and thereby lurch
From evil company and CHURCH.
But some men probably will say
That SCHOOLMASTERS should never play;
That if the TEACHER loves his game,
The SCHOLAR too will do the same.
Such prohibition, Sir, I fear,
Would seem ill-natur'd and severe;
For nothing's to a boy so hard
As from his play to be debarr'd.

SPECTATOR.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

HOUSE of LORDS.

June 14.

UPON the second reading of the bill to
prevent frivolous law-suits in the ec-
clesiastical courts, and for the easier recovery
of small tithes, the Bishop of Bangor and
the Archbishop of Canterbury urged many
forcible objections; on which the bill was
rejected.

June 15. Passed the expiring laws bill—
the tobacco bill—the starch duty bill—the
Middlesex house of correction bill, and
several others.

June 16. Lord Sydney delivered a message
from his Majesty, signifying "his Majesty's
most gracious intentions of making the re-
venues of the woods, lands, and forests be-
longing to the crown as beneficial and pro-
ductive to the public as possible."

Lord Sydney moved an address of thanks,
which was agreed to.

June 17. Passed the East-India judicature
bill, with some others.

June 22. Passed the militia bill with
amendments.—Adjourned.

June 23. Went thro' the wine duty bill,
with amendments.

HOUSE of COMMONS.

May 30. The Lord Advocate of Scotland
moved for leave to withdraw the petition
complaining of an undue election for Kirk-
wall; which was agreed to.

Passed the perfumery and hair-powder bill
duty; the bill for encouraging the growth of
hemp and flax; and the bill for laying a duty
on deals and battens.—Ordered to the Lords.

May 31. John Christian, Esq; was de-
clared duly elected for Carlisle.

Mr. Gilbert presented his bill for the bet-
ter regulation of charitable institutions, which
was read a first time, and ordered to be
printed.

Mr. Pitt proposed a national lottery, and
moved a resolution to that effect; which was
agreed to.

Resolved, "That, towards making good
the supply, 340,810l. 4s. 6d. be applied,
remaining of money granted for the use of
the land forces in 1784.—That 100,508l.
13s. 1½d. be applied of the imprest and
other

A a 2

other monies remaining for the disposition of Parliament.—And that 65,575l. 4s. 1½d. being the amount of the army savings, be applied towards defraying the extraordinary expences of the army."

The committee on the wine bill went thro' the different clauses; tho' several were opposed, yet they passed without a division.

June 1. Agreed to the report of the resolutions for a lottery.

The House entered upon the conduct of Mr. Hastings respecting the Rohilla war, in which transaction he was accused of high crimes and misdemeanors.

June 2. In a committee of supply, voted 45,000l. for erecting the ordnance fortifications.—59,781l. be granted towards completing and improving the old works at Portsmouth and Plymouth.

The House resumed the business of Mr. Hastings. After a long debate, there appeared a majority of 52 in favour of his conduct in the Rohilla war.

June 7. Passed the South whale-fishery and the occasional voters bill.

The report of the committee of supply, in which 50,000l. had been voted for fortifications, was brought up, read, and agreed to.

June 9. Read a third time the wine duty bill, with some alterations, and passed.

June 12. Agreed to the report of the resolutions on the supply; also to the resolutions on the affairs of the East-India company, and ordered in a bill.

Passed the militia bill.

Resolved, in a committee of supply, That an additional duty of 6s. be levied on every barrel of sweets made for sale.—That the said duties be subject to the duties of 5l. per cent. 5l. per cent. and 5l. per cent. pursuant to three acts of his Majesty, under the management of the commissioners of custom and excise.

In a committee of supply, voted two millions to his Majesty for paying off and discharging exchequer bills.

June 13. The order of the day was moved for proceeding on the charges against Mr.

Hastings.—After a full and impartial survey, by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, (tho' many others tritely delivered their sentiments) there appeared a majority of 39 for "impeaching Mr. Hastings of being guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors in his conduct to the Rajah of Benares."

June 15. Passed the lottery bill—the New-castle church bill—and Duffield inclosure bill.

June 16. Mr. Pitt presented a message from his Majesty, similar to that presented by Lord Sydney in the House of Peers.

Mr. Sawbridge's annual motion for shortening the duration of Parliament was negatived by a majority of 33.

Mr. Philips moved several resolutions to prevent the fraudulent exportation of wool, which were agreed to.

Mr. Beaufoy moved several resolutions respecting the British fisheries, which were agreed to.

June 18. The King's message relative to the crown lands being read,

Mr. Pitt moved for leave to bring in a bill for appointing commissioners to inquire into the state and extent of the crown lands, and make a report to his Majesty, and to both Houses. Agreed to without debate.

June 20. Mr. Gilbert reported the resolutions of the committee on ways and means; which were all agreed to.

June 21. Mr. Hamilton's motion for a call of the House on this day fortnight, to inquire into the impeachments against Mr. Hastings, being rejected, the committee immediately proceeded to the examination of Mr. Williams and Mr. Middleton.

June 22. Passed the exchequer fees bill.—The bill for appointing commissioners to inquire into the fees and emoluments of certain public offices, and the bill for continuing American commissioners, were reported, and ordered to be engrossed.

June 23. Agreed to the amendments made by the Lords to the militia bill.

Read a third time Earl Stanhope's bill for regulating county elections.

MONTHLY OCCURRENCES.

LONDON, *June 1.*

A Letter from Vienna, dated May 8, says, "The order of the Franciscan friars has been suppressed, and their monastery turned into a school for the education of the children of soldiers in garrison at Brunn.

A calculation has been made, by the Emperor's order, of all the cloisters of both sexes in his Austrian dominions; they amount to 2000, and reckoning 30 persons

in each, the number of his subjects thus buried from the world is 60,000, who consume annually eighteen millions of florins; a sum which the Emperor is determined to put to better purposes by the suppression of all those houses.

June 4. The following is the final decree of the Parliament of Paris on Wednesday last, on the famous affair of the necklace, received from Paris by express:—Monsieur le Cardinal, acquitted and discharged.—Madame de la

la Motte to be whipped, branded on the shoulders, and imprisoned for life.—Made-moiselle d'Oliva, banished from court.—Count Cagliostro, acquitted and discharged. Villette, perpetual banishment from the kingdom.—Le Memorie Madame de la Motte, suppressed, as containing false calumnies.

A letter from Boulogne, dated May 28, says, "Yesterday the murderer of Mr. Martin, attorney, was broke on the wheel. The unhappy culprit, after a short confession, received absolution from a priest, and was placed naked on the wheel; holes were made in it for his legs and arms. He was then broke in 11 parts, and remained for a considerable time in that state, before he received the *coup de grace*. His unhappy family, according to custom, are for ever disgraced; they lived in great affluence. One of his sisters died with grief, and a brother of his is gone mad.

"So great is the disgrace attending the fixing even of the apparatus for this horrid scene, that it was difficult to find a carpenter who would erect the scaffold, &c. and the one that performed the work did it so reluctantly that a sentinel stood over him the whole time with a drawn sword. It is forty-eight years since a criminal expired on the wheel in this city before the melancholy instance above-mentioned."

June 6. By the last letters from the Leeward Islands there are now on their passage upwards of 150 sail of ships with new sugars for London, Liverpool, and Bristol.

June 8. Margate and Scarborough are the places which the Prince of Wales has fixed on visiting this summer, two of the nobility having offered his Highness their country seats in the neighbourhood of those places for his accommodation.

June 10. Among the many plans for paying the national debt, the following has been proposed: a greater interest is to be paid during the lives of such holders as approve of it, according to their age, and the capital to be sunk at their decease: twenty millions so purchased, at 70 per cent. interest paid for it, an average would, in the space of twenty years, be thus paid off. The extra-interest would be 660,000*l.* which is to be paid out of the sinking fund. This is supposed to be a speedier way of liquidating the national debts, than buying in the stock wholly.

To such an unhappy degree of infidelity is the present age arrived to, that it is a lamentable fact, there is but *one Christian* in the whole House of Commons.

June 13. A letter from Gibraltar, dated May 20, says "The Spaniards gave all possible encouragement to the island of Minorca since their being repossessed of it, and continue the plan of commerce heretofore

laid down. In order also to encourage the cultivation of silk, the King of Spain has issued an edict, exempting all persons employed in it from every kind of stationary tax for three years to come."

A plan, we are informed, has been drawn up by a distinguished commoner for the relief of the army, the pay of which is now exactly the same as at the revolution, the time when it was fixed, and when it would do no more than find the mere necessities of life, which, by the great decrease of the value of money, it will not at this present time procure.

June 14. In consequence of his Majesty's commands, a new uniform has been made for the general officers in the army. It consists of a scarlet coat lined with white, with blue cuffs, richly adorned with a plain broad gold lace. The waistcoat and breeches white cloth, and the buttons marked with a truncheon across a sword. The general officers appeared in this dress, for the first time, on the King's birth-day.

June 15. By letters from on board the Polly merchantman, Capt. Spelling, just arrived at Barbadoes from the Gold Coast, we learn that the French have lately made a treaty with Ally Cowrie, the African King, for purchasing of slaves and elephants teeth, by which the English are in a manner precluded those branches of commerce.

June 16. We are assured that the plan of manning the royal navy, lately drawn up by Earl Ferrers, has been approved of by the board of admiralty, and will be adopted in case of a future war; by which the barbarous custom of *pressing*, which has long been a disgrace to this free country, will be entirely abolished.

The Duke of Northumberland gets both the blue ribbands and the lieutenancy of his father.

June 18. The cabinet, it is said, have come to a determination to propose to the commons an additional grant of 30,000*l.* per annum to the Prince of Wales; his present establishment being greatly inadequate to the support of his elevated situation.

June 19. This day came on in the Court of Common Pleas, before Lord Loughborough and a special jury the trial of the important action brought by Mr. Fox against Mr. Corbett, the High Bailiff of Westminster, for maliciously withholding a return, after a clear majority of incontestible votes appeared on the poll in favour of Mr. Fox. The trial lasted from noon till nine o'clock in the evening, and in the course of the evidence and pleadings the whole of the late violent party struggle was revived. The counsel for Mr. Fox, who were Mr. Erskine, Mr. Pigott, Mr. Philips, Mr. Garrow, and Mr. Adair, after opening the case, which

the latter did with a maiden speech, called Mr. Cocker and Mr. O'Brien as witnesses to prove the facts laid in the indictment, that Mr. Corbett refused to make a return agreeable to the duty of his office, and as the statute directed. Mr. Mingay, Mr. Serjeant Walker, and Mr. Wood, were on the part of the defendant; the former strongly argued against the case as laid by the plaintiff, and brought Mr. Grojan to prove that it was impossible for Mr. Corbett to make any other return than that which he did, consistent with the oath which he had taken, as it was impossible for him to decide who had the majority of legal votes. Mr. Erskine made a most able reply, after which the court summed up the evidence and gave the charge with great candour and accuracy. The jury retired for about forty minutes, and returned a verdict for the plaintiff with 2000*l.* damages.

The sum of money given by the verdict of the jury, Mr. Fox declared he should distribute among the charities of Westminster.

June 20. This day Major Scott waited upon one of the Secretaries of State, and delivered, to be presented to his Majesty, a diamond, thought to be one of the largest and finest in the world: this most valuable gem is said to be a present transmitted through Mr. Hastings to the King, from the Nizam of the Decan, at Wednesday's levee, where Mr. Hastings attended on the occasion.

One of the first jewellers in London, we are informed, has given it as his opinion, that the diamond presented to his Majesty, from the Nizam of the Decan, is very little inferior in value to the principal diamond in the King of France's possession.

June 23. The following is said to be a correct list of the Royal waste lands which it is proposed to bring speedily into a state of cultivation:—1. New Forest.—2. Dean. 3. Epping. 4. Sherwood. 5. Salcey. 6. Whichwood. 7. Witterbury. 8. Richmond (Yorkshire). 9. Rockingham. 10. Bradou. 11. Selwood. 12. Charnwood. 13. Leicester. 14. Pickering. 15. Needwood. 16. Wiersdale and Rowland. 17. Delamerer.

June 26. We may almost at a certainty say, that Parliament will be prorogued by the 11th or 13th of next month.

June 27. The musical festival in Westminster-Abbey have this year realized ten thousand guineas.

The musical fund has the prospect of being the richest in England. It holds out temptations for every man to turn fiddler, since the provision they will be able to make for their decayed brethren, and for their wives and families, is infinitely superior to the annuities which the State grants to the widows of officers, who bled in the service

of their country, or to the half pay which it gives to the men who, with broken constitutions, or with only half their limbs, are deprived of every enjoyment, and almost of every function but appetite. Does not this hold out to the rising race a bounty if they will *degenerate*?

The hair hanging down the back in curling tresses is now the *ton* among the ladies, but to those who venture among the woods and *scrubberies*, we would only say, beware of the fate of *Abshalom*.

Y O R K, June 4.

THIS day being the anniversary of his Majesty's birth-day, when he entered into the 4th year of his age, it was observed here by ringing of bells, &c. and on Monday the First Regiment of Dragoon Guards were drawn up in Blakestreet, where they fired three excellent volleys; after which they were marched upon the city walls, and fired a *feu de joye* in honour of the day.—The Right Hon. Thomas Smith, Lord Mayor, provided a most elegant entertainment upon the occasion at the mansion-house, at which the officers of the above corps, and the principal gentlemen in town were present.—In the evening the mansion-house was splendidly illuminated.

June 6. Thomas Lumb, Esq; has paid into the bank of Mess. Crompton and Co. 20*l.* being a benefaction to the Lunatic Asylum.

June 12. At a meeting lately held at Huddersfield, in this county, a number of respectable persons formed themselves into a society for promoting a reformation of manners, agreeably to the recommendation and plan of the Justices assembled at the last general quarter-sessions of the peace held at Pontefract.

June 20. This day the Lord Archbishop of York arrived at Broom-Hall, the seat of the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, vicar of Sheffield, and the next day his Grace went to Trinity church, in that town, and confirmed about 2600 persons; after which divine service began, and a sermon suited to the occasion was preached by the Rev. Mr. Radford. When service was ended, his Grace delivered an excellent charge, wherein he requested the clergy to be circumspect in their duty, and likewise recommended the encouragement of Sunday schools. The next morning he set off to hold a confirmation at Barnsley. On Friday his Grace confirmed at Wakefield; Saturday at Pontefract; Sunday for the town of Leeds; Monday for the country near Leeds; Tuesday at Bradford; Wednesday at Halifax; Thursday at Huddersfield; Friday at Skipton; and Saturday he will confirm at Otley.

Mrs. Woodhouse (executrix of the late James Woodhouse, Esq;) has paid into the hands of Mr. G. Ewbank, jun. and Mr. T. Wilson, the sum of 100*l.* the interest thereof to be applied by them for the benefit of the poor of the parish of St. Sampson in this city. At the same time Mrs. Woodhouse also paid 50*l.* to William Preston, Esq; 50*l.* to Mr. Pickard, and 50*l.* to Mr. Mortimer, being legacies bequeathed by the said James Woodhouse, Esq; to the Lunatic Asylum, the County Hospital, and Blue-Coat Boys and Grey-Coat Girls' Charity-Schools in this city.

June 25. This day were opened in this city ten Sunday-schools for the poor and neglected children, in which they are to be taught their duty to God, their neighbour, and themselves. Six of these schools are for boys, and 4 for girls, each of them consisting of 50 children, except one of the schools for girls, which consists of 75. The children were conducted by their respective teachers to church in the forenoon and afternoon of the day, and made a decent appearance.

June 27. This day, as some workmen were digging for limestone in a quarry on a common near a mile to the N. E. of Kirby-moor-side, they discovered a great number of human bones in a cleft of the rock, several yards from the surface of the ground. The incident having excited my curiosity I went to the place yesterday, and found the bones much broken by the populace; on searching among them I discovered a mutilated under-jaw of a hog, and part of the bone of a sheep's leg, which was more found than any of the others, owing I suppose to the denseness of its parts. I was told there are bones of horses, &c. among them; but as I did not see any others but what appeared to be human, cannot say whether there are or no. I was also informed, that when they were first taken out of the rock there were nine skulls, and eighteen scapulae, or shoulder-bones, the fragments of which are dispersed every where among the rest, but could not find one entire, their thinness and porosity having made them less able to resist the air than the others. I found a part of the tibia, or shin-bone of a child, which, from its structure, seems to have been ricketted.

I do not hear that any body can yet give an account why they have been deposited in such an uncommon place, either from history or tradition; perhaps the most probable conjecture may be, that this has been a receptacle of the slain in some battle that may have been fought on the common, in a very steep part of which the rock is situated; and, what makes it more likely, the chasm seems to have been open at the top at some time, though now closed in by some natural cause, as the position of the stones indicate, by their

lying not horizontally, but rather arch-wise over the top.—At a small distance upon the plain is a hill, which, from its form and situation, may perhaps contain more of those relics.

Some of your learned correspondents may probably be induced to look into the histories of ancient times, and thereby throw more light upon the matter.

I am, &c. W. BEARCROFT.

BIRTHS.

LADY Gallway delivered of a daughter at his Lordship's house in London.—The lady of Samuel Barlow, Esq; delivered of a daughter at their seat in Middlethorpe. The lady of Childers Walbanke Childers, Esq; delivered of a daughter at Cantley Lodge. The lady of Walter Spencer Stanhope, Esq; member for Hull, delivered of a daughter at his house in London.—The lady of Richard Hill, Esq; delivered of a son and heir at his seat in Thornton.—The lady of the Rev. Mr. Drummond, son of the late Archbishop of this province, delivered of a daughter.—The lady of the Rev. Luke Yarker, delivered of a son at his house in York.

MARRIAGES.

EDWARD Kenion, Esq; of Knayton, near Thirsk, to Miss Billam of Leeds.—Mr. Clarkson, tallow-chandler, to Miss Barber, both of Leeds.—Mr. R. Parke, liquor-merchant in Hull, to Miss Kerton of Brans-ton, Lincolnshire.—Mr. Scott, linendraper, to Miss Glew, both of Howden.—At Gret-na-Green, Mr. Robert Sutton, an eminent tanner in Howden, to Miss Mattison of Hull.—W. Wainwright, M. D. of Sheffield, to Miss Hamer, daughter of S. H. Hamer, Esq; of Rotherham.—Mr. Amon, cabinet-maker in Hull, to Miss Cook of Carlton, near Snaith.—Mr. Roberts, attorney at law, to Miss Holden, both of Hull.—Alder-son M. D. of Whitby, to Miss Scott of Hull.—Mr. J. Maynard of Eryholme, to Miss Gilling of Marton, near Ripon.—Joseph Robinson Pease, Esq; of Hull, to Miss Twigg of Ashford, Derbyshire.

DEATHS.

AT Sion-house, Middlesex, in his 74th year, the Most Noble Hugh Duke and Earl of Northumberland, Earl Percy, Baron Warkworth and Loraine, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the Counties of Middlesex and Northumberland, and of the town and county of Newcastle upon Tyne, Knt. of the most noble Order of the Garter, and Bart.—At Pomsfret, Mr. R. Wilson.—At Stockton, Mrs. Foord.—At Brawith, Peter Consett, Esq.—At Boroughbridge, Mrs. Fretwell.—At his father's house at Norman-ton, Mr. R. Favell, many years surgeon to the York County Hospital and Castle.

The STATE of the WEATHER at YORK.

[Continued from our last]

☞ The commas over the quarter from which the wind blows denote its violence, viz. ' a breeze, " a brisk wind, "' high wind, "" a storm. The same in rain and snow, shew the quantity.

1786.	Barom.	Thermom.	Wind.	State of the Atmosphere.
MAY 30	— 30.25	— 77	— W."	— Few clouds.
31	— 30.25	— 68	— S. E.'	— Heavy. Rain.
JUNE 1	— 30.20	— 70	— Ditto	— Clouded.
2	— 30.30	— 75	— Ditto	— Few clouds.
3	— 30.25	— 80	— S. W.'	— No clouds.
4	— 30.25	— 82	— N. W.'	— Clouds
5	— 30.22	— 81	— E.'	— Cloudy.
6	— 30.25	— 75	— E.""	— Heavy.
7	— 30.20	— 59	— N. E."	— Very heavy. Rain.
8	— 30.00	— 62	— S. E.'	— Heavy.
9	— 29.75	— 73	— E."	— No clouds.
10	— 29.77	— 66	— N. E."	— Few clouds.
11	— 29.85	— 62	— E. N. E.""	— Heavy.
12	— 29.90	— 72	— S. E.'	— Few clouds.
13	— 29.95	— 64	— Ditto.	— Cloudy.
14	— 29.90	— 63	— E.""	— Heavy. Rain."
15	— 29.90	— 61	— N. E.'	— Ditto. Ditto.
16	— 29.90	— 62	— Ditto.""	— Heavy.
17	— 29.90	— 57	— Ditto"	— Ditto. Rain.
18	— 29.90	— 67	— Ditto.'	— Cloudy. Rain.'
19	— 29.80	— 76	— S. E.'	— Cloudy.
20	— 29.90*	— 77	— E.	— Ditto.
21	— 29.90	— 76	— N. E.'	— Heavy. Rain.
22	— 29.75†	— 74	— S. E.	— Ditto. Ditto.'
23	— 29.80	— 76	— S.'	— Clouds.
24	— 29.90‡	— 78	— W."	— Heavy. Rain.
25	— 30.00	— 72	— W.'	— Very heavy clouds.
26	— 29.80	— 70	— S.""	— Heavy. Rain."
27	— 29.85§	— 69	— S. W."	— Heavy clouds.
28	— 29.90	— 72	— W.""	— Cloudy.

* Hay harvest begun in many parts.

† Thunder and much lightning last night from the West.

‡ Very heavy rains in various parts, within a few miles of the city.

§ Cherries ripe upon standards.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Author of Henry and Eliza will please to accept of our thanks; at the same time we cannot avoid soliciting future favours.—The hurry of business occasioned an omission of acknowledgment in our last.

X. Y. Z. is entitled to our thanks for his communication; but we beg leave to decline the hint conveyed in the close of his epistle, as a compliance might lead to controversy not generally admired.

The future productions of Damon will at all times prove acceptable, and we flatter ourselves he will continue to dedicate a few hours to his muse.

An account of the life, &c. of Mr. Fitzgerald, shall appear in our next.



Engraved for the Yorkshire Magazine.



M^{RS} SIDDONS.

*And what bold Parasite's officious Tongue
Shall dare to tax Calista's Name with Guilt?*

THE
YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE,
For JULY, 1786.

ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF MRS. SIDDONS.

[With an ENGRAVING of that CELEBRATED ACTRESS in the Character
of CALISTA in the FAIR PENITENT.]

THAT professional excellence is a title to public notice, is a truth too obvious to require the support of argument; and in whatever rank or station of life it is accompanied with virtue and unstained reputation, it claims, in a peculiar degree, distinction, attention, and regard. To record merit, is the duty of the biographer; to register worth, his most delightful employment.

As Mrs. Siddons is to perform at the Theatre-Royal, York, at the period appointed for the publication of this Magazine, we cannot so far neglect our duty to our readers as to omit furnishing them with such genuine anecdotes of that celebrated actress as we have been able to procure.

She is the daughter of Mr. Roger Kemble, many years manager of a company of comedians, who performed in Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, &c. He is still living, we believe in London, having retired from the stage on a handsome competency, acquired with the utmost reputation to himself, and satisfaction to those friends who long supported his Theatres. He descended from a reputable family in the town of Hereford, and went upon the stage early. He soon after married Miss

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Sarah Ward, a lady of the same profession, who acquired a considerable degree of reputation as an actress, being generally admired for peculiar propriety of speaking. Of this marriage Mrs. Siddons was one of the fruits (we presume the first). Her parents had several other children, six of whom are now living, viz. John, whose excellence as a performer is exceeded alone by the wonderful abilities of Mrs. Siddons, and whose private character can only be justly estimated by those who are as well acquainted with his superior worth as the writer of these lines—Stephen, now a very respectable actor in the York company—Frances, late of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, but now retired from the stage, having a few months ago married Francis Twiss, Esq.—Elizabeth, the wife of Mr. Whitlock, one of the managers of the Newcastle Theatre, where she is deservedly a favourite—and two younger children.

At the age of 13, Miss Sarah Kemble (the present Mrs. Siddons) performed the principal singing parts with the itinerant company of which her parents were proprietors, in a stile very unusual on any other than a London stage; and, in a year or two after, a

B b

mutual

mutual attachment took place between her and Mr. Siddons, which was soon discovered by her mother, and, on account of her extreme youth, discouraged by her parents; who having in vain used every argument to dissuade her from so early an engagement, as a last expedient took her off the stage, and placed her as a companion with a lady of some rank in London, who had seen and admired her in her professional capacity, and now professed a friendship for her.

In this situation she continued two years; but her propensity for the stage, and her preference for her lover, having received no check from this irksome interval, and pining to return to her profession, and probably to the possessor of her heart, she made a private application to Mr. Garrick, frankly informing him who she was, and soliciting his protection, if, on hearing her speak, he should be of opinion that her talents might be useful to him on the London stage. He accordingly heard her rehearse some of the most striking speeches in the part of Jane Shore; seemed highly pleased at her manner and delivery; wondered how she had got rid of the provincial *te, tum, ti*, but told her he was ably supplied with heroines by Mrs. Yates and Miss Younge—acknowledged her merit—was concerned he could do nothing for her—and wished her a good morning.

Though disappointed in her professional plan, her tender attachment was, however, still predominant. A correspondence had constantly been kept up between the lovers, and it was determined to make one effort more to obtain the consent of her parents, and, if that should fail, a journey to Scotland was to be the result: this was, however, rendered unnecessary, by their compliance with a request founded apparently on the genuine passion of love; and the union was completed under the sanction of parental consent, her father himself

giving her hand to Mr. Siddons, tho' she was still under eighteen.

She now betook herself again to the stage, and appeared at Cheltenham; which, in the season for taking the mineral waters, (for which its neighbourhood is famous) is visited by some of the first families in the kingdom. This season happened to be remarkable for a brilliant assemblage of company; and, amongst others, Lord Bruce (now Earl of Aylesbury) and his family honoured Cheltenham with their presence, and were constant visitors at the Theatre, where they soon remarked the rising merit of our young actress, and not only attended every evening of her performance, but honoured her with as frequent calls at her lodgings; and having seen her in a variety of characters, interested themselves highly in her favour, and so strongly recommended her to the managers of Drury-Lane, that Mr. Garrick dispatched the Rev. Mr. Bate to make his observations on her performance; who having seen her in the character of Rosalind, in Shakspeare's *As You Like It*, has been heard to acknowledge, that even the warm eulogiums of the noble Lord fell short of her merit.

Under the persuasion of this reverend gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Siddons agreed that the latter should engage herself without any fixed salary, or any stipulation as to term; these were matters left to the honour of the managers. No proposals were made on the part of the lady, and she appeared in the character of Portia, and afterwards in some less conspicuous parts; and though, according to the opinion of a critic of some importance, her performances were without marked censure, or distinguished applause, the failure of obtaining the latter may probably be attributed, with justice, rather to the disposition of the manager, and his preference to his old heroines, than to any deficiency in the powers of the actress, though her talents

lents were not then ripened to the degree of perfection on which her present fame is founded.

Those who knew the late manager of Drury-Lane, though they must admire his unrivalled abilities, cannot be at a loss to recollect that the merit which received his approbation must have been of his own discovering, and that the recommendation of others was by no means the path which led to his favour; and this may serve to account for his discharging Mrs. Siddons at the end of the first season; a circumstance against which she had neglected to guard, having placed her confidence on his honour, without terms or conditions.

But, whatever motives might have influenced this measure, certain it is, that the treatment she received made so deep an impression on the mind of Mrs. Siddons, that she solemnly determined never again to apply to a London manager; a resolution to which it is well known she hath invariably adhered.

Soon after this event she was articulated by Mr. Younger, and performed two or three seasons at Liverpool and Manchester*, where she attracted so much of the public notice as to induce Mr. Wilkinson to engage her to play at York the close of 1777; and even at this distance of time we can recollect receiving such peculiar satisfaction from seeing her in several characters as gave us a most convincing presage of her present unrivalled excellence. Amongst those were the Grecian Daughter, Alicia, Rosalind, Matilda, Lady Townly, Horatia, &c.

After leaving York, she was engaged by Mr. Palmer, manager of the Bath company; and her progressive rise in the public favour there, will as strongly mark her tragic powers, as the change in the state of that Theatre will exemplify the striking effect they produced.

On Mrs. Siddons's first joining the Bath company, the weeping Muse was fallen so low in the public esteem that she was scarcely ever troubled by the manager but on Thursday nights, when he knew the boxes would be empty on account of the cotillion balls. And on these nights did our heroine, for some time, display her unnoticed powers to almost unoccupied benches: but sterling merit will not be long kept in obscurity; in spite of prejudice or fashion it will be disclosed, and by its own efforts it will at length rise superior to sinister events and unpropitious circumstances.

Accident brought to the Theatre, on one of its unfavourable nights, some judges of Theatrical abilities: they saw, and admired; a whisper was circulated that an actress of uncommon talents was exerting them without patronage or praise; the attention of the public was excited, their curiosity raised; they attended the performances, and were gratified beyond their expectations; and in the following season, if Mrs. Siddons's name appeared in the bills for *Belvidera*, *Jane Shore*, or any other capital character in tragedy, the house was as much crowded on a Thursday night as on any other in the week; and so highly was her public and private character held in estimation, that it was equally unfashionable not to be of Mrs. Siddons's acquaintance, and to visit the Theatre on a night when she was not to appear on the stage.

In the beginning of the year 1781, the proprietors of Drury-Lane Theatre, now fully apprized of her value by her established and increasing reputation, set on foot a treaty to engage her once more for that stage, which was happily completed before the end of that year, and she appeared there in the character of *Isabella* on the 10th of October, 1782.

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But

* It may not probably be thought an uninteresting piece of Theatrical anecdote to mention, that she here repeatedly played *HAMLET* with unbounded approbation, and, in the Playhouse phrase, *the part was considered as her property*. Her brother's admirable performance of this character precludes the necessity of requiring her to perform it at Drury-Lane.

But we must not omit to mention, that though the Bath manager was well acquainted with the proceedings of this treaty, yet, influenced by some motives, at which it is impossible even to guess, he took no pains to obviate so heavy a loss as the departure of this highly-favoured actress; though, as we are well assured, her grateful sense of the many favours and civilities which she had received at that place would have induced her to decline the advantages of her removal for a trifling addition to her then very small salary; but even this addition he did not think fit to offer, till he was certain matters were nearly brought to a conclusion for her London engagement.

Previous to the expiration of her engagement at Bath, Mrs. Siddons wrote and spoke that elegant poetical address, which has been so generally admired*. In the bills of the day she undertook to produce to the audience *three reasons* for quitting that Theatre; a promise which excited the public curiosity, and drew together the most numerous audience that ever had assembled at that place. The address opened with proper acknowledgments of gratitude; and, after expressing her regret at the thoughts of leaving her patrons and friends, she produced her three reasons, in three beautiful children. The effect this conclusive argument had on the audience can be better conceived than expressed: certain it is, that the hearts and hands of the audience gave evident tokens of approbation; the latter being employed by one part of them in loud and repeated plaudits, while those of the softer sex were fully engaged in wiping the tears of sensibility from eyes to which they communicated additional lustre.

Though the writer hereof is conscious of his inability to present the public with a *critique* on the performances of Mrs. Siddons—though he is certain it is not in the power of the

ablest pen to do even common justice to her wonderful abilities, and consequently that his feeble attempt to point out a few of her various excellencies must be extremely imperfect, yet he cannot refrain from enumerating some of those characters in which he has had the happiness of seeing Mrs. Siddons, and which he is informed she means to perform at the Theatre-Royal, York. *Isabella* is generally allowed to be her *chef d'œuvre*; to that opinion, however, he cannot submit, for though he is firmly persuaded that it is impossible ever to be surpassed by any other actress, yet he thinks her Jane Shore and Belvidera, in point of intrinsic excellence, are equal; her Zara in the Mourning Bride (notwithstanding the disgusting bombast with which the play abounds) SUPERIOR. In Shore, Isabella, and Belvidera you are *delighted*; in Zara, you are *astonished*. In the former you may conceive you are beholding a woman; but in the latter she appears to be "towering above her sex," and to be composed of materials "more than mortal." Perhaps in Jane Shore she occasions more tears than in any other part. In the *minutiae* of the histrionic art there was probably never any thing more admirable than her shriek and laugh in Isabella; her look when hiding her face in Belmour's bosom; her madness in Belvidera; or her dying speech in Zara. They are all so superlatively excellent, yet so extremely various, that we are at a loss which to admire most. They are so infinitely superior to any conception which can be formed of them, that they *must* be *seen* to have the smallest idea of their matchless perfection. The uncommon effects of Mrs. Siddons's acting indubitably prove her vast superiority. Audiences may be biased; Friends may be partial; Flatterers and Sycophants may over-rate, but the piercing heart-felt sigh and trickling tear cannot be counterfeited. We have carefully

* See our poetical department.

carefully attended to Mrs. Siddons and have been delighted with her astonishing powers. We well remember the inimitable Garrick, and pay due tribute to Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Crawford, but we never saw tears so plentifully shed as at the performances of Mrs. Siddons. If the genuine effusions of the soul are to be the criterion of a performer's triumph; if copying nature is meritorious in the various walks of the polite arts, then Mrs. Siddons will undoubtedly claim the most UNLIMITED PRE-EMINENCE.

Mrs. Siddons's person is peculiarly pleasing; her stature of that exact height which neither rises to the gigantic, nor dwindles to the un consequential; her face speaks the emotions of the mind more forcibly than that of any other performer we ever recollect to have seen; and we have seldom observed any actresses tread the

stage so *gracefully*—a term which we mean to separate from *dignity*, attempts at which have, in our opinion, frequently occasioned gross absurdity.

What remains is the most pleasing part of our task, and it is with peculiar satisfaction we speak from unquestionable authority of the unblameable life, un sullied reputation, and amiable manners of this deservedly favourite actress. Virtue is in all stations of life the subject of praise; but it is entitled to a double share of applause where it is found in the most perilous situations, and where it is exposed to the greatest variety of temptations, and those of the most powerful kind. Highly grateful is the tribute of public approbation, but it is only honourable when it is founded as much in the exercise of virtue, as of splendid talents, and superior abilities. W.

THE TRIFLER, No. VI.

Hospite venturo, cessabit nemo.

Juv.

He who has travell'd Life's dull round,
Its vices and its follies seen,
Will sigh to think how oft he's found
His warmest welcome in an—Inn.

SHENSTONE.

IT is an evil which must ever fall upon the poor and ignorant, to be trampled upon and ridiculed by those whom the superiority of talents, or the ostentation of riches, have raised above the common level of mankind. Dependence upon our fellow-creatures, however inconsistent with humanity, has been ratified by the usage of all ages and nations, and is more or less abject from the slave that digs the mine to the monarch that enjoys it. Few, I believe, have gone out of the world without thinking, at the interposition of their friends, they might have been exalted to a greater eminence in it; and there are few, I imagine, at present, who are not in some measure concerned in the ac-

quisition of future preferment. In the contemplation of these imaginary possessions, they are in a perpetual suspense between hope and fear, according to the tide of popularity, is more or less of those who are to realize them; and the submission they are obliged to comply with, serves but to feed the vanity of their patrons; it has inflated them with a haughty sense of their own consequence, and a sullen contempt of those who are dependent upon them. Among the different votaries of public favour, perhaps there are none more abject than those who have no settled and permanent quarter from which to expect the golden shower. They are constantly looking up, and in continual

tinual expectation of the happy gale that is to terminate their anxiety, but are unable to tell from what point it will blow, or what intercession can procure it. The politician has but to vote with the ministry, and, if they succeed; his end is attained; while the poor hackney curate is for ever praying that Saturday were come, and when it does come, is agitated the whole day by the sound of every footstep, and expects that every rap at his door will bring him intelligence that he is wanted to do duty to-morrow for the vicar. Something of this nature (pardon me the comparison) is the state of an *inn-keeper* on the road. He is always in expectation of customers, but can never tell with certainty when they will come. If he makes any provision for their reception, they may disappoint him, and the expence is his own loss. If he is unconcerned about the matter, they may be sure to come; and, after having loaded his negligence with some hearty imprecations, will leave him, and go to another house, where perhaps it may be vain to expect better accommodation.

Could we for a moment conceive a nation, or even a country, destitute of the common conveniencies which public inns afford us; for miles and miles without any shelter from the battering of storms, or the severity of frosts; could we, in that conflict of passions, reflect upon the wretchedness that might ensue from such innovation, it might blunt the sting of disappointment, and soften the fierceness of revenge; it might supply us with the power of tolerating, if not remedying the disease. But it is repugnant to every idea of human fallibility, to suppose that man can look calmly on the evils that are impending over his head, when his passions are rebelling against him, when humanity has lost its feelings, and reason totters on her throne. Reflection is seldom courted even in the most sober moments of solitude: the actions of past life will seldom bear a frequent revival: if they

have not been wholly swallowed up in the vortex of riot and extravagance, they have perhaps been trifled away in vanities, or wasted in idleness.

Hæ nugæ seria ducunt—

Trifles such as these to serious subjects lead,

It is the common fate of landlords to be considered by travellers as subsisting merely upon their extravagance, and subject to all the petty impertinencies of ostentation and pride. This may indeed be true. But this very circumstance, one would think, would be alone sufficient to awaken their liberality and tendernefs. What can be more eminently characteristic of a humane and noble disposition than to relieve those who, we are confident, cannot subsist without us; and the encouraging of those who have, perhaps, exchanged a certain and regular livelihood for the conveniencies and fortuitous benevolence of strangers? But there is a set of mortals in the world who consider every being, that is beneath them in rank and fortune, made only to serve their purposes. If the foot-boy distorts but a single feature while the whole family are bursting with laughter, "Pretty times, indeed!" cries Sir Plume, "servants laugh at their masters!" His wages are paid, and he is dismissed. The state of inn-keepers seems to be equally unsettled: it is seldom they can totally please; there will be always something too little, or something too much: the provisions will be either too scanty or too luxurious; and the charge, if all the rest happen to please, is always sure of displeasing. The alacrity of the waiter may be sometimes construed into familiarity, and his reserve be considered as neglect. They may leave the house—but where will discontented pride find a better?

Among the many circumstances which tend to injure the reputation of an inn, there is one which, by strangers, ought to be deemed only an inconvenience. If ever there should (and it often does) happen, from the frequent

frequent avocations of a busy season, or at certain stated days of amusement, to be no mode of conveyance for travellers to prosecute their journey in one inn, they will repair immediately to another; and, not content with forsaking it for ever, think no calumny too severe, and no detestation too public, in return for, what they call, such open neglect to strangers.

To verify these observations, and to set the absurdity of such ridiculous practices in a clear light, a moment's reflection, one would think, might be sufficient. It may, I presume, be said without vanity, that there will scarcely be a reader of this paper who may not, at one time or other, have applied them to himself. He may recall to his mind the prejudices which folly had occasioned, and act with greater moderation in his future conduct; he may suffer his reason to preside over his passion, and learn to endure with patience the evils he cannot cure.

The many literary adventures which occur at an inn, unless indeed to those who enter it with a determination to be satisfied with nothing that can be procured for them, will be often entertaining, and sometimes curious. It has frequently been matter of harmless curiosity to me to decypher the temporary effusions of genius which I have found scattered about the window and wainscot. The following little elegance I marked down the other day in my pocket-book, as superior to the generality of these metrical trifles, and is at least pretty, if not something more.

Upon a pale Lady, whose Husband had a remarkably red Nose.

Say, why in lovely Clara's face

The lily only has a place?

Is it because the absent rose

Is gone to paint her husband's nose?

As I doubt not but there are many, even of the graver part of my readers, who sometimes indulge themselves with similar amusements, I shall present them with some thoughts which have been communicated to me upon

the subject; and which, I doubt not, they will readily concur with me in wishing had been so far prolonged as to have excused my own.

"I hate an inn"—says the Beau, who wishes for wings to convey his sweet person, with the greatest dispatch, from the dear delights of London assemblies, to Bath, to Brighton, or to Weymouth.

"I hate an inn"—cries the Man of the Turf, who knows no joy but where he can make a bet.

"I hate these d—d inns"—exclaims the well-fed Alderman: there is not a cook between London and the Land's End who knows how to dress a turtle or a pulled fowl.

"I hate an inn"—says the sober Tradesman, who counts his pence while going to Margate to spend his pounds—such extravagant charges!

"I love an inn"—says the man who loves to see the world in all its varieties; who, by appearing willing to be pleased, communicates a desire to please; and who, if he fails, puts the failure to the debtor side of his account, and wipes off the score at the next place where he fares better.

"I love an inn"—where the ready attendance of the landlord on your approach, the alacrity of the waiter, the cheerfulness of a good fire in cold weather, or the relief of a cool room after quitting a hot sun, make you forget your fatigue in coming to it.

"But where is this civil landlord, this ready waiter, this good fire, this cool room to be found? In many, many places, my good friend. If you ever travelled in France, Italy, or Germany, you would hold English inns in greater respect. Few are the public-houses in this country where you may not procure decent accommodation; there are many where what is really good will be readily offered to one ready to accept it. If you will demand what they have not to give, you must blame yourself for requiring what you ought not to expect; not them for want of an unexpected demand.

mand. If you cannot be content with a plain fowl or a mutton chop, you should stay at home. Limit your expectations at an inn to clean linen and common provisions, you may be gratified. Is anecdote your search? A bottle of the best port, or a bowl of good punch, will obtain from the landlord the history of every family in the neighbourhood. Do you love farming? Boniface grows his own barley, brews his own ale, mows his own hay. But, Sir, a reader may be entertained at an inn without the help of such a library as my friend Lawrence used to provide at the Bear at the Devizes. Amongst the multitudinous productions of the press, how many does the mind wish to retain? Numerous are those which happily pass thro' the memory without leaving any traces of their passage. The readings furnished by the window or wainscot of an inn are fewer and shorter, but perhaps those worth attending to are in some proportion to the other. Take the following specimens:

"To the WAINSCOT.

"Unhappy Wainscot, to receive
What ev'ry Blockhead please to leave,

Who, void of sense, or taste, or wit,
By no reproof or satire hit,
To spoil thy paint will take such pains,
Exposing too his want of brains.

"ANSWER.

"Grieve not for me, the Wainscot cries,
I, as I ought, such trash despise;
'Tis you, whose men's-ry's forc'd to bear
The filthy nonsense scribbled here;
'Tis you who have most cause for sorrow.
Besides, the dishclout comes to-morrow—

"Ye who on windows thus prolong your
shame,
And to such arrant nonsense put your name,
The diamond quit—with me the pencil take,
So shall that shame but short duration make;
For lo! the house-maid comes in dreadful pet,
With red right-hand, and with a dishclout
wet,
Dashes off all, nor leaves a wreck to tell
Who 'twas that wrote so ill, or lov'd so well.

"As I quote from memory, any grave critic of your acquaintance may condemn my want of accuracy without provoking my resentment. Let him criticise; but, if he does, he must be an *inn reader*, and then he will be able to give you some other proofs of my assertion. S. H."

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH.

[Continued from our last, p. 177.]

IN vain did he endeavour to conquer this strange passion; in vain did he take the resolution of flying the bank. In his most agreeable occupations, that image was continually before his eyes, he incessantly imagined that an invisible Deity led him upon the bank. O Gods! cried he then, will this vain passion perpetually torment me? Will an illusion continually load my youth with sufferings which no hope can terminate? Certain I am, this dream is not the effect of chance; never was my mind raised to that idea of beauty which so much surpasses all that has yet been presented to my eyes. Doubtless some God has inspired me with this dream; but, what can be his design, I cannot

discover. If the beauty I have seen lives indeed in that island, why did he shew me her? Why will he let me die with love for her? Why does he abandon me without hope, without assistance, without shewing me the means of arriving at the opposite shore? Since it is impossible for me to attain that too-distant island by swimming, what can I do, or what shall I attempt? The Gods, 'tis true, have given man daring thoughts, and a mind fertile in invention, and leave him at liberty to exercise his various faculties; but what human being can teach me how to walk upon the waves of the sea, or swim, without danger, like the swan upon the water?

Reclining

Reclining on the bank, he, with burning desire, often began to think and meditate upon the means of crossing the sea; for none had then invented the art of trusting themselves to the waters. What had they to do on distant coasts? since every country afforded grass for its cattle, or trees that bore salutary fruits, and where flowed gentle rivulets abundantly supplying their wants. A long time he meditated, many times he fancied he had found the means, and as often rejected them. As he was one day looking sorrowfully upon the sea, he saw at a distance something which the waves were carrying towards the shore; joy and hope were painted in his glistering eyes; the object came nearer and nearer; at length he saw the enormous trunk of a tree, torn up by a storm, and hollowed by time, floating upon the water. A timorous rabbit (perhaps pursued by some hunter) had saved itself, and laid concealed in the cavity of the tree; a tufty branch impending covered it with its shade; a gentle wind, at last, blew the trunk upon the shore. He then foresaw his happiness, and in his ecstasy leapt with joy upon the bank. Sunk in deep thought, he sought to discover the obscure image that this sight had traced in mind, and which, like a shadow of the night, sometimes vanished, and sometimes appeared again. At length he drew the trunk upon the sand, and resolved next day, by dawn, to begin a work of which he had but yet a very imperfect idea. Doubt and hope agitated him by turns: sleep did not close his eye-lids. At break of day, furnished with a small quantity of awkward instruments, (for in those times of happy simplicity few were wanted) he flew towards the shore. But, said he, I have often observed folded leaves, which the waves carried above the bank, sail gently on the stream; I have likewise seen upon the lake, near our habitation, butterflies hovering o'er it, place themselves

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here and there upon these leaves, without wetting their delicate feet. Let us make a trial; nature has already half-finished the work: I will hollow this trunk in such a manner that I may fit in it commodiously. He spoke, and began his toil with pleasure. O thou! cried he, whoe'er thou art, bounteous Deity! thou who hast graven this dream indelibly in my heart, hear my request, and let my enterprize succeed. Frequently he laid himself down, and casting his eyes upon the opposite shore, exclaimed, O thou, the most beautiful amongst mortals, what obstacles, what dangers will not love surmount? O what sweet hope is it that makes me leap for joy! how canst thou refuse me thy tenderness, when I shall attain thy banks, me whose passion braves the abyss of the sea? did ever Love enter upon a bolder project? His courage often yet forsook him, and his work remained undone. Fool that I am! said he, to undertake so hazardous a task! should any one pass by and say to me, Friend, what art thou doing there? what would he think to this answer—I am hollowing this piece of wood, in order to lodge myself in it, and launch into the unfathomable ocean! What an unnatural father is his, I should expect him to reply, who so imprudently leaves his son to his phrenzy. When he had ceased speaking, he viewed, with contempt, his work but just begun. But what, continued he, though I should not succeed, I shall but have lost a few leisure hours, can I risk less for my beloved? That island is certainly inhabited; what my father told me concerning it makes it appear reasonable; and my dream, which a God could only have inspired me with, makes it appear reasonable; and should that place be inhabited, how miserable must its inhabitants be. If the father and mother of the damsel be dead, and she remain alone, abandoned by every human being, condemned to pass her
C flourishing

flourishing youth in dismal solitude, consumed with sorrow and despair! No, it's no longer love, 'tis compassion only which ought to excite me to this dangerous enterprize. Thus it was that he lost and regained his courage.

In a few days the trunk was hewn out, and it now, though imperfectly, had the form of a boat. He then drew it, with great difficulty, into a place where the sea had but little room for agitation, as it was inclosed between two banks. Having there put his bark upon the waves, and placed it in the middle, he left it moving to the winds. He, however, carefully observed the defects of his work, reformed his bark, and tried it often. Now, said he, half my toil is ended; but how can I direct my course upon the open sea? how arrive at that island without exposing myself to the caprice of the waves?—a thousand ideas presented themselves to his imagination, which he as often rejected. But, pursued he, does not the swan direct his course by cutting the waves with his large feet? and all the birds which swim upon the waves, do not they do so too?—an animal has taught me how to swim upon the trunk of a tree; I am also taught by animals the means of making this invention perfect. If I make feet of wood, as

large as those of the swan when he plunges them into the water, and arrange them to each side of the hollow trunk to separate the waves!—Transported with the thought, he hastens to cut wood proper to supply his project, and soon gives it the form of oars: he then gets into the boat, and tries it for some time without success. However, he every day took notice how the birds of the water directed their feet, and every day he discovered new means of governing his bark. For a long time he limited himself in swimming in the narrow gulph; but experience having rendered him bolder, he dared to risk himself upon the open sea, and, having rowed his boat back again, with extasy he leapt upon the shore. This prodigy, cried he, which has so long tormented me, is at length realized. To-morrow, by the rising of sun, will I be upon the sea, and, if the winds prove favourable, I will boldly undertake in this bark a voyage to the island. It is criminal not to endeavour to give assistance to the unfortunate, let the danger be ever so great. Whilst he was thus speaking, he fastened the boat in the narrow gulph, and returned to his cot, for it was already night.

[To be continued.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE collection of WANTS in your last number, by your correspondent, *Andrew Marvel*, has induced an ingenious mechanic and aërostatist to think of constructing a machine which seems to be almost universally wanted among the ladies, as it will, if put in practice, contribute more to the preservation of health and beauty than any invention since the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

He proposes to make a Balloon Bed in such a manner that it may be filled with a sufficient quantity of

bowel air, during the night, to ascend into the aërial region every morning by six o'clock; and, after floating an hour in the pure rarefied air, to descend again on the same spot. To effect this, he proposes a trap-door in the top of all flat-roofed houses, to be constructed in such a manner that the lady may open it as she ascends; and, when his project becomes public, he makes no doubt but some method will be invented to make a passage thro' the roofs of other houses to answer the same purpose.

He

He also proposes to every one who may use Balloon Beds to apply to the Balloon-Office in Coney-street, for the necessary ingredients for producing dephlogisticated air, otherwise the bed will not be sufficiently in-

flated to ascend to the desired height. He is a queer dog, and will perhaps be contriving some other schemes for public use, if this meets with approbation. I am, &c.

July 18. NAWTONIENSIS.

ESSAY ON THE VANITY AND AMBITION OF THE HUMAN MIND.

CICERO, in the first book of his Tusculan questions, shews ingeniously the falsity of the judgments we form concerning the duration of human life, compared with eternity: to give the more force to his reasoning, he quotes a passage from the Natural History of Aristotle, touching a kind of insects that are common on the banks of the Hypanis, (a river of Scythia, at present called the Bog) who never live beyond the day which they are born.

Aristotle says that there are small animals upon the river Hypanis, which live but a day. He that dies at eight in the morning, dies in his youth; he that dies at five in the evening, dies in decrepit old age. Who among us does not laugh to see the happiness or misery of this moment of existence brought into consideration? The shortest and longest life among us, if we compare it with eternity, or only with the duration of mountains, stars, trees, or even of some animals, is not less ridiculous. *Montaigne's Essays.*

To pursue the idea of this elegant writer, let us suppose that one of the most robust of these Hypanians (so they are called in history) was, according to his own notions, as ancient as time itself; that he had begun to exist at break of day, and, by the extraordinary force of his constitution, had been able to support the fatigues of an active life through the infinite number of seconds in ten or twelve hours. During such a long course of instants, by experience, and reflections on all he had seen, he must have acquired very sublime wisdom.

He looks upon his fellow-creatures who died about noon, as happily delivered from the great number of inconveniences to which old age is subject. He has astonishing traditions to relate to his grand-children, concerning facts that were prior to all the memorials of their nation. The young swarm, composed of beings who may have already lived a full hour, approach, with respect, this venerable sire, and hear his instructive discourses with admiration. Every thing that he relates to them will appear a prodigy, to that generation whose life is so short. The space of a day will seem the entire duration of time, and day-break, in their chronology, will be called the great era of the creation.

Let us now suppose this venerable insect, this Nestor of the Hypanis, a little before his death, and about the hour of sun-set, to assemble all his descendants, friends, and acquaintance, to impart to them at dying his last thoughts, and give them his last advice. They repair from all parts under the vast shelter of a mushroom, and the departing sage addresses himself to them in the following manner:

Friends and Countrymen,

‘ I perceive that the longest life
‘ must have an end. The run of
‘ mine is arrived, and I do not re-
‘ gret my fate. Since my age was be-
‘ come a burden to me, and to me
‘ there was no longer any thing new
‘ under the sun. The revolutions
‘ and calamities that have desolated
‘ my country, the great number of
‘ particular accidents to which we
‘ are

'are all subject, the infirmities that
'afflict our race, and the misfortunes
'that have happened to me in my
'own family; all that I have seen
'in the course of a long life, has but
'too well taught me this great truth,
'that no happiness, placed in things
'which do not depend on us, can be
'secure or durable. The uncertainty
'of life is great; one whole generation
'perished by a sharp wind; a multitude
'of our heedless youth were swept off
'into the waters by an unexpected fresh
'gale; what terrible deluge have I seen
'happen by a sudden shower! Our most
'solid coverings are not proof against
'a storm of hail; a dark cloud makes
'the most courageous hearts to tremble.
'I lived in the first ages, and conversed
'with insects of a taller stature, a stronger
'constitution, and I may add, of more
'profound wisdom, than any of those in
'the present generation. I beseech you to
'give credit to my last words, whilst I
'assure you, that the same sun which
'now appears beyond the water, and seems
'to be not far distant from the earth, I
'have formerly seen in the middle of
'heaven, darting down his rays directly
'upon us. The earth was much more
'enlightened in those past ages, the air
'much warmer, and your an-

'cestors were more sober and more
'virtuous. Though my senses are
'impaired, my memory is not, and I can
'assure you, that glorious being has
'motion. I saw his first rising on the
'summit of that mountain, and I began
'my life about the same time that he
'began his immense career. For a great
'many ages he advanced along the
'heavens with a prodigious heat, and a
'brightness of which you can have no
'idea, a brightness that would certainly
'have been to you insupportable. But
'now by his decline, and a sensible
'diminution of his vigour, I foresee
'that all nature will soon be at an
'end, and that the world will be
'buried in darkness in less than 100
'minutes.

'Alas! my friends, how did I
'formerly flatter myself with the
'deceitful hope of living for ever upon
'this earth! How magnificent were
'the cells which I dug for my habitation!
'What confidence did I not put in the
'firmness of my members, the springs of
'my joints, and the strength of my wings!
'But I have lived long enough for nature
'and for glory; none of those whom I
'leave behind me will have the same
'satisfaction in this age of darkness and
'decay, which I see is already begun.'

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

As the YORKSHIRE ASSOCIATION will make a conspicuous figure in the Annals of History, I flatter myself that all Anecdotes (however trifling) that regard its Rise, Progress, and Dissolution, will be of use to some future Historian in compiling a faithful Narrative of that most memorable epoch. O.

COPY of a GENUINE LETTER from TOM at the YORK TAVERN, to BOB at BROOKES's, dated April 2, 1784.

DEAR BOB,

I AM sorry to inform you that my old mistress ASSOCIATION is now thought to be in the utmost danger. There is not a day passes but she loses a finger or a toe, and the surgeons have given it as their opi-

nion, that all her humours are in a state of corruption. Nothing, however, seems to be wanting to make her latter days as comfortable as possible. A Reverend Divine prays by her night and day; but our Parish Priest says, *Political prayers never reach*

reach Heaven. She has passed a most wretched night, owing to some drunken fellows from Bluit's shouting under her windows, NO DISTURBERS OF THE PUBLIC PEACE. The old Lady has been frequently heard to say, "Had I served my King with as much zeal as I served the Dæmon of Faction, I should not have been forsaken in the hour of trouble." Her Doctor keeps her upon whisky and fresh eggs, at the rate of one hundred at least per week. This strange diet has brought on such a loathing, and has made the old Lady so whimsical, that she has even taken an aversion to the crowing of a cock. From such a

Doctor good Lord deliver us. He ignorantly calls her disease St. Wyvill's Dance, when all the world knows that my Mistress is bed-ridden. For what with sitting up whole nights, running up stairs and down, drawing of corks and snuffing of candles, I am grown so thin that I verily believe I could jump thro' a Taylor's thimble. Believe me, dear Bob,

Your very affectionate friend,

T O M.

P. S. Strap, who shaves the Committee at our house, says, That their faces have *lengthened*, are *lengthening*, and ought to be *shortened*—otherwise he will not shave at the price.

A V I S I O N.

[Continued from our last, p. 182.]

I Could not help observing the happy difference between the couple who had at first set out in the path of Moderation, but who had afterwards forsaken that path to wander up the hill of Ambition, and down the decline of Poverty, and that which my fair companion pointed out of the pair, who, having long travelled the roads of Folly and Dissipation, had wisely forsaken them, and who seemed not as if in the pursuit of Happiness, but rather as if Happiness was already in their possession.

"O! said I, to my fair companion, what gratitude do I owe you for thus generously affording your protection to a stranger! were it not for you I perhaps had mistaken my way, fallen a victim to Pride, and laboured in vain to accomplish the end of my desire."

"You owe me nothing, she replied, I am ever ready to assist those who will be guided by my directions; the misfortune is, few attend to me, unless when sorrow or disappointment have convinced them of their error; but, youth, boast not your success, nor think yourself secured, you have not far to go until you will be assailed by many enemies—enemies

the most dangerous because disguised under the mask of friendship, stick close to me, or you will have more reason to lament than you have now of exulting in your safety."

She had scarcely finished this address, when I was laid hold on by a figure fair to the eye, and enticing in his manners—"What, said he, you are like others, fool enough to pursue that phantom which flies before you, but which you will never be able to lay hold on. Come with me, and I will put you in possession of more solid benefits—yes, you shall enjoy all the felicity you desire; your companion has, no doubt, already exposed to you the follies of mankind, but it remains for me to instruct you how to take advantage of that folly, and to turn it to your own immediate benefit. You must quit the road in which you now travel, here is nothing to be expected, you must turn your hopes of prosperity either to the one side or the other, put yourself under my directions, and hasten to the declivity which your present conductress has warned you to avoid—I do not mean that you shall take advantage of the misconduct of others, in order to accumulate riches for yourself: behold what

what heaps of treasure they lavish away, see with what eagerness they divest themselves of all that is valuable about them; we will proceed with slow and watchful pace, and eagerly gather up that wealth which mortals in their folly with such indifference cast away. Come, be governed by me, riches, consequently prosperity, must necessarily be your's."

I had almost yielded to an invitation so alluring, when my first friend laid hold on me: "Beware of that friend, she exclaimed, he will lead you to your ruin—have you not all your present necessities require? why then will you seek for more? Guided by him, you may amass treasure I allow; but, at the same time, I tell you you will be farther removed from happiness; and though he promises wealth as your reward, yet he will prevent you from enjoying even the comforts attendant upon competence, and lead you, loaded with gold, to the mansion of Poverty." She instantly touched me with her hand, and all the beauty of her form vanished from my view; I beheld a meagre wretch, pale and squalid; care wrinkled his brow, and famine seemed to have emaciated his frame.—"That, that is the being you would leave me for, that is the friend that requires to be your guide, and who pictures to your view scenes of felicity. Alas! how many has he led to ruin—his name is Avarice; view him, and avoid him." The horrid spectre perceiving himself discovered, hurried from me, and in a moment disappeared.

I returned many thanks to my generous friend for her attention. "In truth, she replied, you have reason to rejoice at your escape, for, next to Pride, that is the most dangerous enemy you could encounter; many has he deluded, and the more enticing his manner, because he seems to

recommend Wisdom, and not only to expose Folly, but even to render the folly of others the means of gratifying the wishes of his friends."

"See, said she, he has obtained a votary: behold yon aged man, with what attention he listens to him with what rapture he imbibes his doctrine! aged and infirm, he can hardly let him take the shortest road to happiness, and yet the execrable demon will seduce him from it, and bring him lingering along the declivity, grappling the riches which he never can enjoy."

I instantly hurried forward to warn the venerable sage of the dangers he was to encounter, and which I had so fortunately escaped, but received no other return for my kindness than a supercilious sneer. I could not help feeling some mortification both at the misery which I saw my fellow-creature so willing to embrace, and at the manner in which he treated my advice: my companion smiled. "You know not, said she, the frailties of age; self-opinionated, it will not be reprov'd, and Avarice always finds in it the most easy prey; tempted by the prospect of gain it yields to his temptation, although not able to enjoy what treasure it already possesses.

"You have now, said she, by my advice, avoided Ambition, Dissipation, Pride, and Avarice, you have nothing to do but to proceed regularly forward, and you will speedily arrive at the river of Death, which, when you have crossed, that ball, which so many as well as you are pursuing, will be in your possession; but on this side it will be impossible for you to lay hold of it; do not, therefore, expect it sooner, but pass on with resolution, and rest assured that, if you merit it, it will be your reward.

[To be concluded in our next.]

REPRESENTATION *of the* CALAMITOUS STATE *of the* ENSLAVED NEGROES *in the* BRITISH DOMINIONS.

[Concluded from our last, p. 171.]

WHEN the vessels arrive at their destined port in the colonies, the poor Negroes are to be disposed of to the planters; and here they are again exposed naked, without any distinction of sexes, to the brutal examination of their purchasers; and this is another occasion of distress, especially to the females. Add to this, that near connections must now again be separated, to go with their several purchasers: in this melancholy scene mothers are seen hanging over their daughters, bedewing their naked breasts with tears, and daughters clinging to their parents; not knowing what new stage of distress must follow their separation, or if ever they shall meet again: And here what sympathy, what commiseration are they to expect? Why indeed, if they will not separate as readily as their owners think proper, the whipper is called for, and the lash exercised upon their naked bodies, till obliged to part.

Can any human heart, that retains a fellow-feeling for the sufferings of mankind, be unconcerned at relations of such grievous affliction, to which this oppressed part of our species are subjected? God gave to man dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle, &c. but imposed no involuntary subjection of one man to another.

The truth of this position has of late been clearly set forth by persons of reputation and ability, particularly George Wallis, in his *System of the Laws of Scotland*, whose sentiments are so worthy the notice of all considerate persons, that we shall here repeat a part of what he has not long since published, concerning the African Trade, viz. 'If this trade admits of a moral or a rational justification, every crime, even the most

atrocious, may be justified: Government was instituted for the good of mankind. Kings, Princes, Governors, are not proprietors of those who are subjected to their authority, they have not a right to make them miserable. On the contrary, their authority is vested in them, that they may, by the just exercise of it, promote the happiness of their people: of course, they have not a right to dispose of their liberty, and to sell them for slaves: besides, no man has a right to acquire or to purchase them; men and their liberty are not either saleable or purchaseable: one therefore has no body but himself to blame, in case he shall find himself deprived of a man, whom he thought he had, by buying for a price, made his own; for he dealt in a trade which was illicit, and was prohibited by the most obvious dictates of humanity. For these reasons, every one of those unfortunate men, who are pretended to be slaves, has a right to be declared free, for he never lost his liberty, he could not lose it; his Prince had no power to dispose of him: of course the sale was void. This right he carries about with him, and is entitled every where to get it declared. As soon, therefore, as he comes into a country, in which Judges are not forgetful of their own humanity, it is their duty to remember that he is a man, and to declare him to be free.—This is the Law of Nature, which is obligatory on all men, at all times, and in all places.—Would not any of us, who should be snatched by pirates from his native land, think himself cruelly abused, and at all times entitled to be free? Have not these unfortunate Africans, who meet with the same cruel fate,

'fate, the same right? are they not men as well as we? and have they not the same sensibility? Let us not, therefore, defend or support an usage which is contrary to all the Laws of Humanity.'

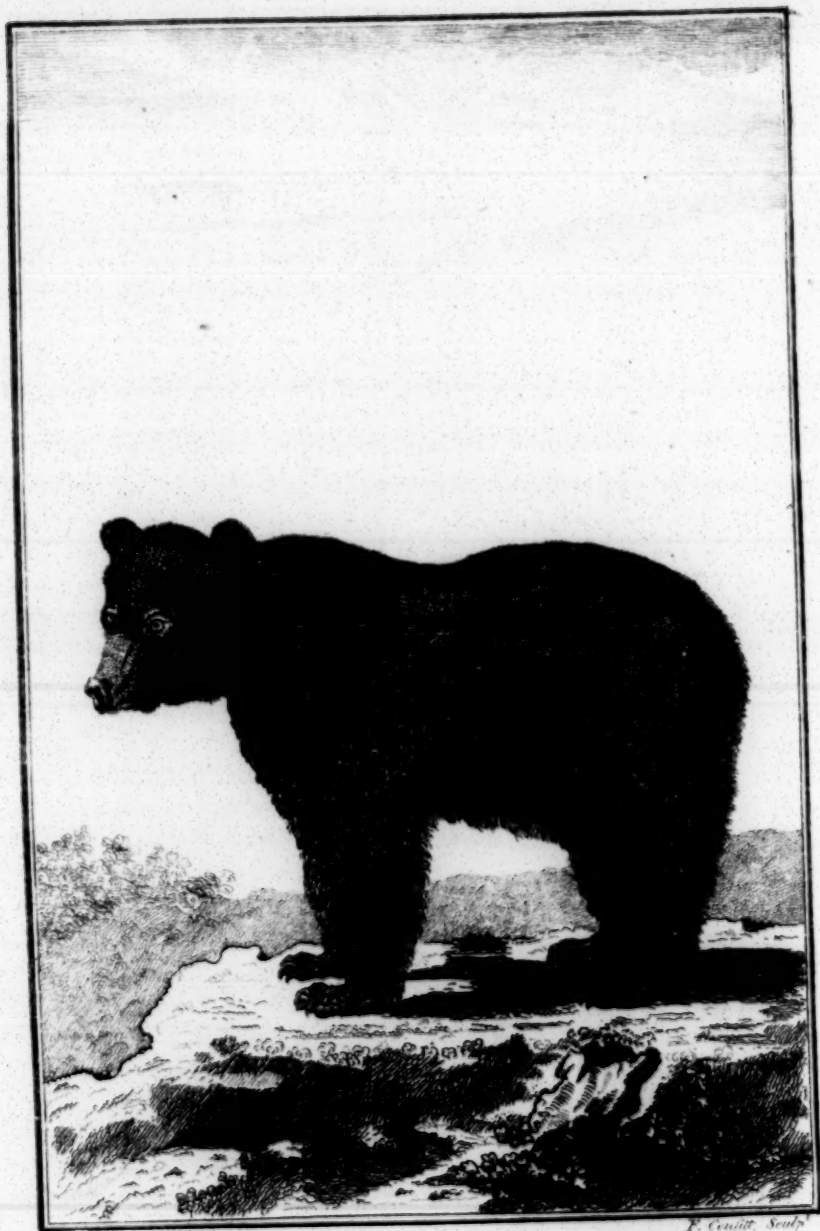
How the British nation first came to be concerned in a practice by which the rights and liberties of mankind are so violently infringed, and which is so opposite to the apprehensions Englishmen have always had of what natural justice requires, is indeed surprising. It was about the year 1563, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that the English first engaged in the Guinea Trade; when it appears, from an account in Hill's Naval History, p. 293, That when Capt. Hawkins returned from his first voyage to Africa, that generous-spirited Princess, attentive to the interest of her subjects, sent for the commander, to whom she expressed her concern lest any of the African Negroes should be carried off without their free consent, *declaring it would be detestable, and call down the vengeance of Heaven upon the undertakers.* Capt. Hawkins promised to comply with the Queen's injunction; nevertheless, we find in the account, given in the same history, of Hawkins's second voyage, the author using these remarkable words, *Here began the horrid practice of forcing the Africans into Slavery!*

Labat, a Roman Missionary, in his Account of the Isles of America, at page 114, of the 4th vol. mentions, that Lewis XIII. father to the present French King's grandfather, was extremely uneasy at a law by which all the Negroes of his colonies were to be made slaves; but it being strongly urged to him as the readiest means for their conversion to Christianity, he acquiesced therewith.

In a book printed at Liverpool, called The Liverpool Memorandum-book, which contains, among other things, an account of the trade of that port, there is an exact list of the

vessels employed in the Guinea Trade, and of the number of slaves imported in each vessel, by which it appears, that in the year 1753, the number imported to America, by vessels belonging to that port, amounted to upwards of thirty thousand; and from the number of vessels employed by the African Company in London and Bristol, we may, with some degree of certainty, conclude, there is, at least, an hundred thousand Negroes purchased and brought on board our ships yearly from the coast of Africa, on their account. This is confirmed in Anderson's History of Trade and Commerce, printed in 1764, where it is said, at page 68 of the Appendix, 'That England supplies her American Colonies with Negro-slaves, amounting in number to above one hundred thousand every year.' When the vessels are full freighted with slaves, they set out for our plantations in America, and may be two or three months on the voyage, during which time, from the filth and stench that is among them, distempers frequently break out, which carry off a great many, a fifth, a fourth, yea, sometimes a third of them; so that taking all the slaves together that are brought on board our ships yearly, one may reasonably suppose, that at least ten thousand of them die on the voyage. And in a printed account of the State of the Negroes in our plantations, it is supposed that a fourth part, more or less, die at the different islands, in what is called the seasoning. Hence it may be presumed, that, at a moderate computation of the slaves who are purchased by our African merchants in a year, near *Thirty Thousand* die upon the voyage and in the seasoning. Add to this, the prodigious number who are killed in the incursions and intestine wars, by which the Negroes procure the number of slaves wanted to load the vessels. How dreadful then is this Slave-Trade, whereby





F. Goult, Sculp.

THE BEAR.

whereby so many thousands of our fellow-creatures, free by nature, endued with the same rational faculties, and called to be heirs of the same salvation with us, lose their lives, and are truly, and properly speaking, murdered every year! For it is not necessary, in order to convict a man of murder, to make it appear, that he had an intention to commit murder. Whoever does, by unjust force or violence, deprive another of his liberty; and, while he has him in his power, reduces him, by cruel treatment, to such a condition as evidently endangers his life, and the event occasions his death, is actually guilty of murder.

It is no less shocking to read the accounts given by Sir Hans Sloane, and others, of the inhuman and unmerciful treatment those Blacks meet with who survive the seasoning in the islands, often for transgressions to which the punishment they receive bears no proportion. 'And the horrid executions which are frequently made there upon discovery of the plots laid by the Blacks for the recovery of their Liberty; of some they break the bones, whilst alive, on a wheel; others they burn, or rather roast to death; others they starve to death, with a loaf hanging before their mouths.' Thus are they brought to expire with frightful agonies, in the most horrid tortures. For negligence only they are unmer-

cifully whipped till their backs are raw, and then pepper and salt is scattered on the wounds to heighten the pain, and prevent mortification. Is it not a cause of much sorrow and lamentation, that so many poor creatures should be thus racked with excruciating tortures for crimes which often their tormentors have occasioned? Must not even the common feelings of human nature have suffered some grievous change in those men, to be capable of such horrid cruelty towards their fellow-men? If they deserve death ought not their judges, in the death decreed them, always to remember that these, their hapless fellow-creatures, are men, and themselves *professing Christians*?—Britons boast themselves to be a generous, humane people, who have a true sense of the importance of liberty; but is this a true character, whilst that barbarous, savage Slave-Trade, with all its attendant horrors, receives countenance and protection from the Legislature, where so many thousand lives are yearly sacrificed? Do we indeed believe the truths declared in the Gospel? Are we persuaded that the threatenings, as well as the promises therein contained, will have their accomplishment? If indeed we do, must we not tremble to think what a load of guilt lies upon our nation generally, and individually so far as we in any degree abet or countenance this aggravated iniquity?

NATURAL HISTORY. N^o. V.

[With an ENGRAVING of the BEAR.]

THE BEARS

OF North-America are not at all mischievous, except when they are hungry, or when they are wounded. They always run away at the sight of a man, and if he has a dog along with him the bears will soon get out of sight. Their rutting time is in July, and then they become fo

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lean, that the flesh has a faintish and disagreeable taste; even the savages themselves, who feed upon almost any thing, will not touch it at that time. In this season they are much more formidable than at other times, which is perhaps owing to jealousy; but after this they soon get their flesh again by the help of fruits which they meet

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with

with in the woods. They are particularly fond of grapes which run up the highest trees, and they will readily climb to the top in quest of them; but if a hunter happens to see them they pay dear for their liquorishness, for they seldom come down without the loss of their lives.

Bear-hunting is a very great sport in America, both with the Planters and Savages. Not many years ago 500 bears were killed in two of the counties in Virginia in one winter. The English have a breed of dogs above the size of farmers' curs, which are brought up to this sport, and by practice they come to know the scent of a bear; as soon as they meet with this they follow him by their nose till they have overtaken him, and then they bark and snap at him till he runs up into a tree. There are then generally two or three hunters ready to kill him with their guns, lest one should miss.

Though they are not naturally voracious, yet they are very fierce when wounded. The dogs often bring them to a bay when in this condition, and then the huntsmen are ready to shoot them with the pistols that are stuck in their girdles. Those dogs are not accounted proper for the game that will attempt to fasten upon a bear; for the best dog in the world is nothing in its paws: besides, if they ever get one in their clutches they blow up his skin from his flesh like a bladder, and often kill him; but if he recovers he is never good for any thing afterwards.

The time of hunting the bear in America is the winter season, for then they hide themselves in hollow trees. When they find any thrown down they make a den of the root, and stop the entrance with fir-tree branches, where they lie sheltered from the rigour of the weather. If they can meet with nothing of this kind they make holes in the earth, and take great care when they are within to stop up the entrance. They have been seen to lie so snug in the bot-

tom of a cave, that they were perceived with difficulty by those who were very near them.

But in whatever manner a bear gets a lodging, he never stirs out of it during the winter; and yet it is not known that he carries any provision along with him, which renders it extremely probable that he neither eats nor drinks at that time. It is generally said that he lives all this while by sucking his paws, but of this there is no certainty; nor does it seem at all probable that they could render him sufficient nourishment for so long a time. However, it is credibly asserted, that they have been kept chained up all the winter without any thing to eat or drink, and that when it was ended they continued very fat; but every one is left to his own liberty to believe what he pleases in this respect; for it is certainly very strange, that an animal so well provided with fur should be so extremely unwilling to stir abroad in the winter time.

The length of this animal's body, from the nose to the extremity of the paws of the hind feet, is eight feet three inches, and to the root of the tail five feet and a half; and this last is five inches long. Likewise from the nose to the hind part of the head is five inches. The breast is larger than that of a lion as well as longer, and it consists of fourteen ribs on each side. The neck is short, in proportion to its size, like that of a hog; for it is but seven inches broad, and nine long; however, the extraordinary thickness of the hair about this part makes it seem shorter than it really is. The skin or hide is very thick and hard on the back, but thin and delicate under the belly. The hair is not so harsh as that of a lion or wild boar; it being a sort of wool, more curled than that of a goat, but not so much as that of a sheep. The claws of a bear are connected to the last phalanx of the fingers and toes in the same manner as a lion; and they

they have the power of keeping them raised as they walk, that they may not blunt their points; however, they are generally found to be half worn away, because a bear has much more occasion to use them than lions, or other animals of prey. These claws are black, very large, and crooked; and the teeth are like those of a lion, only the grinders are not sharp and pointed, but flat and square; and there is likewise a small tooth behind the lower dog-tooth. However, the teeth, in general, are smaller than those of a lion; for which reason it is said, that the bear makes use of his paws only in breaking the nets and snares of the hunters; likewise the thickness of his lips prevent him from making use of his teeth upon this occasion. They are of an extraordinary figure, for those below are turned inwards, and towards the corners are of the form of the comb of a cock.

The GREENLAND BEAR

Is larger than the former, and is of a white colour; and the shape of their heads and some other parts is quite different, which plainly shew they are of a distinct species. Not many years ago there was one carried about for a show in England, which was four feet and a half high when he stood upon his legs, and about nine feet

long. When he reared up on his hind-feet he was thirteen high, and would lay hold on the upper part of his den, and swing like a parrot in a cage. However, we are credibly informed there are many in Greenland much larger.

The head is of a more formidable make than that of a common bear, for in some respects it resembles a lion. It is but small in proportion to the size of the animal, and yet it is four times as large as that of a mastiff dog. The neck is prodigious thick and strong; the eyes are very small and far sunk in his head, and the nose is black and thick, with wide nostrils. The mouth is large, black within, and exceedingly well armed with strong teeth. There are four tusks, two on each jaw, of above two inches long. The ears are very small, and the tongue is of a purple colour.

The limbs of this animal are monstrously large, the thigh being above a yard in circumference. The soles of the feet are flat, broad, and undivided, being ten inches in length and seven or eight in breadth. The toes, which are five, are armed with large nails full two inches long, and in some cases he makes use of his paws in the same manner as we do our hands.

From the BEAUTIES of the BRITISH SENATE.

THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT ASSERTED AGAINST THE IMPRESS ACT.

Sir GEORGE SAVILE's SPEECH—JUNE 23, 1779.

I AM really astonished that the learned gentleman (Mr. Wedderburne) is not ashamed to avow the reason he has assigned, for the concealment he has used, and reducing the House to act as so many midnight conspirators, who, under the colour of devising measures for public preservation and national safety, has every appearance of plotting, in the dark at midnight, its destruction,

coming like so many hired ruffians, with weapons concealed under their cloaks, to bury their poinards in its very bowels.

Such an act as that for impressing men into his Majesty's service might be very necessary, but not to the extent moved for; but why bring it forward at this DARK and SILENT hour? when the clock has struck twelve, and most of the members retired home to

their beds? Why, in God's name, not propose it early in the day, in a full House? The reason assigned for this assassinate mode of conducting public business is, to the last degree, unfounded and dissatisfactory, "left the public should be apprised of it." Has not the learned gentleman already told us that the bill is to act retrospectively? That it is to commence on that melancholy, I fear, fatal day, on which the Spanish Minister delivered the manifesto now on your table? Has he not farther informed us, that that the Ministry have not been unmindful of their duty, for that they have exceeded all their former attacks on the constitution of their country? They have trampled on the laws, and have found an advocate to defend their conduct, in the person of the learned gentleman who has moved this extraordinary bill in this extraordinary manner. Is then the learned gentleman's love of his country not satisfied with the injuries inflicted on the most deserving part of the community, by robbing them of that protection which the laws have given to them, and by breaking the national faith, which is the great pledge and security to every Englishman for their due performance? Would the learned gentleman

not let one father, one husband, one brother, or one child escape, in this general scene of oppression and injustice? Methinks I hear the heart-felt shrieks of the miserable wife this instant piercing my ears, and entreating, in accents of rage and despair, the midnight ruffian not to drag from her side her tender and affectionate husband, the father of her children, and her only support! I think I hear the aged and helpless parent, in accents of sinking woe, misery, and distress, bewailing the loss of his dutiful and beloved son! I confess I am filled with horror at the various ills and miseries this instant inflicting in every part of these kingdoms, contrary to every principle of law, justice, and humanity: but the learned gentleman has a stomach for all this, and much more; for he says, he has stood up at this late hour to propose a law, which, if proposed in open day, in a full House, might perhaps have this one consequence, that of procuring, for the persons to be affected by it, that personal security, by flight and concealment, which the laws of their country, and the assurance of public faith always supposed to accompany them, have been inadequate to.

AUTHENTIC PARTICULARS AND ANECDOTES OF THE LATE MR. FITZGERALD.

THE late unfortunate George-Robert Fitzgerald, Esq; in whom was blended such a contrariety of qualities, such a mixture of good and bad, very early began his career in life. Before he arrived at his 20th year, he had fought several duels; and it is evident that he was more stimulated by a sanguinary disposition than a nice sense of honour. His implacable resentment was the source of all his miseries, it ultimately caused his ignominious exit, and marred all the good qualities he possessed. He purchased a commission in the royal army in the year 1765, and from this

we may date the commencement of his public transactions.

He had distinguished himself in two duels, before his being garrisoned in Galway, in the year 1767, when, on some quarrel with a Lieut. Thompson, they met in a public garden in the suburbs of that town, and at the second shot, unfortunately for George, and those who have since suffered thro' his means, part of his skull was only shattered, without penetrating the *pia mater*. Little hopes were, however, entertained of his life; but, by the skill of the surgeon, he was fatally relieved for a more shocking catastrophe.

He was at this time one of the gentlest youths in Ireland, and was so vain of a fine head of pale-coloured hair, that, though he never winced under the trepan, he dropped tears when the surgeon told him that cutting off his hair was necessary to his cure.

It would be a difficult task to trace Mr. Fitzgerald thro' his numerous quarrels in Ireland, England, and France. In the latter kingdom, he was caressed by the Duc d'Artois, and in the habits of familiarity with the first nobility in France. An anecdote is related that he introduc'd some loaded dice at hazard, and, being detected, the Duc d'Artois saved him; he immediately fled in women's apparel. On his return from France in 1776, he accompanied his father to the county of Mayo, the unhappy scene of the tragedy in which he acted so principal a part.

As France had rather increased than diminished his foppery, his mode of travelling was in a very extraordinary style. The father being in the German service early in life, all the servants were put in Hussar uniform, with monstrous sabres, and the entrance and the exit of their suite into every country town had all the parade a little German Prince could make in a route thro' his petty dominions. The former set up as a candidate for the county of Mayo in 1777, and even petitioned Parliament against the returned member, but lost it.

The causes of the quarrel between Fitzgerald and M'Donnell, which terminated in both their deaths, were as follow:—Two ladies held a farm under Mr. M'Donnell; the lease expired, and as the land had been set at a very low rent, and he was a considerable gainer by the fall of the lease, he refused to renew. Fitzgerald interfered, and insisted he should; he even went so far as to take possession for the ladies. The former applied to the laws for redress; many rencounters

ensued, and many attempts were afterwards made to assassinate M'Donnell, until the catastrophe of the 21st of February.

Mr. Fitzgerald's estate consisted of about 10,000 acres, a great part of which was very fine land; it never brought him in near the intrinsic value annually; as solvent tenants were unwilling to live under a man of his disposition, a great space of it remained unoccupied. If properly husbanded, as it is estimated, it would be worth 7000*l.* per annum.

Some time prior to the murder of M'Donnell, Fitzgerald drove all the Roman Catholic tenants off his estate.

Every part of Fitzgerald's body was scarred with wounds which he had received in the various rencounters and duels he had been engaged in. There was a large hole where a ball had lodged in one of his hips, another in the small of one of his legs, his head had been trepanned, and his right side was so perforated with pricks of the small sword that it had an appearance not easy to describe.

Among the many horrid circumstances relative to the ill-fated Fitzgerald are the following:—He had, it seems, a trusty servant, whom he acquainted with his secrets, and who faithfully executed all his commissions. At length the man had waded through so much iniquity that he began to relent, and visibly betrayed some marks of compunction. This the acute eye of Fitzgerald soon observed, and, as he was conscious that the man knew too much, he from that moment determined to make away with him. Accordingly he caused liquor to be sent to the kitchen, and, when he judged the servants might be heated with drinking, he entered in person, and soon contrived to create a quarrel between this man and another. They proceeded to fight, but he asked them if they were afraid to take pistols? The fellow whose death Fitzgerald had fixed on, as might be naturally expected from one

one of such a disposition, replied he was not. The other seemed to shew some reluctance, but Fitzgerald instantly whispered him that his opponent's pistol should only be charged with powder.—Pistols were then brought.—Fitzgerald was as good as his word—and at the third fire the unfortunate man was shot through the body. Thus, apparently thro' a frolic, he was able to annihilate a man whose existence he had reason to dread.

Mr. FITZGERALD's Speech previous to sentence being passed.

"My Lords,

"I humbly hope for the humane indulgence of this Court to my present most unhappy situation. I do not mean, my Lords, to take up your time, but I trust that what I shall say will be attended with effect. The very short period of time that has elapsed since my conviction has been taken up in adjusting my temporal affairs; and in truth, my Lords, even these are not yet perfectly settled; but I now wish to make some preparation, some settlement of peace with Heaven, before I pass into the presence of an all-seeing and justly offended God, which I am about to do.

"My Lords, you may imagine I plead for this indulgence of time in hopeful expectation of obtaining his Majesty's pardon; but, my Lords, I do most solemnly declare it is no such inducement; for if his Majesty were to offer me his pardon, nay his crown

along with it, I would not accept of either the one or the other: under the weight of such a verdict against me, it is impossible I could ever look one of the community in the countenance, or again hold up my head in society. Let it not be understood, my Lords, that by this declaration I insinuate or infer the smallest degree of censure on the verdict of the jury. No, my Lords, I know them all to be gentlemen of the most fair and irreproachable characters; men not to be biassed, and who could not avoid bringing me in guilty, if I were their brother, from the body of evidence that has appeared against me—which, if I was before acquainted with, I should have endeavoured to have had witnesses to repel that body; but that, my Lords, is not now a matter for consideration—the only thing I plead for is time!

"It is also said, my Lords, that I want that time to commit an act of suicide; but I have too many offences on my back, and dreadful crimes to account for, to have such a miserable passport into eternity."

Mr. Fitzgerald was dressed in a brown stuff pellice outside coat, lined with hair, an old uniform coat of the Castletown Hunt, a flannel waistcoat and drawers, dark-grey linen stockings, and shoes without buckles; a very old round hat, having a piece of white cord as a band.

(Farther particulars respecting Mr. Fitzgerald will appear in our next.)

ESSAY ON FALSE AND TRUE HAPPINESS.

HOW vain, fugacious and empty, are all the little momentary pleasures of life! How blind and fond are we of being deceived! We look upon Folly with the converging end of our telescope, the eye; we make mountains of errors appear no bigger than mole-hills, and the paths of Virtue we throw brambles in, not only to prevent our own walking in them, but to hinder others.

What pains do men take to surmount ten thousand difficulties and impediments which lie in their way to Vice! they break through all laws, divine and human, till the gilded bait is possessed; and then how soon is the appetite palled, and how long does the sting remain upon the conscience! Sure Heaven ordained this secret way of punishing mankind for secret crimes; though cheerfulness may possess

sefs the features, blackness and horror cloud the mind.

How soon does the memory of past pleasures fly from us! and of what little importance are they in our journey of Life! The balm which sweetens our passage flows from a spring more conspicuously clear and unfulled than all the vain and empty follies of human invention. Reason, that bright refulgent beam of light, that guide to the soul, that lamp of the understanding, has charms to satiate us. If we employ it to survey this earth, and all its glories; and if we compare them with that infinite number of worlds beyond our utmost ken, and examine the exact order and æconomy in the circuit of the whole creation, in what an abyss of amazement are we lost!

How many inexpressible pleasures must arise in a mind retired to this secret solitude! this earthly paradise! Here flow rivers of felicitous thoughts to the contemplative mind! The ideas of one who can soar even beyond those planets which lie farthest in our observation, and can yet imagine infinite regions, and worlds, and planets beyond these, and that there may be still indefinitely more and more beyond all he can imagine! I say, the ideas of such a one must be extensively great and pleasant. The melody of music, in its sweetest sounds, melts and dies away in the vibration, but the harmony of this contemplation will last to eternity, and prove a never-ending bliss.

DR. BERKENHOUT'S MODE OF CURE FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.

THE person bit must immediately apply his mouth to the wound, and continue to suck it during ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, frequently spitting out, and washing his mouth each time with water, warm or cold, no matter which. If the wound be in any part of his body which he cannot reach with his mouth, possibly he may prevail on some rational friend to do him this kind of office; especially when I assure him, positively assure him, that it may be done without the least danger. My own son, then about eight years old, in returning from school, was bit by a dog in the thigh. My eldest daughter being informed of the accident, without the least hesitation immediately sucked the wound: she heard me say it might be done with safety. The dog was certainly not mad, but I relate the story in justice to her affectionate intrepidity, which, in a young girl, was somewhat extraordinary.

Seriously I believe that if this simple operation were immediately and

resolutely performed, no other remedy would be required. The best medicines are often the most simple, and those which are nearest at hand. We are too apt superciliously to overlook the simple dictates of nature and common sense, to the discredit of our profession, and the loss of our patients. Art, chemistry, compounds, and systems, are the hobby-horses of young physicians; and it is not till they have grown old in the profession that they return to Nature and Hippocrates.

But, though I have great dependence on this simple preservative-remedy, we cannot be provided with too many weapons, offensive and defensive, against so formidable an enemy. Those who want resolution to attack the foe personally, will be glad of a substitute. That substitute is a cupping-glass, or any other vessel that will answer the same purpose. If no surgeon be present, take a pretty large piece of paper; twist it gently so that it may easily be thrust into a narrow-mouthed jug; light

light the paper well, and, having put it into the vessel, fix it tight over the wound, and let it remain in that position till it may be easily taken off. Repeat this operation three or four times.

Ancient and modern writers on this subject have generally advised searing the wound with a hot iron; partly with a design to destroy the poison, but particularly with an intention to produce an ulcer. This I think not only an unnecessary, but a pernicious act of cruelty. Let us suppose that a particle of the poison, sufficient to communicate the disease, is absorbed by a lymphatic vein, what will be the effect of the application of a red-hot iron to the extremity of that vein, after such absorption? will it not immediately shrink and shrivel? and will not the reduction of the poisonous *fomes*, by an external application, be thus effectually prevented?

The wound being now wiped dry with lint or tow, let two drachms of mercurial ointment be rubbed into it, and let the part be then covered by a blistering plaster somewhat longer than the wound. As soon as a bladder is perceived to have risen under the plaster, raise the edge of it, and let out the lymph; and, in order to keep it running, let it be daily dressed during fourteen days or longer, with an ointment composed of equal parts of *emplastrum vesicatorium*, and *unguentum cæruleum fortius*, P. L. melted together in a very gentle heat. Let a drachm of mercurial ointment be rubbed into the fore-part of the legs of the patient every other night, and on the nights intervening let him take a bolus, composed of three or four grains of calomel, six grains of

camphore, and a drachm of conserve of roses. If any signs of salivation should appear, it must be checked by a day or two's suspension, and a dose of Glauber's salt.

Every person who, from the bite of a dog really mad, has received the fatal poison, whose constitution is at that time disposed for such infection, and who has ignorantly depended on sea-bathing, or on any specific taken internally, will most certainly, in the space of a few weeks, perceive symptoms of the approaching catastrophe, called *hydrophobia*. In this stage of the disease I fear there is very little probability of recovery. I have, perhaps rather wantonly, advised intoxication; I am still of opinion that it is an experiment worth trying. It can certainly do no harm. I remember somewhere to have read of opium, in large doses, being successfully administered; but I do not find this practice confirmed by experience. Powerful anti-spasmodics are certainly indicated.

This may possibly be read by persons who live in the country, at some distance from an apothecary; and, consequently, in case of an accident, it may be many hours before any mercurial ointment can be procured. Such readers will necessarily ask, what then is to be done?—Whilst the person bit is sucking the wound, let a spoonful of lard, or tallow, or fat of any kind, be melted, and immediately, with the hand, rubbed into the part, continuing the operation until the fat be entirely absorbed. Let him then take his horse and ride leisurely to the nearest apothecary, who will proceed as above directed.

A RECEIPT FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG,

WHICH NEVER YET FAILED.

TAKE dwarf box, ash-coloured liverwort, wild periwinkle and wild trefoil, (the best time for laying in a stock of the latter is in June) of each an equal quantity. When they have lain by to be sufficiently dried,

rub them, and sift them into a fine powder. Then give three quarters of an ounce in a pint of new milk to either man or dog fasting; let it be repeated for three mornings—the sooner the better after the bite.

P O E T R Y.

P O E T R Y.

AN ADDRESS,

Written and spoken by Mrs. SIDDONS,

When she produced to the Audience her
Three Reasons for quitting the Bath Theatre.

HAVE I not rais'd some expectation here?
Wrote by herself!—What! Authoress
and play'r?

True, we have heard her, (thus I guess you'd
say)

With decency recite another's lay;
But never heard, nor ever could we dream,
Herself had sipp'd the Heliconian stream.
Perhaps you farther said, (excuse me, pray,
For thus supposing all that you might say)
What will she treat of in this same address?
Is it to shew her learning? Can you guess?
Here let me answer, No: far diff'rent views
Possess'd my soul, and fir'd my Virgin Muse!
'Twas honest Gratitude; at whose request,
Sham'd be the heart that will not do it's best!
The time draws near when I must bid adieu
To this delightful spot; nay, e'en to You!

[To the Audience.

To you, whose fost'ring kindness rear'd my
name,

O'erlook'd my faults, but magnify'd my fame.
How shall I bear the parting? Well I know,
Anticipation, here, is daily woe.

Oh! should kind Fortune, where I next am
thrown,

Bestow but half the candour you have shown,
Envy, o'ercome, will hurl her pointless dart,
And critic gall be shed—without it's smart:
The num'rous doubts and fears I entertain,
Be idle all; as all possess'd in vain!
But to my promise—If I thus am blest'd;
In friendships link'd; beyond my worth ca-
refs'd;

Since I'm secure in my employer's aid,
Who meets my wishes ere they scarce are
made;

Why do you quit (you'll say) such certain
gain,

To trust Caprice, and its vexatious train?
What can compensate for the risques you run,
And what your reasons? Surely, you have
none!

To argue here would be your time's abuse—
My word I keep, my reasons I produce:

[Here her Three Children were discovered.

These are the moles that heave me from your
side,

Where I was rooted, where I could have dy'd!
Stand forth, ye elves, and plead your mo-
ther's cause;

Ye little magnets, whose strong influence
draws

Me from a point where every gentle breeze
Wafted my bark to happiness and ease;

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Sends me advent'rous on a larger main,
In hopes that you may profit by my gain!—
Have I been hasty? Am I there to blame?
Answer all ye who own a parent's name.

Thus have I tir'd you with an untaught
muse,

Who for a favour still most humbly sues,
That you, for classic learning, will receive
My soul's best wishes, which I freely give:
For polish'd periods, round, and touch'd
with art,

The fervent offerings of my grateful heart.

To the EDITORS of the YORKSHIRE
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

*Happening, a short time since, to pay a visit to
an intimate friend of mine, I accidentally met
with the Greek Poem of Posidippus, on the
Miseries of Human Life, together with the
Answer of Metrodorus, a Philosopher. The
Poem and Answer gave me great pleasure;
the latter I have endeavoured to imitate as
copiously as it would admit, and the insertion
of it in your Magazine will oblige*

Your's, &c.

DAMON.

I N every path of Life which men pursue,
Scenes of delight and pleasure we may
view.

The FARMER rises early in the morn
To plow the gladsome fields, or sow his corn;
Pleas'd with the thought that Harvest will
repay

His arduous toil, he whistles out the day:
Happy his life! contented with his lot,
Pride and Ambition ne'er approach his cot.

See, at the bar, with what extreme delight
The LAWYER pleads each cause, or wrong
or right!

With pleasure he the Client's purse surveys,
And guides his rhetoric by its pow'ful rays,
He gains his wish—he gets a golden fee;
But ah! it costs too dear—Sincerity.

Plenty and Peace our little HOMES afford;
Friends mix with friends, and pleasure crowns
the board;

Incessant cares and idle murmurs cease,
“While dear relations mingle into blifs.”*

Or should we be inclin'd to plow the SEAS,
The generous deep procures us wealth and
ease;

* ————— “Home is the resort
“Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where,
“Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
“And dear relations mingle into blifs.

THOMSON.

E e

'Tis

'Tis here that India's shining ore we gain,
Golconda's gems and Persia's silks obtain.

If **POOR**, "unknowing and unknown"
we live,

Yet taste the sweets that rosy Health can give;
No avaricious cares our minds molest,
'Tis true we labour, but—how sweet is rest!

Those on whom **FORTUNE** deigns to give
a smile,
No pinching hunger feel, and know no toil;
By friends surrounded, and by vassals fear'd,
By all caref'd, and by the Great rever'd.

Nor is the **MARRIAGE-STATE** devoid of
bliss:
The smiling look, the soul-endearing kiss,
The tender friendship, which the heart would
move,
Are virtues which attend on wedded love.

In such a state, how pleasing 'tis to see
The prattling **INFANT** on the mother's
knee!
While in her breast each soft emotion steals,
And looks express the tenderness she feels.

If the dear youth a **SINGLE LIFE** prefer,
To keep a Wife he'll no expence incur;
No secular affairs disturb his joys,
Nor prattling infants deaf him with their
noise:
He'll glide with pleasure down the stream of
life,
Range where he will, and ne'er consult a
wife.

Thus, gracious Heav'n to every state
bestows
Some healing balm to cure their different
woes;
Each has its pleasure, each its own delight,
To good conducive—if 'tis manag'd right.
Rotherham, July 10, 1786. **DAMON.**

For the **YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.**

WERE there an hundred Beauties chose
From Beauties the most rare,
Not all their charms, in one combin'd,
With *Hannab's* cou'd compare.

Not *Argus* with his hundred eyes
In her one fault cou'd spy,
Tho' eyes ten hundred he cou'd boast
For every single eye.

Briar us wou'd his hundred hands
To see her raise in wonder,
And *Fame* with all her hundred tongues
Her praises loud wou'd thunder.

But, oh! the beauties of her mind
Not myriad bards can show;
Wou'd they a maid to match her find,
To heaven they must go.

Were I of hundred realms possess'd,
I'd gladly all resign
If with her hundred thousand charms
Her heart in hand were mine.

*On viewing the RUINS of St. MARY'S
ABBEY at YORK.*

THE Sun was posting to the glowing
West,
Each bird began to perch upon the spray,
Each window seem'd with golden spangles
drest,

And all declar'd the setting of the day.
Slowly round *Ebor's* ancient walls I trace,
Musing on things long past, in days of old,
Of heroes who have run bright *Glory's* race,
Worthies, who are in history enroll'd.

Of palaces, and castles of renown,
Of pyramids, and spires that fought the
sky;

Now by the iron hand of Time o'erthrown,
In tumbling ruins only strike the eye.

Such is the whole extent of human arts,
Tho' big with splendor, and with genius
bright;

Nature and Time alike perform their parts,
And ev'ry stately prospect set in night.

How artful does St. Mary strike the view,
Her ruin'd portals now with ivy drest!
Her fretted isles no holy martyrs shew,
Her storied windows no where found express'd.

No longer sounds her once sonorous choir
With songs of glory to the God of Day;
No pealing organ does the breast inspire,
The real devotion of the heart to pay.

But hooting owls and bats the place surround,
While toads and reptiles fill each hollow
cave;

Where skulls and bones promiscuously are
found,
Possessing what was once some hero's
grave.

Old Ouse the cheerless prospect now surveys
Of what was once his pride, but now his
shame;

And, as he constantly in murmurs strays,
Sighs at the loss of his departed name.

For the **YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.**

The **CHOICE** of a **HUSBAND.**

YOU ask, if the thing to my choice were
submitted,
You ask in a man how you wish to be fitted—
I'll answer you freely, and beg you to mind
him,
Your friendship perhaps may assist me to
find him.
His age and condition must first be consider'd,
The rose on his cheek should be blown, but
not wither'd;

He

He should be—but, hark ye, a word in your ear—

Don't you think five and twenty would suit to a hair?

His fortune from debts and incumb'rances clear,

Unfaddled with jointures—a thousand a year;

Tho' to shew you at once my good sense and good nature,

I'd not quarrel much should it chance to be greater.

The qualities next of his heart and his head—

Good-natur'd and friendly, sincere and well-bred;

With wit when he's pleas'd on all subjects to shine,

And sense not too small to set value on mine:

No cockcomb that boasts of his knowledge and arts,

Not stiff with his learning, nor proud of his parts;

Nor braggart that swears he did this or did that,

When his knowledge all lies in the cock of his hat.

Let his knowledge and learning but seldom appear,

And his courage be shewn when danger is near;

With an eye that can melt at another man's woe,

A heart to forgive, and a hand to bestow.

Thus I've try'd to mark out, in these whimsical lays,

The partner I wish for the rest of my days.

Go find out the youth that is form'd on my plan,

And him I will marry, I mean—if I can:

But if it should chance—(there's a proverb you know

That marriage and hanging by destiny go)

Should it happen that Heav'n has another in store,

The reverse of the picture I gave you before;

Should I chance to be plagu'd with a fop or a fool,

Too perverse to be mild, yet too silly to rule,

What then must be done? Without fighting

or arguing

I think I would e'en make the best of my bargain;

I'd sit down content with the lot that was mine,

And though I might smart yet I would not repine—

You may laugh if you please, but I'm sure that I would

Do all I have told you—I mean—if I could.

York.

W.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

Written in the YORK THEATRE during Mrs. SIDDONS's Performance of *Ishabella*.

QUEEN of the human heart! whose potent skill

The fiercest natures can with ease controul,

Who leads astonish'd Fancy where she will,

"And in elysium wraps the list'ning soul!"

Grief, Terror, Madness, Pity, Love, Despair,

With awful zeal upon her glances wait;

While Sense and Reason with unceasing care

United stand to guard her regal state.

There let her sit secure in honour plac'd,

(Applauding shouts resounding forth her name)

Sustain'd by Merit, while her head is grac'd

With wreaths entwin'd by Virtue and by Fame.

F. W.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

MAN's DEPENDENCE on his CREATOR

THRO' all the various shifting scene

Of Life's mistaken ill or good,

The hand of God conducts, unseen,

The beautiful vicissitude.

He portions with paternal care,

Howe'er unjustly we complain,

To each their necessary share

Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

Trust we to youth, to friends, or pow'r,

Fix we our foot on Fortune's ball?

When most secure, the coming hour,

If He sees fit, may blast them all.

When lowest sunk with grief and shame,

Gorg'd with Affliction's deepest cup,

Lost to relations, friends, and fame,

His pow'rful arm can raise thee up,

Before his throne, the poor, oppress'd

With stand'rous Rage, acquitted stand;

He guides the exile to his rest

And country, in a foreign land.

His pow'rful consolations cheer,

His smiles erect th' afflicted head;

His hand can wipe away the tear

That secret wets the widow'd bed.

All things on earth, and all in heav'n

On his eternal will depend;

And all for greater good were giv'n,

Would man pursue th' appointed end.

This be my care: to all beside

Indifferent let my wishes be;

Passion be calm, and dumb be Pride,

And fix'd my soul, my God, on Thee.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

HOUSE of LORDS.

June 29.

PASSED the lottery bill, American Loy-alists' bill, the stamped vellum bill, and several other bills.

July 3. Went thro' the Scotch distillery, cordage, indemnity, seamen's wages, and several other bills.

Lord Scarfdale read the different clauses of the bill for granting relief to the East-India company, by permitting them to make sale of certain annuities, and to increase their capital, which were agreed to without debate.

July 7. On the third reading of Earl Stanhope's bill for regulating county elections, a debate took place, which terminated in rejecting the bill.

HOUSE of COMMONS.

June 27. In a committee to consider of the King's message, resolved, That 1000l. per ann. be granted to his Majesty for settling a pension on Lady Maria Carleton, wife of Sir Guy Carleton, and to Guy Carleton and Thomas Carleton, his sons, in consideration of the important services performed by the said Sir Guy Carleton.—A bill was ordered for granting a pension of 500l. per ann. to Brook Watson, Esq; for his meritorious services as Commissary-General of North-America.

June 28. Passed the sinking fund and the East-Florida bills.

June 29. Agreed to the report of the resolutions of the committee on the Isle of Man fisheries.—Ordered the land revenue bill, the commissioners' meeting bill, and the excise duty bill, to be severally engrossed.

July 4. Agreed to the report of Sir Guy Carleton and Brook Watson's annuity bills. Went thro' the distillery and tool exportation bills, which were ordered to be engrossed.

Westminster, July 11. This day his Majesty came to the House of Peers, and being in his royal robes seated on the throne with the usual solemnity, gave the royal assent to various bills; after which his Majesty was pleased to make the following most gracious speech:

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I Cannot close this Session of Parliament without expressing the particular satisfaction with which I have observed your diligent attention to the public business, and the measures you have adopted for improving the resources of the country.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I thank you for the supplies which you have granted for the service of the current year, and for the provision you have made for discharging the incumbrances, on the revenue applicable to the use of my civil government. The most salutary effects are to be expected from the plan adopted for the reduction of the national debt; an object which I consider as inseparably connected with the essential interests of the public.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

The assurances which I continue to receive from abroad, promise the continuance of general tranquility.—The happy effects of peace have already appeared in the extension of the national commerce; and no measure shall be wanting on my part, which can tend to confirm these advantages, and to give additional encouragement to the manufactures and industry of my people.

Then Earl Bathurst, by his Majesty's command, prorogued the Parliament to Thursday the 14th of September next.

MONTHLY OCCURRENCES.

LONDON, *July 3.*

A Letter from Rome, dated May 24, says, "The congregation *de la Propaganda* have received the melancholy accounts from China, that a revolution had happened in that empire, which cost the lives of 40,000 people; the true cause is not known, but it is suspected that religious principles had some part in it, particularly as 30 Missionaries were driven from the empire.

July 6. A remarkable seizure was lately made by Mr. Tankard of Dartford. The Captain of a ship, whose wife died abroad, brought home a coffin, in which was sup-

posed to be the remains of his once-beloved wife. It was suffered to be taken on shore without searching, and the lady lay in state several days before she was interred; however, at last, a hearse was prepared, and two mourning coaches attended with the relations of the deceased, and the procession moved on slowly towards Stepney, where the coffin was deposited. About twelve o'clock at night Mr. Tankard and his man, coming by the church-yard, observed some men digging, and a cart standing by; they watched the motions of those *resurrection-men*, and presently saw them open the coffin and take out the

the body, which consisted of upwards of 500 pieces of muslin, and various other contraband articles. Mr. Tankard suffered them to proceed with their *corpsé* till they came to Ratcliffe-Croft, where he got assistance and seized the whole.

July 8. A letter from Barcelona, dated June 8, says, "The American Deputies are a second time returned from Algiers, without being able to effect a peace with that kingdom; nor can they obtain even a truce for three months, notwithstanding very considerable offers from Congress were made by the negotiators, which are all rejected."

July 9. A letter from Paris, dated June 23, says, "In the yard of the house formerly inhabited by Madam de la Motte, at Barfur-Aube, was lately found, buried 14 feet under ground, a coffer, containing money, diamonds, and pearls, to the value of 800,000 livres. It is supposed that this treasure will, with the consent of the king, be adjudged to the Cardinal, as an alleviation of his misfortunes."

July 11. It is rumoured at Paris, that the French Cabinet has proposed to the English Minister a plan for the partition of India, as the ground of a permanent alliance between the two nations. This is intended to be at the expence of the Dutch, and France supposes England will accede to the proposal, from a resentment of the conduct of Holland in the late war.

It is said to be in contemplation, with the approbation of his Grace of Canterbury, to revise the whole body of the Ecclesiastical laws, and expunge those incongruities which still disfigure the reformation of this country, and are totally repugnant to the principles of our free constitution. The well-earned applause to which the truly liberal spirit of this illustrious Prelate intitles him, will not be confined to his contemporaries, his name will be revered by posterity.

July 13. A letter from Lemberg, dated May 25, says, "Baron Wolskohl has invented a gun, which, being once loaded, may be discharged 36 times without interruption. This piece is neither larger nor heavier than a common musket."

As various and absurd paragraphs have gone abroad respecting the Prince of Wales, a friend to his Majesty and the Prince has been induced to give the truest and shortest account of the matter, to prevent people being led away in their opinions by accounts given by those who know little, if any thing, and who pick up intelligence from others as ignorant of the matter as themselves. It is a fact, that the Prince's income, since the day he was 21 years old, has been 74,000*l.* a year; 50,000*l.* of which is from the King's civil list, and 24,000*l.* from the principality of Wales; and his Highness had besides

50,000*l.* to fit up his house, and to begin the world with: this was in the latter end of the year 1783, not quite three years since; and his Highness's debts amount to above 200,000*l.* His Highness began the world with a better income than either his father or his grandfather did; it is then a very wise and good act of his Majesty not to propose to Parliament either to add to the Prince's income, or to grant him money. If the Prince contracts useless and improper expences, it is right he should retrench a little; by laying aside 30,000*l.* a year towards paying his debts, and living on 44,000*l.* a year, he will act an honourable part, and will in the end feel himself happier by so doing. This it seems he intends, and this is a proper thing for him to do. His noble and amiable father has never been upon ill terms with the Prince; on the contrary, his Majesty has always received him with cordiality whenever he came to him: his Majesty's love and anxiety for his children has been in the highest degree exemplary; not a more tender or affectionate parent lives, nor one more equally attached to his children; and there is no doubt but that the Prince is perfectly sensible of what he owes to so good a father. It is probable that the present embarrassed situation of the Prince's affairs may induce him to see the world in a proper light, and, by throwing off improper connections, make himself honourable and esteemed by the world in general, and gladden the heart of a most indulgent and amiable father.

Advices from America say, that the Legislature had passed an act, prohibiting the importation of slaves in New-Jersey, to authorize the manumission of them under certain restrictions, and to prevent the abuse of slaves.

The King of Great Britain has at this time to boast of 143 ships of the line. The King of France has 97; and the Empress of Russia has 49, with 210,000 troops. The King of Denmark's fleet has of late increased considerably; he has 30 ships of the line, and the states of Holland have about 40.

July 19. A negotiation is now going on by means of Sir Robert Ainslie, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, for reviving the Asiatic over land thro' Egypt and Turkey, and it is thought it will be brought to a speedy conclusion.

The last accounts from Philadelphia say, that at a meeting of the Delegates from Congress and some Chiefs of the Cherokee Indians, the latter had put themselves entirely under the government and protection of the United States of America; that the proper boundaries had been finally settled; and that an alliance, offensive and defensive, had been entered into and ratified, to the mutual satisfaction of the contracting parties.

July

July 21. A letter from the Lower Elbe says, the three Princes, sons to the King of England, who sailed from Gravesend in the *Augusta Yacht* on the 29th of June, arrived at Stade on the 1st of this month, and set out on the 2d, at twelve at night, with the Duke of York, for Hanover.

July 25. Mr. Alderman Lee, and many others, who once resided in England, and were the first to open houses in America, have quitted it. The phantom of the golden dream of American independency is dissolved, and the delusion it inspired.

The Princess Amelia continues very ill. In case of her death, the Prince of Wales's establishment will, in all probability, be soon restored, as the Prince is very high in her favour, and her Royal Highness's property in the Funds is near a million of money.

July 28. Dutch politics become daily more interesting. The memorial presented by Sir James Harris to the states of Holland, against the interferences of any foreign powers in the internal regulations of the United Provinces, has not been regarded by the city of Utrecht; its citizens have formed themselves into a confederacy, in opposition to the Stadtholder, and presented a copy of their transactions to the Ambassador from the French King. The King of Great Britain has declared that he cannot look on with indifference. The King of Prussia has expressed his sentiments to the same purport with his Britannick Majesty. The consort of the Prince of Orange is niece to the King of Prussia, and our Sovereign, as Elector of Hanover, has joined the Germanic league; the objects of which is to controul the projects of the Emperor.

Every thing bears the most serious aspect in Holland, and, from every appearance, one would be led to conclude that the Dutch are undoubtedly upon the eve of a civil contest! The ferment is universal, and the two factions seem every where ready to run to arms. The people are forming themselves, throughout the whole country, into bodies of troops, supported by voluntary contribution, and are constant and regular in their hours of exercising themselves, rigorous in their discipline.

If a rupture should take place, which, it is the opinion of all, is at no great distance, it will be very difficult for England to avoid interfering in the quarrel.

A letter from Rome says, "The Pope continues to give fresh proofs of a true Catholic spirit, and convinces the world of what had been asserted, that he would prove another Ganganelli. The English travellers are much caressed, and visit him constantly; indeed the Pope's levees are made up of men of all persuasions, so that the spirit of toleration will in time become universal, much to the benefit of religion, and the happiness of mankind."

A letter from Frankfort, dated June 22, says, "They write from Schleiden, in the district of Aremberg, that the Duke has granted the Protestants the free exercise of their religion, and assigned to their use a spacious hall in his castle till a church shall be built for them."

July 29. The stud of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, sold by Mr. Tatterfall, produced no more than 7586l. 5s.—The famous horse, Rockingham, was bought by Mr. Bullock for 800 guineas; and it is a well-known fact that he has since been bid 1500 guineas for that horse, but refused it.

Y O R K, *July 1.*

ON Wednesday last sailed from London, the ship *Columbus*, Capt. Thomas Leef, (belonging to Hull) on a voyage to the Southern spermaceti whale-fishery on the Brazil coast, being the first vessel out under the new act of parliament, for the encouragement of that fishery.

July 4. The Rev. Samuel Dent, of Bridgetown in Barbadoes, (a native of Whitehaven) has discovered the veritable *nankeen dye*, which has so long been the object of inquiry.

July 10. A Sunday-school is established at Carthorpe, near Bedale, where numbers of boys and girls belonging to the poor inhabitants, as likewise many of the farmers male and female servants, are instructed in reading, writing, and their duty to Almighty God, and attend divine service twice a day, who formerly were idling, drinking, or gaming on the Sabbath-day.

The following ships are arrived at Hull, from Greenland: The *Mary*, Capt. Nellis, with 7½ whales; also 350 seal skins—The *Young Maria*, Wray, with 7 whales; also 19 seal skins and one bear—The *Mary*, Nicholson, with 10 whales; also 80 seal skins and 1 unicorn—The *Sarah* and *Elizabeth*, Dewitt, with 8 whales—The *Endeavour*, Read, with 5½ whales.—*Ranger*, 8 whales; also 149 seal skins—the *Molly*, Hall, with 9 whales; also 427 seal skins—and the *Diana*, Bruce, with 5 whales; also 165 seal skins—*Manchester*, Sadler, with 11 whales; also 445 seal skins.

The following ships are arrived at Whitby from Davis's Straits: *Earl Fauconberg*, Johnson, with 9 fish; *Nautilus*, Rowland, 8; *Resolution*, Steward, 7; *Prospect*, Banks, 6. The above fish are all large.—Also arrived at Whitby, from Greenland, the *Jenny's Adventure*, Callender, with 7 fish, full, and the *Whitby*, with 7 large and 2 small ones.

July 16. The Duke of York has purchased the estate of Lord Galloway, in Yorkshire, for 100,000l. This purchase being made at the time when the Heir Apparent is under the necessity of disposing of his equipage, and

and abridging his household, manifests the superiority of a German education over one merely English.

July 26. This day 1500 young persons of both sexes, from the several parishes of this city, attended by their respective ministers, went to the cathedral, where they were confirmed by his Grace the Archbishop; and the next day his Grace confirmed 2200 young persons from the neighbouring villages.—In both days there was an increase of 1700 above the last confirmation.

July 29. This day the assizes were opened here by the Hon. Francis Buller and John Heath, Esqrs. Justices of the court of commons pleas, before whom the following prisoners in the castle are to take their trials:

Thomas Lawson, sen. and Thomas Lawson, jun. Robert Haigh, and James Grindon, charged with murder—Mary Windas and Mary Gamble, charged with murdering their bastard children—John Charlesworth and George Butler, for highway robberies—William Nicholson, for horse-stealing—William Newlove and Edward Banks, for sheep-stealing—James Braithwait, John Wells, John Heeley, William Sharp, William Bamforth, John Mudd, alias John Smith, Daniel Hitchin, Matthew Wilson, Joseph Holmes, together with the above John Charlesworth, for house-breaking—William Scarr and Richard Tenant, for stealing cloth off bleaching grounds—Joseph Williams, for assaulting William Clay—William Kay, from Rotherham sessions, for a burglary—William Bowran, John Dunn, Ann Wood, John Young, John Kabery, Jos. Thornton, and John Wroe, for various thefts—John Low and Utley Acroyd, for picking pockets.

The following gentlemen compose the Grand Jury:

Sir J. LEGARD, of Ganton, Bart. Foreman
Sir C. Sykes, of Sledmire, Bart.
Bellingham Graham, of Whitwell,
R. A. Drummond, of Brodsworth,
G. Osbaldeston, of Hutton Busnell,
R. S. Milnes, of Fryton Hall
John Yorke, of Richmond,
William Chaloner, of Guisbrough
F. F. Foljambe, of Aldwark
Robert Burton, of Hotham,
T. Grimston, of Grimston Garth,
Henry Wickham, of Cottingley,
Ralph Creyk, of Marton,
John Dalton, of Slensingford,
Pemberton Milnes, of Wakefield,
S. F. Barlow, of Middlethorp,
B. Brooksbank, of Healaugh,
Robert Carlisle Broadley, of Thwing,
John Fairfax, of York,
W. Tancred, of Kirkby Malzeard,
James Fenton, of Glashouse,
John Fothergill, of Kingthorpe,
John Naylor, of Newstead,

Esquires.

July 31. This day Mr. Townend paid into the bank of Mess. Garforth and Co. the sum of two hundred pounds, being a benefaction from Mrs. Key of Grantham to the Lunatic Asylum.

A calf of two months old, which was sold for three guineas, was lately killed, which weighed 44lb. a quarter. It was brought up by Edwin Lascelles, Esq; of Harewood, in this county.

The following prisoners in Ousebridge Gaol have taken their trials, viz. Elizabeth Miles, alias Shepherd, charged with stealing a gold mourning ring, acquitted.—Ingram Lapish, for picking pockets on Knave'smire, to be sent to Africa for 7 years.—Jane Mush, for theft, to be privately whipped, and imprisoned six months.

MARRIAGES.

THOMAS—Richard Beaumont, Esq; of Darton-House, to Miss Wentworth, of Barnsley.—H. J. Baines, Esq; of Bell-Hall, to Miss Mortimer, of York.—E. Wilkinfon, Esq; of Leeds, to Miss Ann Pearse, of Woodford.—Mr. J. Halfpenny, drawing-master, to Miss F. M. Barrett, both of York.—At Scarbrough, Mr. C. Wright, jun. of that place, to Miss Pearson of Wykeham.—At Gretna-Green, Mr. Thornhill, woollendrapier in Hull, to Miss Farnell of Dover.—Mr. Wray, master of the academy in Leeds, to Miss Holborn of South-Cave.—Mr. Swallow, attorney in Selby, to Miss Waite of Loftsome.—Mr. Barber of Kippax, to Miss Sutcliffe, of Stansfield-Hall, near Halifax.—Mr. R. Tolson, merchant in Leeds, to Miss Car, of Stackhouse.

DEATHS.

AT Acomb, near York, the Rev. Wm. Cooper, D. D. and F. R. S.—At York, Timothy Forbes, Esq.—At York, Mr. L. Terry, city steward.—Mr. John Tate, dancing-master in York.—Mrs. Harrison, wife of Mr. W. Harrison, spirit-merchant.—At Tadcaster, Mrs. Ann Beaumont.—At Pontefract, aged 90, Mr. R. Saltenstall, surgeon and apothecary.—At Snaith, Mrs. Barff.—At Langwith, near York, aged 21, Miss Ann Agar.—At Carlton, near Pontefract, Mrs. Lister.—T. Medhurst, Esq; of Kippax, near Leeds.—At Halifax, Mr. Alexander, many years surgeon and apothecary there.—At Hull, the Rev. E. Popple.—F. Fawkes, Esq; of Farnley.—Mrs. Malton, relict of the late Mr. Malton, jeweller, York.—At Smalley, Yorkshire, Eliz. Hickton, aged 107, and Mary Bailey, aged 106.—At Banks, near Sheffield, Mrs. Goodwin, wife of the Rev. Mr. Goodwin of that place.—Mr. T. Weatherhead, master of the White-Horse inn, New-Malton.

The STATE of the WEATHER at YORK.

[Continued from our last.]

☞ The commas over the quarter from which the wind blows denote its violence, viz. ' a breeze, " a brisk wind, "' high wind, "" a storm. The same in rain and snow, shew the quantity.

1786.	Barom.	Thermom.	Wind.	State of the Atmosphere.
JUNE 29	— 29.70	— 66	— W.""	— Frequent clouds.
30	— 29.90	— 68	— Ditto.	— Heavy. Rain.""
JULY 1	— 29.95	— 69	— W.""	— Cloudy.
2	— 30.00	— 64	— W.'	— Heavy clouds.
3	— 30.00	— 63	— S. W.'	— Heavy. Rain.""
4	— 30.05	— 68	— N.'	— Very heavy.
5	— 30.20	— 67	— N. W.'	— Ditto.
6	— 30.10	— 76	— W.""	— Cloudy.
7	— 29.85	— 62	— N.'	— Heavy. Rain.""
8	— 29.80	— 61	— N.	— Ditto.
9	— 29.80	— 60	— N. E.'	— Ditto.
10	— 29.85	— 61	— Ditto.	— Ditto. Rain.""
11	— 30.10	— 60	— N.""	— Cloudy. Rain.
12	— 30.20	— 65	— N. W.""	— Ditto.
13	— 30.40	— 73	— N. E.'	— Few clouds.
14	— 30.40	— 78	— S. S. E.	— No clouds.
15	— 30.30	— 79	— N. W.'	— Few ditto.
16	— 30.20	— 77*	— W.""	— Clouds.
17	— 30.20	— 73	— N. W.'	— Clouded.
18	— 30.40	— 73	— Ditto."	— Few Clouds.
19	— 30.10	— 72	— Ditto.'	— Heavy ditto.
20	— 29.90	— 58	— N. E.""	— Ditto. Rain.'
21	— 30.10	— 59	— N. W.	— Heavy.
22	— 29.90	— 65	— W.'	— Ditto. Rain.'
23	— 29.70	— 70	— W.""	— Ditto. Ditto.""
24	— 29.90	— 72	— W. N. W.'	— Rain."
25	— 29.90	— 71	— W.""	— Heavy.
26	— 29.70	— 72	— Ditto.	— Cloudy.
27	— 29.55	— 66	— W.""	— Heavy Rain.""
28	— 29.60	— 67	— S. W.""	— Ditto.
29	— 29.20	— 63	— W.""	— Ditto. Rain."

* Remarkable aurora borealis last night, flashing from the N. W. and N. E. up to the Zenith.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IT will prove a most pleasing acquisition to us to be favoured with the proposed Essays by our obliging correspondent, DAMON, whose favours already demand our sincerest thanks.—He will be pleased to transmit early in the month.

The stanzas of N. V. are too personally pointed.

Various poetic productions are now in possession, but unavoidably postponed till our next.



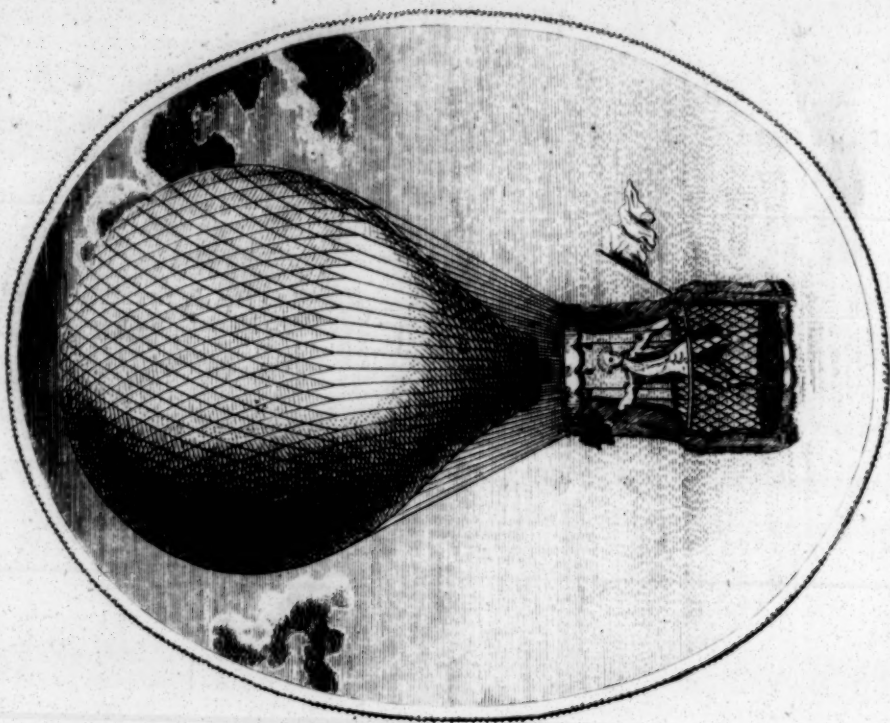
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VINCENT LUNARDI Esq.



VINCENT LUNARDI Esq.

going up in his Balloon.

THE
YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE,

For AUGUST, 1786.

ACCOUNT OF MR. VINCENT LUNARDI.

THE FIRST AERONAUT IN ENGLAND.

[*With an ENGRAVING of that GENTLEMAN.*]

MR LUNARDI is a young gentleman of good family at Naples: being a younger son, he had little more to encounter the world with, than a very liberal education, a good person, and an enlightened mind. He was sent in the early part of his life to the East-Indies, where he remained some time without benefiting from the plunder practised in the East. On his return, being of an enterprising and philosophical turn of mind, he was selected from his countrymen as Second Secretary to Prince Caramanico, the Neapolitan Ambassador. Some time after their arrival in England, the Prince honoured Mr. Lunardi with his confidence and appointment, as principal Secretary to the Embassy; in which capacity he remained until the Prince was recalled to his appointment at a different court. The separation was reluctantly complied with, but could not be prevented without a violation of that honour which Mr. Lunardi had ever supported. Having fixed his mind on an aerial excursion, and pledged his faith to the public, in London, for the performance, he resisted the impulse of friendship and interest, and ascended in his balloon from the Artillery Ground, on the 15th of September, 1784.

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Since that time he has made several other aerial excursions in England and Scotland, particular descriptions of which having been given in various publications, we think a repetition would probably prove not very acceptable to our readers, we shall therefore only present them with a brief account of his ascension from the city of York on Wednesday, August 23, 1786.

At 40 minutes after one o'clock, Mr. Lunardi amply fulfilled his engagement to the public, by ascending with his royal balloon from Kettlewell's Orchard, behind the Minster, amidst the acclamations of several thousand spectators. His ascension was truly sublime. The balloon rose to a prodigious height, so as to be distinctly seen in every part of the town, and took a N. E. direction. A very dark cloud for some minutes obscured the intrepid aeronaut from the gazing multitude, who had, however, soon the pleasure of again observing his progress at a great distance, through the trackless atmosphere. Mr. Lunardi's dexterity in filling his balloon, as well as every part of his conduct throughout the business, merited great praise, and afforded the highest satisfaction to every beholder.

Mr. Lunardi descended an hour after

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ter his ascent in a corn-field, and perceiving people flocking towards him from every quarter, by which he was apprehensive that the corn would be injured, he therefore rose again and went out of sight.

At three o'clock he finally descended betwixt two hills, in a place called Greenock, in the parish of Bishop-Wilton, about 18 miles from York. A few shepherds came to his assistance after he was perfectly anchored, and the number of his rustic visitors increasing, he discharged the inflammable air from the balloon, and with their assistance packed it up. Robert Denison, Esq; who had rode after him from his house at Kildwick Percy, arrived in time to give proper directions for conveying the balloon safe to that place; and having accommodated Mr. Lunardi with his horse, took him home to dinner, and after-

wards most politely brought him in his own chaise and four to this city. Tho' it was night when they entered the town, the anxiety of the people for Mr. Lunardi's safety had been so great, and the joy they felt on his appearance such, that they took the horses from the carriage and drew him through the streets to his lodgings in triumph--Soon after, Mr. Lunardi dressed, and paid his respects to the Ladies and Gentlemen at the Assembly-Room, where he was received with the warmest expressions of welcome and applause--Mr. Lunardi, when at the greatest elevation from the earth, experienced very inclement weather; had rain, hail, and snow; and was also in the midst of electrical clouds. The neck of his balloon was rather frozen, and himself quite benumbed with cold when he descended.

ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF MR. KEMBLE.

THE approbation with which the anecdotes of Mrs. SIDDONS, inserted in our last, were received, has induced us to present the following genuine memoirs of her brother, Mr. JOHN KEMBLE, not doubting but they will be particularly acceptable to many of our readers, especially to such of them as during his residence in this county were favoured with his acquaintance.

Mr. Kemble is the eldest son of his parents, was born in Lancashire, in the year 1757, and placed very young at the celebrated Roman Catholic Academy in Staffordshire, where he shewed so early and uncommon a taste for letters as induced his father to send him to the English College in the University of *Douay*, in order to his being qualified for the sacerdotal order. Mr. Kemble did not for some time make any figure in the schools; he was, however, from his admission in the University noted for the happiness of his memory, and a talent that indeed gave an early promise of his

present excellence, we mean his delivery, for which he was already so much admired, that tho' no one ever went to hear the speeches of any other student, yet the whole body of Fellows and Professors constantly crowded the hall whenever Mr. Kemble was to pronounce an oration. The intervals he snatched from necessary studies he dedicated to the perfecting himself, and the most promising of his companions, in the tragedies of Cato and Julius Cæsar, in which his representations of Cato and Brutus were thought master-pieces. The time at last arrived for Mr. Kemble to rise into a more honourable celebrity. The Poets were put into his hands. His earliest compositions were approved by all, and a Latin eclogue he wrote on the death of Louis XV. did his college, as well as himself, great credit, for it was allowed to be the most elegant piece the University produced on that occasion. In the height of his academical reputation he forsook his studies, returned to England,

England, and bowing to the bent of his natural inclination, (not to mention the example of his sister, Mrs. Siddons, then playing with Mr. Younger, at the Theatre-Royal, Liverpool) he determined to try his fortune on the stage. The part he appeared in was *Theodossius*, in Lee's *Force of Love*; the place, we believe, Wolverhampton. His first performance induced Mr. Younger to engage him for the support of the principal characters with Mrs. Siddons.

In this summer Mr. Kemble produced a tragedy, founded on the story of the Roman General, *Belisarius*. This piece recommended him to the friendship of the author of the *Life of Petrarch*, (Mrs. Dobson) to whom he soon after inscribed an elegant poem, called *The Palace of Mersey*.

About this time Mrs. Siddons accepted an invitation to play at Bath; and Mr. Kemble was engaged at the Theatre-Royal, York, where he made his *entrée*, Jan. 20, 1779, in the character of *Orestes*, and was received with that applause to which his performance was justly entitled. Here he continued three years, and gave the town a comedy (altered from Shakspeare's *Comedy of Errors*) called *Oh! it's impossible*, a Farce, called the *Female Officer*, (which we understand has since been performed in London, with some alterations, under the title of the *Projects*) and a *petite* piece, entitled the *School for Scandal Scandalized*. He altered Massinger's *New Way to pay Old Debts*, and published a small collection of Verses, under the title of *Fugitive Pieces*. † He likewise tried a new species of entertainment in the Theatre at York, consisting of a repetition of some of the most beautiful Odes in the English language, and the reading of the tales of *Le Fevre* and *Maria*, from Sterne. His success in this arduous task, and the general estimation in which he was held, cannot be described more fairly or satisfactorily

than by giving an extract from a *Critique* on the York company, inserted in the *Yorkshire Memorandum-Book*, published in 1781, when Mr. Kemble was a mere stripling on the stage.

“With all his faults we cannot but consider Mr. Kemble as a phenomenon in the Theatrical world; for notwithstanding the frequent inelegancy of his deportment and affectation of ease, we are confident he can, *if he pleases*, do ample justice to the various characters he undertakes, excepting only Ranger, the West-Indian, and parts in that line. He is a very young man, and will, we are persuaded, by degrees conquer the defects above-mentioned; and indeed towards the close of the last season, he afforded us daily fewer occasions to censure him in these respects. Amidst the number of parts we have seen him perform, we should be guilty of great injustice were we to omit mentioning the singular pleasure we have received from his Edward the Black Prince, Othello, Edgar, Phocyas, Lord Hastings, Jaffier, Bireno, Sir Giles Overreach, Puff, the Master of the Toyshop, Benedick, &c. &c. His Hamlet, though not faultless, is a most masterly performance, and we believe him in it equal, if not superior, to any actor now on the stage. His friends are, perhaps, too sanguine when they rate him with “departed excellence,” however we scruple not to say, that we think he spoke some passages in Hamlet better than Mr. Garrick. His best characters indubitably are the Roman Actor and Demetrius, in Dr. Young's *Tragedy of the Brothers*. They are unexceptionable, inimitable. In delivering Odes, Sterne's Stories, &c. he is happier than any person in our recollection.” How far the writer of the above was justified in his opinion, time, and the approbation of the public, have fully determined.

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† For a specimen of which see the poetical part of this Magazine.

We ought not to omit mentioning, that, whilst in the York company, Mr. Kemble delivered at Leeds a Lecture on Sacred and Prophane Oratory, which, while it proved him a critic in his own profession, obtained him the reputation of taste with men of letters. It engaged him also in a paper war, and caused the insertion of several ingenious strictures on the subject of his lecture, in the *Leeds Intelligencer*.

Mr. Wilkinfon having taken the Edinburgh Theatre, during the races in 1781, Mr. Kemble played a few nights there, and was received with all the applause he merited. He soon after was engaged by Mr. Daly for the Theatre in Smock-Alley, Dublin, where he made his first appearance in the character of *Hamlet*. How he was received, and how frequently the play was repeated, is well known. As his admired sister had done in London, so he once more made tragedies the fashion in Dublin. Early in the winter, Mr. Jephson's *Count of Narbonne* was acted, in which Mr. Kemble sustained the principal character. Such are the intrinsic merits of that play, and so successful were Mr. Kemble's efforts in seconding them, that the piece was represented thirty nights in the course of the season. The public testified the sense they had of his uncommon merit by crowding to his benefit in an unexampled manner, while Mr. Daly, by liberally returning him the half of his charge for the Theatre, paid a very handsome compliment to his extraordinary talents.

We come now to his appearance in London (the mart where merit is weighed to a grain). It was in October, 1783, in the character of *Hamlet*, and was pleasing in the highest degree. The impression he made on his auditors was such, that his performance, and no other subject, was for some time the leading topic of

conversation. He introduced new readings and a manner of his own, for both of which he deserved and received high praise. There was nothing of Garrick, or Henderson, or any man within our memory, in his delivery or deportment. He stood ALONE. His first scene with the Ghost was admirable; his trailing the sword after him, instead of pointing it, was a very happy thought, and merited the applause he met with. The famous soliloquy and advice to the players (the latter of which he omitted the two first nights) were perhaps never better delivered. His closet scene was a finished piece of acting throughout, and probably nothing finer was ever heard than his interrogation of "Is it the King?" If he failed in any part, or rather if he was not superior throughout to every other performer, it was in the fifth act, and there justice obliges us to give the preference to Garrick and Henderson. The next character he played was *Edward the Black Prince*, then *Richard III.* *Sir Giles Overreach*, *The Gamester*, &c. We are informed he has just renewed his engagement at Drury-Lane Theatre for the four succeeding years, on such liberal terms as the FIRST ACTOR in this kingdom has a right to expect.

Mr. Kemble is a natural and an original performer. His understanding puts him in full possession of his author's spirit, and often enables him to give scenes, particularly Shakespeare's, a new and more emphatical grace than was ever imparted to them by any other performer. His voice is thick, yet distinct; not very powerful, yet by skilful management it seems generally capable of all necessary variety. His tones are least of all adapted to extreme tenderness* or violent grief, though sometimes they have reached both successfully, but oftener the former passion raises them into

* Is not this remark in some degree likewise applicable to Mrs. Siddons? We think if she is at any time inferior to herself it is in her expressions of extreme tenderness or plaintiveness. Her voice then appears rather too powerful, not sufficiently feminine.

into a sort of whine, and the latter sinks them into a smothered and inaudible murmur. We are at a loss how to speak of his deportment. We have seen it in the same character free and graceful one night, and the next confined and distorted. In this particular, however, we are informed he is exceedingly improved. His countenance is most powerful. His eye conveys a sentiment long before he speaks it. The passions live in his features. Who can think it acting when he expresses fear in Hamlet, courage in Henry V. joy in Sir Giles Overreach, horror in the Count of Narbonne, suspicion in King John, jealousy in Othello, and grief in Demetrius? Here his face amply compensates the defect of his utterance. Who can sit unmoved while he paints the assem-

blage of these raging passions in the madness of Orestes? Whoever has seen him repeating Collins's Ode, must know that whatever is said on this score must fall short of what he justly merits.

HIS PRIVATE CONDUCT IS AS WORTHY AS HIS PUBLIC TALENTS ARE EXTRAORDINARY.

For some time past it has been customary to close the memoirs of principal performers with a list of all the characters they have performed; we therefore think that the following authentic enumeration of those represented by Mr. Kemble, whilst he was a member of the York company, may not only be acceptable at present, but may contribute to furnish some future Biographer with materials for a complete catalogue of all his performances.

Athelwold	Don Carlos--'Tis	Juba	Posthumus
Archer	<i>well it's no worse</i>	King Edward--E.	Petillius-Bonduca
Alonzo-- <i>Revenge</i>	Don Felix	<i>of Warwick</i>	P. of Wales—
Antipholus— <i>Oh!</i>	Demetrius	King Henry—	<i>Henry IV.</i>
<i>it's impossible!</i>	Edwin— <i>Marilda</i>	<i>Richard III.</i>	Petruchio
Almainmon	Edwin— <i>Battle of</i>	Lothario	Pamphlet
Atall	<i>Hastings</i>	Laertes	Puff
Beverley— <i>All in</i>	Earl of Essex	Lord Hastings	Phocyas
<i>the wrong</i>	Edward the Black	Lord Mirror	Pharnaces
Belisarius	Prince	Lord Random	Roman Actor
Belcour	Edward-- <i>Edward</i>	Lord Newbery	Ranger
Boncour-- <i>Fathers</i>	<i>and Eleonora</i>	Lord Rentleis	Romeo
Bireno	Elgar	Lord Guild. Dud-	Rivers— <i>Fatal</i>
Benedick	Eveter	<i>ley</i>	<i>Falsehood</i>
Beville	Earl Douglas	Lord Townley	Sir Charles Easy
Bevil jun.	Evander	Lord Aimworth	Sir George Airy
Capt. Plume	Faulkland	Lewion	Sir Henry Varnish
Capt. Dormer	Female Officer	Macbeth	Sir Giles Over-
Campley	Frederick— <i>Miser</i>	Monies	<i>reach</i>
Col Manly-- <i>School</i>	Florizel	Master of the Toy	Sir Henry Glen-
<i>for Scandal scan-</i>	George Barnwell	Shop	<i>ville</i>
<i>dalized</i>	George Hargrave	Modeley— <i>School</i>	Shylock
Costollo— <i>Alonzo</i>	Grey-- <i>Chapter of</i>	<i>for Lovers</i>	Saville
Col. Mountfort	<i>Accidents</i>	Mirabel	Teribazus
Col. Feignwell	Granger-- <i>Refusal</i>	Novel	Tobine
Cromwell	Hamlet	Orestes	Tancred
Carlos-- <i>Fop's For-</i>	Henry-- <i>Henry and</i>	Orlando	Theodosius
<i>tune</i>	<i>Emma</i>	Obadiah Prim	Ventidius
Contrast	Hyllus	Oakley	Young Marlow
Don Carlos— <i>Al-</i>	Jaffier	Oroonoko	Young Cape
<i>zuma</i>	Joseph Surface	Othello	Young Belmont

Collins's Ode on the Passions—Garrick's Ode to Shakspeare—Dryden's Ode to St. Cecilia—Sheridan's Monody on Garrick—Sterne's Le Fevre, Maria, &c.

From

From the BEAUTIES of the BRITISH SENATE.

THE NECESSITY FOR A REDUCTION OF THE ARMY.

WILLIAM THORNTON'S SPEECH—Nov. 26, 1751.

LET us at least, Sir, not adopt that damned *Machiavilian* doctrine, *that a free people cannot be governed but by force*, who may so easily be won by love and affection. An army, Sir, was never kept up in any country in time of peace, but, sooner or later, it was used against the liberties of the people, and at last enslaved them.

Sir, I lament that the people of this country have now two unequal terms to contend upon, for securing their properties and their independency. *Machiavel* says, iron will prevail over gold; but, by this army added to the other power, our managers possess both---so are regardless of complaints, and of gratifying the expectations of the people. To whom can they fly for refuge, or from whom can they expect redress, if not from persons now at the helm of affairs, famed through the land for being the supporters of liberty, and for their detestation of tyranny and oppression!

If the people do complain, perhaps they have just cause for so doing; feeling numberless burthens and taxes laid upon them, chiefly to support needless offices and places at immense salaries: the people are sensible of it, by their being generally occupied by persons of loose lives, without abilities, who make them sinecures, or, at most, appoint deputies, at small salaries, to transact them: they complain their representatives are debauched from them, that *Tax Masters vote Taxes, that the Army vote the Army*; in short *Cuncti pæne patres clamant perisse pudorem*. I must confess, I almost despair of any good to be done in this detested age, or of any reformation, so many having drank of *Circe's* fell cup, the cup of corruption, that they are, imperceptibly to themselves, become monsters, and glory in it, that I almost join in with *Jugurtha's*

reflection when he left *Rome, Urbem venalem & mature perituram si Emp-torem invenerit*.

Persons trained up in the principles of liberty can ill brook this new doctrine, *of being retained in subjection by an army*; having imbibed other nations in their education, so strong as not to be able to divest themselves of them; that he, for one, did detest and abhor the men that would offer it, and did declare, *Manus hic inimica Tyrannis*. Could, Sir, our fore-fathers at the revolution, have conceived that their much-boasted and dear-purchased liberty would have ended in a large standing army, as a protection for *Bureaux* and *Pactores*, from the remonstrances of their much-injured posterity, and saddled with a debt of eight millions, would they have called that a *Deliverance*? They would scarce have thought the alternative a valuable consideration. Though I should allow, Sir, there is no intention in some of our managers to enslave us, it will be but a melancholy reflection when it does happen, towards alleviating the distressed, to say it was not intended. Is it not a severe imputation upon those who have every advantage to make themselves esteemed by, as the disposal of all the revenue, posts, and preferments in the realm, to call out for a military to support their measures against the hate of the people? Does it not convey something as if they were not the best managers in the world?

Sir, I shall beg leave to conclude with imploring gentlemen, if they have any bowels for their country, any affection for his Majesty, and for his family being long amongst us, or any regard for the liberties of their posterity, to reduce the army, and to lessen thereby our numerous taxes.

T H E

THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE,

Exemplified in the remarkable Case of GRACE WARREN, a Widow, with Six Children, at Taunton, in Somersetshire.

THIS miserable woman, with six children, has been enveloped in wretchedness upwards of forty years. She is notwithstanding of a tolerable family in Lancashire. In her early days a marching regiment being quartered in the town of Preston, she formed an acquaintance with one — Warren, a soldier belonging to that regiment, to whom she gave her heart, and contrary to the wish and express mandates of her family, her hand; their supplications and entreaties were then fruitless, as she had entered into an indissoluble bond before the connexion was discovered; the consequence was, she was doomed for years to indigence. With this husband she marched wherever the regiment was destined. In the rebellion 1745, she and her husband were in the heat of the battle of Culloden; in the dreadful carnage there, he was wounded, and left on the field among the slain for dead; here she displayed a conjugal fidelity in these days scarcely to be equalled, choosing rather that her blood should mingle with his, than to be severed from the husband of her heart, or leave his remains to the merciless enemy. In the war before last she and her husband, with her tender offspring, were in several desperate engagements, particularly in the memorable battle of St. Cas, but ever had the happiness to escape unwounded; she bore her husband a child every year for fifteen years, every one of which drew their first breath in different parts of the world; she always conducted herself with propriety, and her conduct secured her the esteem of her superiors: after experiencing all the vicissitudes imaginable, war was concluded; her husband was then discharged, and made an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital; here he arrived to the sum-

mit of his desires and ambition; when he, his wife and six children (the remains of the fifteen) peregrinated to Taunton, the place of his nativity: as they were going over Salisbury Plain, on their way thither, the being fatigued, and almost expiring from long fasting, a humane waggoner, whose heart glowed with compassion for the distress of a fellow-creature, reflecting also on the inclemency of the weather, offered to carry them a few miles to ease their journey; he stopped his waggon, and pulled a ladder out of it for the family to mount, on which she ascended; the horses of the waggon giving a sudden start, drew the waggon from the ladder, which instantaneously fell down; in the fall she broke both her legs, and fractured the skull of an infant she had clinging to her almost empty breasts, and being five months advanced in her pregnancy, she miscarried; in this condition she laid on the Plain till the next morning, before any physical assistance could be procured, during which time she was exposed, without shelter all night, to rain, thunder, hail, in one of the most tempestuous nights ever remembered. The next morning she was conveyed to the Infirmary at Salisbury, where she was confined 20 weeks. Her husband's brother, from a train of fortuitous events amassed some wealth, and being told about four years since by a friend, of the distress of this family, he allowed them a small annuity, which, added to the Chelsea pension, and the father's industry, enabled them to procure some of the necessities of life. With a heart replete with gratitude to the Deity, their prayers were offered for those blessings; but alas! their seeming happiness was of a short duration, the grand

grand Disposer of all things having thought fit to call unexpectedly the husband of this woman to himself; on a sudden, therefore, was this poor creature bereft of her chief support, her only comfort, for with the husband's death the pension dropped, and the brother living only six weeks after him, the benevolence he granted the family ceased also. His brother's property went into a different channel, he having a son, which son came in possession of his father's fortune of course, and being a gay young man, moving in the polite circle, and associating with some people of the first consequence in this kingdom, he had occasion for all, nay more than the property of his father, to procure him his seeming wants. Soon after the death of his father, the son was applied to with all humility, for the continuance of the father's bounty, but he was inexorable to their petitions, and notwithstanding the allowance requested was very small, he would not spare it from his pleasures: here it pleased the Almighty to interpose divine power, and while this young man was in the full career of what he thought earthly happiness, and sighing for "pleasures yet to come," in an unprepared moment, before he had time to take a retrospect of past conduct, that Almighty hand put an end to his sublunary bliss, and hastened him away from all the folly and gaiety of this life, and before he had a time to settle his affairs in this world, he was ordered on a journey to "that undiscovered country from whence there is no returning;" but it was to be, it was the decree of Providence, and who dare say that decree is vain or erring.

This young man's fortune went (he dying without a will) to an aunt, viz. the sister of his father, and she being far advanced in life, instead of the fortune being a pleasure to her, she considered it absolutely as an incumbrance: she applied to two gentlemen, her particular friends, to take the management of her affairs, which

they very humanely did, and, after a short time, she offered her whole fortune to them, as a recompence for the trouble she had ever given them; but with a magnanimity of soul they nobly refused accepting it. About eight months since this old lady also died suddenly and intestate. The gentlemen who kindly undertook the care of her property, immediately advertised in all the different newspapers throughout the kingdom for her next of kin. After a considerable time had elapsed, a gentleman of Taunton very humanely interfered, and inquired of Grace Warren, from whom he collected intelligence sufficient to suppose she and her children were the next of kin, which happily proved true: in consequence of which the gentlemen paid a visit to the distressed family, and put them in possession of a considerable fortune. Great indeed was the change! for, since the death of Grace's husband, she had received only one shilling a week from the parish, which had been her chief support.

Let us now hope that the dark cloud which, for a series of years, has hung heavily over this miserable family, is beginning to disperse, and that a bright sunshine is succeeding to illumine their future days. The gentlemen who nobly refused accepting the old lady's fortune, and the gentleman who humanely interfered for the family, will ever enjoy an innate satisfaction not to be described, a consolation not to be purchased, in being the instruments (from the hand of Providence) of extricating this family from obscurity, raising them from extreme penury, and recruiting their drooping spirits; like a pendulous flower, which with a little assistance refreshes, rears its head, and re-assumes its native splendour; and it is not improbable but, in the course of a few short years, some of the sprigs of the plant now watered, may by these fostering hands grow to maturity, expand its branches, and become a shelter to some of the sons and daughters of wretchedness.

THE TRIFLER, No. VII.

Cuncta placent cultu.

OVID. Art. Am.

For much depends on Ornament and Dress.

THERE are moments in which every candidate for literary reputation soars, as it were, imperceptibly beyond himself. The canvas, on which he paints the prospect of his future glory, is animated with all that imagination can fancy, or its pencil express. Nothing seems too high which his genius cannot reach, or too subtle which his penetration cannot unfold. The whole system of impossibilities opens to his speculation; new worlds are extracted from the immensity of space, and Nature herself is threatened with a vacuum. Promises are made, which perhaps were never intended to be fulfilled; and proposals offered, which were never expected to be called for: till at length the fervor of his paroxysm begins to subside, and reason assures him too late, that all his schemes are but the schemes of a deluded imagination.

This reflection occurred to me the other morning as something which, in a limited sense, may be applied to the Trifler. I promised to appropriate some of my labours to the contemplation of the female world; to examine with some degree of scrupulosity the points in which they seem chiefly to err from prejudice or natural bias; to expose the most glaring of their foibles; and to shew woman how she may cull the fairest flowers and the ripest blossoms, without the contingent thorns and briers. This promise was but the promise of an author. When I began to put it in execution, I saw the folly of my attempt. As soon as I sat down to think, objects crowded upon me, which, though they were less congenial to my feelings, I found more adequate to my abilities. But, in compliance with the importunities of several of the fair sex, I shall now

attempt to discharge part of that debt which has been long due to them.

That woman is *ζων φιλοκοσμον* (as an old writer expresses it) FOND OF FINERY, no person, I believe, will dispute. The daily observation of our own country, as well as the intelligence of others, convinces us of its truth. Dress, even in the earliest periods of the world, seems to have been rather the characteristic of woman than of man. In those primitive ages of imperfect literature, philosophy consisted rather in the contempt of outward ornaments than the real improvement of the mind. Those who had resolution to deviate from the common mode of life, and forsake all its pleasures and enjoyments, were considered as beings endowed with a more than ordinary portion of mental qualifications, and superior to the follies and vices of human nature. This artful mode of imposture being received with admiration and applause, invited others to the same resource, till, in a short time, those who had any pretensions to learning could signify them only by their dress. But when learning diffused itself more widely, and engaged the attention of whole nations, that was the most extolled which could shew itself to the most advantage; and the veil of affectation has been too much penetrated thro', by modern and enlightened ages, to serve as a passport to the narrow prejudices of sophistry or fanaticism. The most refined sentiments, and the most delicate expressions, if delivered by one whose awkward manners and negligence of dress might have placed him among the meanest of his kind, will shock rather than exalt humanity. We are led to condemn the prejudices of that man who, in open defiance to every custom and

habit which the most polished ages have ratified, luxuriates in his non-conformity to life and manners, and has scarcely the negative-merit of not being a misanthropist. Elegance in dress is an acquisition so easy and so recommending, that it seems almost a paradox how any rational being can pride himself in despising it. Among Lord Chesterfield's maxims this seems to have claimed a place. "Learning (says he) may give weight; but accomplishments only can give lustre; and more see than weigh." This will be found true, I imagine, either as it respects one or both sexes. The most incurious, as well as the most contracted, possess the power of judging of outward appearances; but few are capable of discerning and estimating the inward qualifications; and to those indeed who are capable of estimating them, it will add no small quantity to their weight when recommended with a graceful outside. A garden is the more valuable which captivates the senses both by the beauty of its prospects and the fertility of its soil. Seneca has ridiculed this affectation in these words: "*Aliqua faciunt quæ in habitu vel vitæ genere notabilia sunt. Asperum volunt cultum—intonsum caput—negligentiorē barbā—indictum argento et auro odium—cubile humi positum—et quicquid aliunt ambitionem perversâ viâ sequitur.*" "It is the humour (says he) of these people to be singular in their dress and manner of life merely to be taken notice of; their cloaths must be coarse and slovenly; their heads and beards neglected; and their lodgings on the ground. They live in open defiance of money, and do whatever else will satisfy their pride and obstinacy."

This affectation and neglect of dress we find never to have been a very prominent feature in the character of the ladies; they not only are fond of improving it in themselves, but are pleased, and indeed sometimes captivated with it in the other sex. The gold snuff-box, the embroidered coat,

and the amber-headed cane, are a species of eloquence which cannot easily be resisted. To displease a woman, you may do it effectually by pinning her manteau awry when preparing for the opera or an assembly, or by pointing out to her a rival with some new fashion or attendant lover. Whether this be a virtue or a defect, it is certainly such as by no means can be reprehended. To censure a woman because she has a handsome person, or a fine habit on, were as absurd as to despise the butterfly because it has beautiful colours, or to be offended at the peacock for spreading out his tail.

The charms which nature has bestowed on the fair sex (and, I imagine, on none more lavishly than the British fair), seem to have been improved and embellished, not only by the mere lust of fashion and novelty, but by some more significant and powerful agents. There is, I conceive, something of nature even in the very dress of a woman. Children who have yet attained no sense of gallantry or intrigue, and are ignorant even of the names of fashion and gaiety, are struck with the dazzling appearance of embroidery, and are never more delighted than when the nurse has presented them with some new ornaments, for the imaginary baby. At this state of infancy indeed both sexes seem to have ideas of a like nature; they are sensible of certain impressions made by any object remarkably striking by its outward appearance. When Hector was taking his last farewell of his consort Andromache, previous to his fatal expedition to Troy, we are told that his child was frightened at the lustre that beamed from his father's helmet:

Th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely
boy;

The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.

But this in a boy gradually wears off,
and he begins to form notions of a
different

different kind; while the girl ever retains it, and, instead of diminishing her fondness, becomes more and more enraptured with it.

There is no part of the female figure which has more influence, or requires greater attention, than the head. In the formation of this, nature has exerted all her skill, and seems sometimes almost to have surpassed herself. She has planted it with ivory; beautified it with vermilion; and enlightened it with a pair of constellations. She has enriched it with all that can adorn or ennoble the sex; she has lavished on it such a profusion of charms and graces, yet regulated them with such symmetry of features, that it seems to have been designed as the cupola to her most glorious operations. Whether to attempt the improvement or embellishment of the very essence of beauty itself may be considered as an ungrateful return for such accomplishments, I shall not pretend to determine; but whether the beauty of the head can really be set off to any advantage by the addition of outward ornaments, I think myself in some measure bound to enquire. In the most savage and unenlightened parts of Indostan the women take a peculiar pleasure in an ostentatious display of the head-piece; they consider it as one of the most respectable parts of the human frame; and though the fashion, with respect to other parts of dress, is never found to alter, but the *lungy*, or long fall, is delivered down from mother to daughter, and becomes, as it were, an hereditary habit; yet the superior part of the sex, whether from pride, prejudice, or fancy, are never contented till their head is adorned with gold, jewels, and other splendid commodities. But, not to insist on the customs of such distant nations, let us animadvert to countries nearer to our own. In Poland and Prussia the more genteel part of the ladies have sometimes forty or fifty different suits, out

of which perhaps upwards of three parts are adapted for the head.

To deviate from the most prevailing customs of our neighbours would, in my opinion, discover either too much pride or too little common-sense. If a young girl, in the bloom of youth and beauty, and exalted to the highest pinnacle of rank and fortune, should degrade her character by an abuse of the laws of politeness, and a ridiculous contempt of her dress, would she be more respected or beloved? would her parents be commended for the care they had taken to form her in such an uncommon mould? would even the novelty of her person be a passport to polite assemblies, and company perhaps less noble than herself? the circumstance contradicts itself. To like a thing because every body else dislikes it, is a piece of obstinacy which could not long be borne. If indeed the British fair had attempted to disfigure their faces by that savage and disgusting practice of fixing rings in the nose, which the Indian women look upon as a very considerable addition to beauty, one might well have been shocked at their taste. But this fashion, happily for the sex, has not yet entered the European list. And I consider it as an important event in female affairs that the large ear-ring which was seen in Elizabeth's days has crept off the stage, and left few traces of its existence behind.

But to such tenets what will the old-despised paramour, or the rigid moralist, return? Let them deny its advantages, and we will ask them what are its disadvantages? The trade, which furnishes the sex with their ornaments, has been found to increase within these few years very considerably. It has brought in no despicable revenue to the state; and, since it cannot easily do harm, why should it not do good? The traders are in general a set of harmless women, who could never have injured manufactures of any kind, yet may, and have,

greatly improved it. Why may not then the tire-woman study physiognomy; the milliner, gaiety; and the mantua-maker, fashion, as long as it conduces to a laudable end?

But it may be proper, perhaps, to observe how far this indulgence must be extended. There is a vast medium to be observed between harmless gaiety and impertinent coquetry; between the ostentation of folly and the elegance of discretion. Beauty without virtue, and dress without modesty, will not only lose all their force, but, while they expect to gain applause, will endanger ridicule or infamy. The study of virtue and good-nature ought to be attended to before even dress itself: unless a woman has learnt the art of being amiable, not the jewels on her head, nor the diamonds on her neck; will render her so; they may tempt a man to steal, but never to love her. A morose and ill-natured temper, though recommended with the most beautiful person, will in a short time wrinkle, or at least seem to wrinkle, the softest skin; it will give a denial to every approach of love, and flatten every sentiment of friendship; it will render her unpleasing, and in a short time despicable, even among the circle of her familiar acquaintance; it will oblige those who had admired her beauty to detest her heart; and she will be condemned to (what perhaps she had often railed against) the miserable death of an *old maid*. These will be the certain consequences of peevish, and, worse than these, of fantastical beauty. Female vivacity, if encouraged too far, may terminate in thoughtless gallantry; and a too great fondness of dress degenerate into dissipation and folly. The two extremes must be equally guarded against. If the married woman, whose business it is to attend to cares of a more important kind, should indulge this gaiety too far, it may

ruin her own happiness, as well as that of the whole family, for ever. She will be led on imperceptibly to neglect the domestic fondness of a prudent husband, and suffer her affections to be captivated by the eloquent nonsense of a fribbling petit-maitre; she may receive him in a short time as her gallant, and bring up her children in her own thoughtless indiscretion. An instance of this nature may be found in the character of Faustina, wife of Marcus Aurelius, a most prudent and politic Roman Emperor; she had educated her son Commodus, according to her own notions of excellence, in such an insipid and volatile life, that, upon ascending his father's throne, instead of inheriting his prudence, he degenerated into the most licentious and tyrannic folly, and for some time he was nominated the *ROYAL COXCOMB*.

Let me then recommend to the fair sex, first of all arts, to study the art of pleasing; which, after they have once attained, will not readily be parted with. To say that a woman is virtuous and good-natured, is what few deserve; it is a character, though not difficult, yet seldom attained; it is a character so lovely and bewitching, that the most antiquated dame must be amiable who possesses it. The affected charms of a coquet, when compared with the real loveliness of innocence, are faint and insipid. Virtue never brings evil along with it. Its collateral progeny, truth, fidelity, and modesty, are invaluable accomplishments to a woman during her deportment through a life of temptation and folly. They add grace and dignity to every movement and every action of the sex; they give an artificial kind of charm where natural ones are wanting; they give lustre to the most bewitching features, and beautify even beauty itself.

An ACCOUNT of certain ENGLISH PEOPLE, who, in the year 1569, making a voyage to the East-Indies, were cast away, and wrecked upon an uninhabited island, near the coast of Terra Australis Incognita, and all drowned except one man and four women.

CERTAIN English merchants, encouraged by the great advantages arising from the Eastern commodities, in the year 1569, having obtained Queen Elizabeth's royal licence, furnished out for the East-Indies four ships, of which — English was chosen factor, who embarked on the 3d of April, O. S. with his wife and family, consisting of a son twelve years old, a daughter of fourteen, two maid-servants, a female negroe slave, and George Pine, his book-keeper, on board one of the said ships called the East-India Merchant.

By the 14th of May they were in sight of the Canaries, and soon after arrived at the Cape de Verd islands, where they took in some fresh provisions for their voyage; and steering their course South and a point East, about the 1st of August came to the island of St. Helena, and having taken in some fresh water, set forward for the Cape of Good Hope, where, by God's blessing, they arrived safe, having hitherto met with no tempestuous or disagreeable sailing weather.

But it pleased God, when they were almost within sight of St. Laurence, (said to be one of the largest islands in the world) they were overtaken by a great storm of wind, which separated them from the rest of the ships, and continued with such violence for many days, that, being driven out of their knowledge, they lost all hopes of safety.

The 1st of October, about break of day, the sea continuing very stormy and tempestuous, they discovered land, which appeared high and rocky; and the nearer they approached to it, their fears increased, expecting the ship would suddenly be dashed to pieces. The captain, therefore, Mr.

English, and some others, got into the long-boat, and presently after all the sailors cast themselves overboard, endeavouring to save themselves by swimming, but probably they all perished in the sea.

Mr. Pine, Mr. English's daughter, the two maid-servants, and negroe girl, were the only persons remaining on board the ship; and these five persons were miraculously preserved: for, after the ship had beat three or four times against the rocks, being now broken and quite foundered in the waters, they had with great difficulty gotten themselves on the bowsprit, which being broken off was driven by the waves into a small creek, wherein fell a small river, which being encompassed by the rocks, was sheltered from the winds, so that they had an opportunity, though almost quite spent, to land themselves.

Mr. Pine getting together some rotten wood, and by the assistance of a tinder-box he had in his pocket made a fire, by which they dried themselves; and then leaving the females, he went to see if he could find any of the ship's company that possibly might have escaped, but could find none.

They were afraid that the wild people of the country (if there were any) might find them out; but could distinguish neither foot-steps nor paths. And the woods round about them being full of briars and brambles, they apprehended too there might be wild beasts to annoy them, though they saw no mark of any. But above all for want of food, they were afraid of being starved to death; but God had otherwise provided for them.

The wreck of the ship furnished them with many necessaries; for, getting some broken pieces of boards and planks,

planks, sails, and rigging, with the help of poles they made themselves tents; and having got wood for firing, and three or four sea gowns to cover them, making the negro their country, they slept soundly all night, having been without sleep for several nights before.

The next day, after being well refreshed with sleep, the wind ceasing, and the weather being warm, they went down from the rocks on the sands to low water, where they found a great part of the ship's lading, either on shore or floating near it. Mr. Pine, with the help of his companions, dragged most of it on shore; and what was too heavy for them, they broke; and unbinding the casks and chests, and taking out the goods, they secured all; so that they wanted neither cloaths, nor other necessaries for house-keeping. But the salt water had spoil'd all their victuals except one cask of biscuit, which being lighter, and perhaps better secured than the rest, was undamaged; this served them for bread a while; and a fowl about the bigness of a swan, very heavy, and fat, which by reason of its weight could not fly, served them for present subsistence.

The poultry of the ship, by some means getting ashore, bred exceedingly, and were a great help to them. They found also in the flags, by a little river, plenty of eggs of fowl, much like our ducks, which were very nourishing food, so that they wanted for nothing to keep them alive.

Mr. Pine being now less apprehensive of any thing to disturb him, looked out for a convenient place to build a hut to shelter him and his family from the weather; and in about a week's time made a room large enough to hold them all, and their goods; and put up hammocks for his family to sleep in.

Having lived in this manner full four months, without seeing or hearing any thing to disturb them, they

found the land they were possessed of to be an island disjointed, and out of sight of any other land, uninhabited by any but themselves; and that there was no hurtful beast to annoy them: but on the contrary the country was very pleasant, being always clothed in green, and full of agreeable fruits, and variety of birds, ever warm, and never colder than in England in September; so that this place, had it the culture that skilful people might bestow on it, would prove a paradise.

The woods afforded them a sort of nuts, as big and as large as apples, whose kernel being pleasant and dry, they made use of instead of bread, together with the fowl before-mentioned, and a sort of water fowl like ducks, and their eggs; and a beast about the size of a goat, and almost like such a creature, which brought forth two young ones at a time, and that twice a year, of which the low lands and woods are very full; and being harmless and tame, they could easily take and kill them. Fish also, especially shell-fish, were in great plenty; so that, in effect, they wanted nothing of food for subsistence.

After being in possession of this country full six months, Nature put them in mind of the great command of the Almighty to our first parents, as if they had been conducted thither by the hand of Providence, to people a new world; and in this respect they proved not unfruitful, for, in less than a twelve-month from their first arrival in this island, the females all proved with child, and coming at different seasons, they were a great help to one another. The women had all their teemings annually, and the children proved strong and healthy. Their family increasing, they were now well satisfied with their condition, for there was nothing to hurt them. The warmth of the climate made it agreeable for them to go abroad sometimes, and they reposed themselves on mossy banks, shaded by

by trees. Mr. Pine made several pleasant arbours for him and his women to sleep in during the heat of the day, and in these they passed their time together, the females not liking to be out of his company.

Mr. Pine's family was increased, after he had lived in this island 16 years, to forty-seven children: for his first wife brought him thirteen, his second seven, his master's daughter, who seemed to be his greatest favourite, fifteen, and the negro twelve, which was all the produce of the first race of mortals in this island.

Thinking it expedient to provide for another generation, he gave his eldest son a mate; and took care to match the rest as fast as they grew up and were capable. And, lest they should incommode one another, he appointed his sons habitations at some distance from him; for, growing in years, he did not like the wanton annoyance of young company.

After having lived to the 60th year of his age, and the 40th of his being in possession of this island, he summoned his whole people together, children, grand-children, and great grand-children; amounting to 565 of all sorts. He took the males of one family, and married them to the females of another, not permitting any to marry their sisters, as they did at first out of necessity.

Having taught some of his children to read, he laid them under an injunction to read the bible once a month at their general meetings.

Three of his wives being dead, viz. the negro woman, and the two others who had been maid-servants to his master, she who was his master's daughter survived them twelve years. They were buried in a place he had set aside on purpose, fixing, for his own interment, the middle part, so that two of his wives might lie on each side of him.

Arriving at the 80th year of his age, and 60th of coming to this island, he called his people together a second time, the number of which amounted then to 1789, and having informed them of the manners of Europe, and charged them to remember the Christian religion, after the manner of those who spoke the same language, and to admit of no other, if they should come and find them out; and praying to God to continue the multiplication of them, and send them the true light of his gospel, he dismissed them.

He called this island the Isle of Pines, and gave the people descended from him, the name of the English Pines, distinguishing the tribes of the particular descendants by his wives names, the Englishes, the Sparkses, the Trevors, and the Phillis, Phillippa being the name of the negro.

Being now very old, and his sight decaying, he gave his habitation and furniture that was left to his eldest son after his decease; made him king and governor of the rest; and delivered him the history of these transactions, written with his own hand, commanding him to keep it, and if any strangers should come hither by accident, to let them see it, and take a copy of it also if they pleased, that the name of his people might not be lost from off the earth.

It happened in the year 1667, Cornelius Van Sloeten, captain of a Dutch ship called the Amsterdam, was driven by foul weather to this island, where he found the posterity of Mr. Pine speaking good English, and amounting, as it was supposed, to 10 or 12,000 persons.

The narrative, from which this account is taken, was given by Mr. Pine's grandson to the Dutch captain. Printed in London, being licensed the 27th of June, 1668.

PARTICULARS OF THE BEHAVIOUR OF MR. FITZGERALD AND HIS ASSOCIATES, AT THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

SOME time after the court had adjourned, Brecknock and Fulton were put into a kind of cart, drawn by one horse, and carried pinioned to the place of execution, on the hill of Castle-bar, where the new gaol is building, and where part of the scaffolding was appropriated to the purpose of a gallows. In some time after Mr. Fitzgerald came out of the gaol, but had not changed his dress; and having previously beseeched of the Sheriff not to permit him to be pinioned or tied with cords, he walked, without any kind of manacle, to the place of execution, surrounded by strong detachments of both horse and foot. He was attended by the Rev. Mr. Henry, and, at the gallows, by three other Clergymen; whilst there he read Dr. Dodd's Thoughts in Prison, as also his Last Prayer; and when the executioner was about to launch him into eternity, he requested of the Sheriff to give him five minutes longer time, and then pulled the cap over his face. Upon being told that the time was elapsing fast, Mr. Fitzgerald replied, "Sure it is not so long!—I have just collected myself!—pray let me die in peace!"

By the mismanagement of the executioner, the rope by which Mr. Fitzgerald was suspended, instantly broke on the sudden jerk of his swinging off the ladder; this accident was principally occasioned by the rope being tied round a flat board, a part of the scaffolding of the new gaol, with which this temporary gallows was constructed. Mr. Fitzgerald then fell on his shoulder, but immediately recovered himself and stood on his legs, and called out to the Sheriff saying, "Mr. Sheriff, it is impossible but that you should know such a rope could not hang any man—pray get a better!" The Clergymen immediately surrounded him, when a rope was obtained, and replaced about

his neck; he was then requested to go higher upon the ladder, which he refused to do; the ladder was drawn away, and the rope being again twisted about the flat board, it let him down so far that his feet for some time actually touched the ground, till the hangman, with much difficulty, drew him up, but in such a manner that he still remained suspended within eighteen inches, or less, of the ground, where he hung a considerable time; and, on being cut down, the Sheriff, according to Mr. Fitzgerald's death-warrant, and as the form of the law requires, had his body cut, or scarred.

Brecknock at first refused to join in prayer with the four Clergymen attending, he having before repeated the Lord's Prayer in Greek, and said "he would use no other; he had no occasion, as he had not committed any actual sin for nine years past: at that time he had drove the devil from every pore of his body, and he knew he should live a thousand years with Christ." This, it seems is according to the old heretical tenets of the Millenarians; of which sect Brecknock professed himself to be a member. He was pressed by the Clergymen to join in repeating Dr. Dodd's Last Prayer, and was at length asked, if he had any objection to it? His answer was—"No;—he had read it, and saw no harm in it; so they might read it for him." He appeared to have great composure towards his last moment, still looking stedfastly at Fitzgerald; and upon his being launched into eternity, seemed to make no struggle against death.

John Fulton, who was the son of a bailiff belonging to Mr. Fitzgerald, behaved at the place of execution with vast decency and becoming penitence. Being asked with regard to the crime for which he was about to suffer, he acknowledged, "that he, two persons

sons not yet taken, and others, conspired to take the life of Patrick Randall M'Donnell, and that he was guilty of the crime for which he was about to suffer." He said "that Scotch Andrew had offered him 100l. at one time, to kill Mr. M'Donnell, which he certainly endeavoured to do; but that he had not a word on the subject with Mr. Fitzgerald, except one, when he and Hughes (not yet taken) had way-laid and fir'd at Mr. M'Donnell, and one of the shots hit him on the heel; on telling which to Mr. Fitzgerald, he said, "The devil may fire your eyes out! Why did you not fire higher up, and hit him in the head or stomach?" Fulton confessed other enormities, which are improper to be related: he entreated the forgiveness of all those whom he had offended, and prayed very devoutly before he entered upon eternity. His body, after being cut or scarred, was delivered to his friends.

The body of Mr. Fitzgerald was immediately carried after execution to the ruins of Turlagh house, and was waked in a stable adjoining, with a few candles about it. On the next day it was carried to the church-yard at Turlagh, where it was buried on what is generally termed the wrong side of the church, in his cloaths, without a coffin.

This melancholy narrative should be an useful lesson to all ranks of men, and teach, that however endowed by Providence with great intellectual abilities, or high rank and consequence in life, yet both, if perverted to wrong purposes, under the unrestrain-

ed rage of lawless or libidinous passions, instead of blessings become the most heavy curses to those who may boast this enjoyment; and tho' humanity cannot but shudder at the idea of the profligate life and exemplary death of the unhappy Fitzgerald, yet generous pity will drop a tear, recollecting how fatally the talents which this man certainly possessed have been buried amidst the ruins of folly, extravagance, dissipation, and vice.

It is remarkable, that when Mr. Fitzgerald's first wife died, he was so frantic for her loss that he kept her nine days in the house, and cried almost incessantly over the coffin. He declared he would be buried alive with her, and cut off his hair and shaved his head in the same manner as he had done previous to his late trial.

Anecdote of Mr. Brecknock.

When he practised in the courts in England, he laid an information against all the judges for wearing French cambrics. Lord Mansfield asked him from the bench, how he could prove that they wore French cambric? To which Brecknock replied, That he had sworn to his charge, and it was the business of the judges to refute the charge. Their Lordships did not think fit to suffer a prosecution to take place, and they paid their penalties. This circumstance occasioned a great deal of mirth in the metropolis, and the common people were loud in their praises of Brecknock.

THE OBSERVER.

Ofi—Ofi—Olio Ofi.

THE general evil of human nature is, that we wish to enjoy happiness at the same time that we are languid in exerting the means of obtaining it. We wish, and we wish, but do not use the endeavours necessary to obtain what we wish.

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Now I will be bold to say that the fair sex is more studious to accomplish its ends than we men, and the very faults and imperfections exhibited against female fashions prove the truth of my assertions.

Will it not be granted that the wish
H h

of every fine woman is to gain admiration? Then it follows that the more a woman labours to acquire admiration, the more she does to accomplish her desire, and consequently she does right.

Let us vindicate the ladies from the aspersions thrown out against them. Crabbed old rakes, who have passed their hey-day, say they do not approve of high-crown'd broad-brimm'd hats, because they look as if the women aimed at supremacy. My answer is, they are rather emblems of duty and obedience than of despotic sway, for they are generally ornamented with a plume of ostrich's feathers, which is the crest of the prince of Wales, whose motto is *ICH DIEN, I serve*.

Another antiquated beau falls foul of the ladies *rumps*, which shews he knows nothing of *equilibrium*; for if the *rump* was not extended out in proportion to the *head*, the *capital* would be disproportioned to the *base*, and the figure being *top-heavy*, the poor woman would be liable to *stumble* and to *fall* at every step. Besides it is necessary that as she carries a *weight* upon her head to denote *obedience*, she should also sport a preponderous rump to shew *steadiness*.

There are others who accuse the ladies of *daubing*. This is a very vulgar phrase, indicative of ignorance and want of taste. Ladies disdain to *daub*; they only like to take a *touch*, and for what? Why to attract and attach the attention of the men.

Your old grave sober philosophers say, women should place their hopes on the endowments of the mind. But let them answer this interrogatory: Are the young men of the times capable of judging upon mental qualifications? Buckskin breeches, or nankeen, which are still more indecent, round hats, and bludgeons, are now the exterior marks which distinguish a youth of fashion—ungraceful without, and empty within, may properly be applied to them.

What does their understanding consist in?

They understand the gaits and shape of a horse—the cut and shuffle of a card—the throw and chance of a dye—the yelp and speed of a fox-hound, &c. but they are ignorant of the qualities which embellish a woman, and their tastes being depraved, women are obliged, in compliance with their degeneracy of mind, to render their appearance monstrous for the purpose of being noticed.

Now this conduct in women is strictly consistent with the dictates of nature; for as the principal *wish* of a woman is to be admired by man, she is obliged from necessity to distort her person from its fair proportion, that it may appear pleasing in their depraved eyes; and this she does against the conviction of her own judgment.

This fully accounts for the labour of body, and anxiety of mind, which women undergo when dressing—This accounts for pinching their toes in small shoes, torturing their heads with curling-irons, carrying enormous burdens upon their hips, and preposterous protuberances upon their tender bosoms.

Then say the grave gentry, though bachelors may be pleased by these means *husbands* will be disappointed.

I say not at all—If a man marries without being intimately acquainted with the manners and disposition of the person he intends to adopt his partner and companion for life, he can never have formed any great hopes of happiness upon her mental qualifications or amiability, and never having entertained such hopes can never be disappointed. The ostrich feather, the mouse-skin eyebrow, the cork rump, and gause bosom, will still be engaging, and the delicate touch from Spanish wool, the carmine pot, or rouge box, will still render her cheek beautiful and blooming in his eyes—A man of *sense* can never be a dupe to such artifice—but a *fool* is no judge of mental attributes.

In short, I am persuaded, no reform can take place among the women till an example is shewn by the men. When the Lords of the creation evince a predilection for gentle manners and simplicity of dress, the heads, rumps, and bosoms of the other sex will again attain the natural appearance of their formation, and those studies which embellish the mind and rectify the heart will supersede the vanities imbibed at the toilette.

And now I take my leave with a comment upon my motto—

“She that wishes, and wishes, and hopes
to obtain
All her wishes—without either labour or
pain,
May wish, and may wish, but will still wish
in vain.
But she who expects her wishes to gain,
Must add to her wishes both labour and pain,
She may then wish, and wish, but will ne’er
wish in vain.

INCONSTANCY AND FICKLENESS OF MAN.

IN order to shew the fickle temper of some people, to whom every thing new is engaging, and who take the impression of their last company as the wax does that of the seal, it may not be improper to relate the story of a Mr. Whirl, who was so delighted with the account given of a campaign that he resolved nothing should hinder his making one the next summer. Unluckily a Captain of a man of war extolling a sea life as much more honourable, put him quite out of conceit with the land service, and made him resolve upon taking a voyage with the Captain, who was ordered to the West-Indies. A grave old gentleman at table asked Mr. Whirl, if he thought heaven too indulgent to him, that he must needs go in search of misfortunes, because he was not subject to them; recommended to him a country life, as affording a number of innocent diversions; and advised him to go down to his seat, to look into his affairs, and not to trust the management of his estate to stewards, who commonly make fortunes for their own, by beggaring the families of their masters. Mr. Whirl was so affected with what the old gentleman said, that he resolved to leave the town the very next morning, and give himself up to a country life. Bob Saunter hearing this resolution, immediately endeavoured to dissuade him from it, using all his art to ridicule and expose the

manner of living in the country, and to recommend the pleasures of the city, wine and women, music and wit, shew and equipage: Name me one thing, says he, a country Squire is good for, except to furnish a theme for the theatre, for us men of taste to laugh at. That's true! replied Whirl; not the country; I don't want to save; my estate will answer my way of living, and why should I be always poring over accounts and leases, like a miserly old money-scrivener? Or (said Bob) a hackney-writer; you have resolved like a man of spirit.

This resolution was scarcely taken, when Mr. Plainly asked Bob to what end his reason was given him? and told him he was scandalized at his discourse, and more so at his endeavouring to propagate his infamous tenets. Do you know any thing of yourself? says he; any thing of this universe? Have you ever inquired what you are, or how you came into being? Have you ever examined into the nature of the Deity? Have you any notion of eternity? I see by your looks you have gloried in your ignorance; like a swine you find your wash in the trough, and never consider how it came there, but suck it up, and lie down again to wallow. Endeavour to learn then you are a man, and be ashamed to act longer like a brute. Whirl was touched with this, and cried out, he had often paid dear for
H h 2 debauch.

debauch, and was sensible such a course would soon ruin his constitution; that he was ashamed of his ignorance, and for the future would apply himself to study, till he was fit to travel; then he would make the tour of Europe, and come home qualified to serve his country in Parliament.

This fickle temper is owing to

what all follies spring from, viz. want of consideration. But as these people never go farther than designing; so there are others who can never be diverted from a resolution, when once taken, by the most powerful remonstrances, and the strongest reasons that can be offered.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH.

[Continued from our last, p. 202.]

LOVE, without being seen, had always remained near the youth, in order to excite him to labour, now darts across the humid night, enlightened by the moon, and bears his rapid flight towards an island inhabited by *Æolus*. At a distance he heard the roaring of the winds confined in the profound cavern of a rock; a noise like that of a tempest when it agitates the foaming deep. He descends upon the rock, which raised its towering head from the bottom of the sea. There was the God of the winds reclined on a quarter of the rock, at the entrance of the cavern. The winds with noisy flight, like that of bees buzzing around their hive, went and returned without ceasing. Some he ordered to ruffle the sea, others to bellow on the mountains, or to strike with terror the guilty wretch, and the more gentle winds he charged to breathe upon the peaceful cot, to refresh the husbandman in his labours.

But his empire had now no longer any charms for him: sitting upon the humid rock, his elbow resting upon his knee, and his head supported by his hand, over which floated the graceful ringlets of his hair; devoured with grief, he, by moon-light, sorrowfully contemplated the rolling waves, for he was violently tormented with a passion for a Nereid. Love, one day sporting above the rock, and seeing him idle, had wounded him with one of his keenest arrows as he was reclined near his cavern. The son of the Cytherean Goddess hearing him sigh,

alighted upon a neighbouring rock to listen to his complaints. O thou! exclaimed he in a languishing tone, Thou, the most amiable of all the nymphs of *Thetis'* train, the most beautiful of those who swim the sea, will my torments never excite, if not thy tenderness, at least thy pity? Alas! how long has not love made me suffer? In vain do the officious winds bear my sighs and complaints to thy ears. Thou art not touched with the fire that consumes me, thou beholdest my passionate regards with indifference, when thou art negligently swimming upon the waters which reflect thy beauteous face. Sometimes as thou launchest above the waters, I feel at the sight of thy attractions a gentle tremor; but, when thou escapest my devouring eye, by plunging into the deep, alas! a cold terror seizes all my senses. How I like to see thee sport upon the shining waters with other nymphs, when your wanton play makes white the tranquil sea! But a jealous rage takes possession of my heart, when, in your sportive combats, you pursue, with branches of sea-rushes, the watery Gods crowned with roses, and he whom you pursue turns in a moment and locks you in his nervous arms. Thy humid members, indeed, escape his efforts; thou hidest thyself under the waves, and suddenly art seen again at a distance from him, with a bantering smile. But when he dives after thee; when my eyes lose sight of you both; or when one of them, issuing immediately

immediately out of the sea, surprises and raises thee up with a loud laugh—oh! then I die with rage, and strike the ground with my foot—for thou smilest; and, far from being angry at his audacity, thou forgettest the torments which consume me. 'Tis then with sinewy arm I seize a quarter of the rock to exterminate the rash God. I call the most impetuous winds, and order them to raise a furious storm, and absorb a spectacle which is odious to me. But the fear of offending thee makes me let the rock fall from my hands; I command the roaring winds to re-enter their hollow caverns, and give myself up to an impotent rage. My languishing eye incessantly follows thee; and whilst the troubled waters awake me in the night, I imagine that thou art swimming along the shore; in vain I call upon thee, and curse the obscure night which hides thee from my sight. O why art not thou a daughter of the earth! Perfidious waves every where prevent my following thee, and hinder thee from hearing my sighs and my complaints.—Come, O come upon my banks! there wilt thou find agreeable grottos; my sweetest Zephyrs shall refresh thee with their breath; from every quarter of the world they shall gather the most exquisite perfumes for thee; and their salubrious breezes will create the most delightful shades to grow around my island. Come, be Goddess of the winds! Come with that enchanting air which thou hadst when I first surprised thee upon my banks, where thou wert sitting upon the flowery grass; when thy limbs, white as the garden-lily, shone in the sun, and as transparent drops fell from thy body upon the verdant leaves, like the morning dew falling from fresh roses. O do not conceal thyself from my embraces! Return no more to the waves; no more do as thou didst one day when I was ready to join thee, and thou precipitatedst thyself into the

water, and left me a prey to all the agonies of love.

The God of the winds was thus complaining when Love approached him.—I have heard thy sighs, O powerful monarch of the winds!—I am the son of the Cytherean Goddess; it is in my power to terminate thy pain: I swear to thee by the sublime Olympus, that if thou wilt grant me one request, my surest and best-pointed arrow shall wound the insensible daughter of Nerea. The nymph herself shall come upon thy borders, blushing with bewitching shyness, and reward thee with ardent tenderness and love. Æolus answered with an agreeable surprise: Omnipotent son of Venus, what wouldst thou have with me? I can make thee but a poor recompense for the happiness that thou hast promised me by an august oath. Hear, then, what I expect of thee, replied Love. From this moment, till the sun falls into the deep, lock up all thy winds; and give me a thousand Zephyrs, during that time, which shall be submissive to my orders—Æolus suddenly recalls with a formidable voice, the vagrant winds; the winds obey, and soon arrive from every quarter. The God inchains them, and a thousand Zephyrs wanton round the son of Venus.

Soon, said Love to him, shalt thou receive the price of thy service, and see thy desires accomplished. I now fly where my affairs demands me. He said, and took his flight, accompanied with his train, towards the shore, where, through the dawning morn he saw the enterprising youth, who, transported at the sight of the beautiful Aurora, had his soul filled with a sweet foresight of his approaching happiness. The calm and tranquil sea softly murmured at the aspect of the sun: then he saw, more distinctly than ever, the island situated opposite him. The bank resounded with the song of birds; and two ring-doves took their flight over his head towards the

the other shore. The gentlest breezes only wafted o'er the shady coast. Such was the calm that reigned o'er earth and sea, when Venus ascended from the frothy waves; the serene sky, the verdant sea, the enamelled borders contemplated her matchless beauty; the astonished winds suspended their course, the amorous Zephyrs caressed the Goddesses with a thousand kisses. Now the youth, whom Love had re-animated with courage and the most powerful passion, leaped into his bark. O sovereign of the seas! O Neptune! cried he, and all ye Deities who inhabit the empire of the waves, be favourable to my undertaking! It is not rashness, it is not a culpable presumption which makes me take in hand so bold a project; no, it is the most refined sentiment, it is a love planted in my heart by a God: it is the virtuous desire of carrying, through danger, succour to the unfortunate. Let me reach the bank of that island! And thou, Divinity, who hast inspired me with this love, do not abandon me! It is thou who hast created in my soul that daring thought!

Thus was he speaking, when Love suddenly caused a lofty branch to spring from the bottom of the bark, ornamented with garlands of flowers which wanton'd in the air; and the boat advanced towards the island; for that God had commanded the Zephyrs to breathe among the garlands and waft it from the shore. Others were charged to separate the waves before the bark, and to smooth the watery surface of the deep; others were occupied in refreshing the youth, who, seized with holy transport, perceived that a God assisted him. He then pushes himself from shore with the greatest courage, whilst Love invisibly flies before him. The sons of Neptune, the

Tritons and the Nereids, rose from the profound abyss and the distant shores, and went before crowned with rushes: they formed a large circle around the bark, amazed at the audacity of the mortal who first dared confide himself to the immense sea upon a frail vessel. "Be happy," sung they; "may every thing favour thy voyage, O courageous youth! Love will recompense thee; Love who has rendered thee so bold as to expose thyself to the waves of the sea, upon the hewn trunk of a tree. How beautiful is it to see thee rowing upon the shining waves, like a majestic swan that cuts the waters with his webbed feet! Certainly Love flies before thee; and happy is he whom Love takes under his protection. Receive him unhurt upon your shores, ye shades of the island: it is there that he will find the recompense, the sweet recompense of his courage and industry. We read futurity, and see thy art made perfect. We see nations covering the ocean with their fleets, and sailing to distant climes. Men different in manners, separated by immense seas, meet together with surprize on peaceful coasts. They go in quest of, and return with the treasures of the Foreigner, their superfluities, their arts and sciences. The seaman, then, will swim without fear upon the vast abyss, and trace out a road through the unknown seas. He will boldly face the furious tempest; when earth and sea arise, his ship will become the buffet of the waves. Such is the boldness and industry of the race of Prometheus. The fire of the Gods burns within the heart of man, and menacing dangers inflame his unconquerable courage."

CURIOUS EPISTLE FROM ONE QUAKER TO ANOTHER.

Friend Aminadab,

I Desire thou wilt go from me unto one of those sinful men in the flesh, called attorneys; and, after duly communing with him, see that he taketh out an instrument with a seal fixed

thereunto, by means whereof we may seize the outward tabernacle of Obadiah Prim, and bring him before the lambskin-men at Westminster. Thy friend in the light, T. STEADY.

NEWS-

NEWSPAPER CROSS-READINGS.

FOR several months past I have resided in the country, with a very agreeable family. The environs were most delightful; and we had plenty of shooting, fishing, walking, and riding. But as the weather was frequently such as obliged us to keep within doors, we endeavoured to amuse ourselves with cards and newspapers. Cards, to those who love play, are a vast fund of amusement. Every time the spots and pictures are shuffled, they afford fresh entertainment; but this is by no means the case with regard to newspapers; for when you have once perused the four pages of unconnected occurrences, and miscellaneous advertisements, the abrupt transitions from article to article, without the smallest connection between one paragraph and another, overload and confuse the memory so much, that, when you are questioned, you can never give a tolerable account of what you have been reading. Hence it is, that one so often sees people peruse two or three newspapers, and throw them down, one after another, with the constant complaint of—‘Not a syllable of news!’ ‘Nothing at all in the papers!’ to the ‘great discredit of those daily vehicles of intelligence.’ Now this is extremely unjust; for the fault (as already hinted) is not in the newspapers, but in the reader’s having taken too copious a dose, consisting of an olio, or mixed composition of politics, puffs, casualties, deaths, marriages, bankruptcies, preferments, resignations, executions, lottery tickets, India-bonds, Scotch pebbles, Canada bills, French chicken gloves, auctioneers, and quack doctors.—What a curious jumble is this! and what wonder is it, that four folio pages of it, consisting of four columns each, should prove too potent a dose for the memory of most readers? But in perusing this matter, I had almost

lost sight of the point I had originally in view when I began this letter; which was to shew, that newspapers, as well as cards, were capable of affording a variety of entertainment. At present I shall only mention one improvement in reading the papers, which we practised in the country with great success; and that was, after we had read the Public Advertiser in the old trite vulgar way, i. e. each column by itself downwards, we next read two columns together onwards; and by this new method found much more entertainment than in the common way of reading, with a greater variety of articles curiously blended or strikingly contrasted. In short, blind chance brought about the strangest connections, and frequently coupled persons and things the most heterogeneous; things so opposite in their nature and qualities, that no man alive would ever have thought of joining them together.

As I always carry a pencil in my pocket, Mr. Printer, I used to set down those that were most remarkable; and now send you a collection of them, and hope they will not be unacceptable, as it will tend to promote the practice of reading, and to enlarge the circle of innocent amusement. I am, &c.

PAPYRIUS CURSOR.

Yesterday Dr. Jones preached at St. James’s and performed it with ease, in less than sixteen minutes.

The sword of state was carried—before Sir John Fielding, and committed to Newgate.

Sunday next the court will go into mourning more particulars are expecting relating to this black affair.

This morning the Right Hon. the Speaker—was convicted of keeping a disorderly house.

This day his Majesty will go in state to—sixteen notorious common prostitutes.

Several

Several changes are talked of at court—
consisting of 5040 triple-bob majors.

'Tis said that a great opposition is intended—
Pray stop it and the party.

A certain commoner will be created a peer—

* * * No greater reward will be offered.

At a very full meeting of Common Council
the greatest shew of horned cattle this season.

An indictment for murder is preferred against
the worshipful company of apothecaries.

Removed to Marybone, for the benefit of
the air—

the city and liberties of Westminster.

Set out on his travels to foreign parts—

Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

'Tis said the Ministry is to be new-modelled
the repairs of which will cost the public a
large sum annually.

India stock rose to 271—

and it was some time before it could be got
under.

This morning will be married Lord Viscount
and afterwards hung in chains, pursuant to
his sentence.

Escaped from the New Gaol, Terence
M'Dermot—

If he will return, he will be kindly received.

By order of the commissioners for paving—

An infallible remedy for the stone and gravel.

M A X

A Little negligence can spoil us,
but great industry is necessary
to improve us.

A man should direct all his studies
and endeavours at making himself
easy now, and happy hereafter.

Those who live above their present
circumstances are in great danger of
soon living much below them.

Nothing can be more unjust, or ri-
diculous, than to be angry with others
because they are not of our opinion.

Modesty is as well a guard as an
ornament to virtue.

Thrift, diligence, and method in
business, are three necessary quali-
fications to make a man rich.

It is below the character of men of
humanity and good manners to be ca-
pable of mirth while there is any one
of the company in pain.

Elop'd from her husband, Mary the wife of
Simon—

A light dun, with a black mane and tail.

Any lady desirous of lying-in privately—
will be delivered at any part of the town.

Wants a place of all work—

A strong-bodied mare, mistress of 16 stone.

Wanted, an house-keeper to an elderly gen-
tleman—

warranted sound, wind and limb, free from
blemish.

Wanted, to take care of an elderly gentle-
woman—

An active young man, just come out of the
country.

Yesterday ended the sessions at the Old Bailey
of the utmost use in peopling our colonies.

At this sessions three were ordered to be
branded—

§§§ None are genuine but such as have this
mark.

I have long laboured under a complaint—
For ready money only.

The Turk's Head Bagnio is now opened—
Where may be had, price 5 s. in sheets.

Notice is hereby given—
and no notice taken.

I M S.

To a worthy man the best perqui-
sites of a place are the advantages
which it gives him of doing good.

A man who defers doing what
ought to be done, is guilty of injus-
tice so long as he defers it.

The dispatch of a good office is
very often as beneficial as the good
office itself.

Pride obstructs gratitude; for the
man who hardly ever thinks he re-
ceives a favour, will not be likely to
think of acknowledging or repaying
one.

Virtue is the brightest proof of un-
derstanding, and the only solid basis
of greatness: vice begins in error, and
ends in ignominy.

Those who would govern their ac-
tions by the laws of virtue must regu-
late their thoughts by those of reason.

P O E T R Y,

P O E T R Y.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

EULOGIUM on RICH. BURN, L. L. D.

WHAT all employ'd? Not one Vacation
Bard!

Not one of all the yet untaxed Bench!
Not one of all the yet untaxed Bar!
Not one of all the tax-afflicted Tribe,
Attornies, Proctors, and Solicitors,
To celebrate thy praise, renowned Burn!
The task be mine—Sacred Melpomene,
Sweet mournful muse! Oh! tune my artless
 read,
That I may grace with praise his honour'd
 tomb!

Hail! rev'rend Sage! of vastest pow'r and
 lore,

Lawyer! Divine! Logician! Antiquary!
In all these characters thou didst excel!
Treading the steps of thy great master Gilbert,
Profoundest Lawyer! Venerable Sage!
And eying close the scientific code
Of Hawkins, Prince of penal legislation!
Thou, labouring in the labyrinth of Law,
Threw off the rubbish from th' entombed hord,
And swept and brush'd away the cobweb filth,
And rugged penal law, first pleas'd the eye.
Here would the grateful Muse bedeck thy
 tomb

With garlands for the names of learned men,
Study'd in Law, and reverenc'd for their skill;
Enobled, honour'd, numerous the list!
But her short bounds, prescrib'd, will not
 permit

Description of their various mental pow'rs,
And she unequal to the arduous task!

Hail! Blackstone! honour'd name! the
 gift first thine,

Hift'ry and Elegance to weave with Law,
Fitting the learned page to nicest taste!
While Burn explor'd the mine of penal Law,
And brought the precious treasure to the Day,
And purify'd the ore, and form'd the mass,
And fil'd and wrought it into fair proportion,
And gave it solid strength and pow'r to last,
Thou Blackstone added polish to the gold!
Yet some there are, wretches of basest spite,
Hateful, deformed, false Calumniators,
Who dare blaspheme the honour'd name of
 Burn,

Charging "He was not author of his works,
"And that he stole them from a greater pen!"
What will not scoundrel fordid souls invent,
To rob try'd Merit of its well-earn'd meed,
And deck themselves, and strut in pilfer'd
 plumes!

But they, like moths, burning their tiny
 wings

At the bright blaze, shall flutter, hiss, and die;

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Whilst Thou! Great Burn! like Perfla's sac-
 cred fire,

Shalt live and shine with unexpiring flame!
Nor in the learned list art Thou forgot,
Wood! comprehensive, regular, correct:
Thou saw, and join'd, and clas'd with ablest
 hand,

And next great Gilbert challengest a place;
Compendious, faithful, accurate Compiler!
Shall we presume to say the plan was thine
On which th' immortal Comment'ries were
 built?

Our aim is praise to all, where justly due,
We seek not to disparage or detract.
Ye Sages of the Law! say, is it true,
"To the *Long Robe* the *Gown* prescrib'd the
 plan?"

The Muse here lifts a humble grateful eye
To that Great Being whom we all adore,
Who gives to ev'ry one his proper gift,
Bids this man plan, and that the fabric raise.
Let all confess the Hand Omnipotent,
For what hath man, but what that hand
 bestows,

In rich variety of gifts, profuse!—
Behold the wonders of th' Almighty hand,
Producing arts by instruments unfit,
As far as man, short-sighted man, can judge!
Printing, that art divine! a Soldier taught!
The cloister'd Monk devis'd the murd'rous
 grain!

Henry threw prostrate down an ugly tower,
That long had stood, and scar'd a simple
 World;

And fairer buildings on the ruins rose,
Produce of Reason and a brighter sky!—
Now seem not all these instruments unfit?
The Soldier's trade was wounds, and groans,
 and death;

The Monk's was praise, and gratitude, and
 love;

And Henry blush'd a Prince of scarlet hue!—
But had the Soldier gunpowder devis'd,
A reverend Priest found out the art to print,
A pious Prince had purify'd the church—
Then all the instruments had seem'd most fit,
And all appropriate to the human scheme:
But this incongruous to the plan Divine!
That plan is accurate—and all must bow!

Lately, too free to meet the vulgar eye,
The prints, without apology, announc'd
That the Chinese! realms of immense extent,
Had spurn'd and trampled on the Christian
 Faith!

But 'twas *that* Faith the Papal Pow'r would
 force.

So Heav'n permits; and hence shall good
 arise,

To bless the World with universal spread
Of that great truth—*The Unity of God!*

I i

And

And Christ the Shiloh to fulfil his pow'r!—
The Sons of Mahomet profess *that Faith*.
But when three Gods were offer'd the Chinese,
They spurn'd the insult of the Popish Monks.
Poets have Muses—Papal Sons have Saints,
So Custom willeth—and they both obey;
The *only* Deity both must adore!—

Hail! God-like Reason! at thy shrine I bow,
Next to the sacred Sun, be Thou my lamp.

But turn we to the subject of our song:
'Twas not thro' Wantonness that we digress'd,
But to amend the Reader and ourself.—

Whether of ancient or of modern date,
From all competitors Coke seiz'd the palm,
Preeminent, bright Oracle of Law!—
Weave we the garlands for the honour'd
names,

Plowden! Finch! Dyer! Hale! shall grace
thy tomb,

And *Coxe* shall stand *superior* to all!—
Insult audacious! to compare great men
In their peculiar powers, all excellent!
Nor boast you Eagles' eyes to ken their worth,
Blazing and flashing in meridian Sun.
Forbear my vent'rous Muse, nor dare to chant
Of names so far beyond thy tiny praise.
A noble Peer, for Law and Logic fam'd,
Oft wears this adage on his tuneful tongue,
"Nought so unlike as a comparison."

Drop we a tear for this great man in tears.—
Again we sing thy praise, renowned *BURN!*
Able Logician! vast thy skill and pow'r!
Thou didst correct the Lawyer's prattling pen,
And teach him how Precision words should
stamp.—

The sacred text you plac'd in clearer view!—
The pearls of price, thin scatter'd and deep
hid,

Which oft escape the Antiquarian search,
Digging for knowledge in the murky mine,
You found—and gave the treasure to man-
kind.

These thy distinguish'd pow'rs!—and more
than these,

Thy Friend, who watch'd thy daily steps of
Lore,

Shall tell with joy.—Small are the helps we
boast,

Unknown, inferior, and unblest'd with Lore!
Farewel! great *Burn!* accept this meaner
lay

From him who fain would deck thy laurel'd
tomb

With one small humble sprig of honest praise:
Tho' late the offering, yet accept the gift,
Which had not been, now, tender'd to thy
shrine,

Had others, fitter for the honour'd work,
Proffer'd their pens—Apology sincere.
Thou labour'd in the mine, that all may
win—

The grateful Muse acknowledges the debt.
August, 1786. Y. N. S.

*An occasional PROLOGUE to a Play acted
for the Benefit of the INFIRMARY at Leeds,*

WRITTEN BY MR. J. KEMBLE.

SOON as *Compassion*—Glory of our Isle—
With modest elegance had rais'd you
pile,
Where kindly Science to each aching grief,
Each sad mischance administers relief,
Commerce, beheld it—and her looks confess
The sprightly joy that danc'd within her
breast—

Thus *Commerce* sung—"To you, my
children, peace!"—
She sung—and smiling wav'd her GOLDEN
FLEECE—

"'Tis yours, my sons, with tend'rest care
to heal

"The varied mis'ries Poverty may feel;
"'Tis yours the sinking frame of Age to rear,
"'Tis yours to shed the sympathetic Tear,
"'Tis yours Misfortune's keenest pangs to
ease—

"And yours shall be the meed of acts like
these.

"While this bright sun illumines the face
of day,

"While yonder moon reflects one silver ray,
"So long Abundance shall your guest remain
"To deck the board, and whistle o'er the
plain.

"Quickly with her of ev'ry good the Queen,
"White Peace, her gentle sister, shall be seen.
"I see her now descending from the sky
"To banish War and bid Rebellion fly.

"Industry now has all my sails unfurl'd,
"Now sends my honest treasures o'er the
world;

"Now pleas'd the mines of either Inde I
view

"Resign, my sons, their many stores to you—
"For you are bounteous as the Hand of
Heav'n,

"And feel why riches were to mortals giv'n."
Thus *Commerce* sung—and here in furtive
verse

Have I presum'd the carol to rehearse—
Where praise is merited, let praise be giv'n—
To honour virtue is to act like Heav'n.
And sure your gen'rous deeds may well de-
mand

That Angels sing them to the list'ning land;
For mindful ever of wealth's first best end,
You bid the Poor in you behold a FRIEND.

SALLY of the MEAD,

BY MR. J. KEMBLE.

ONE morn when nymphs and swains
were gay
And danc'd upon the green,
From mirth poor *Jemmy* fled away
To mourn his lot unseen—

In

In tears the am'rous Boy complains
 Close by the murr'ring Tweed,
 The sad, sad burthen of his strains
 Was *Sally* of the Mead.
 My *Sally* did each nymph surpass
 Who trips the flow'ry plain,
 Once she was thought the loveliest lass,
 And I the happiest swain—
 To please her was my sole employ,
 To her I tun'd my reed,
 And, morn and eve, my only joy
 Was *Sally* of the Mead.
 While yet the morn was clad in grey
 I rose to court her love,
 Thro' flow'ry fields I took my way
 And then her garland wove—
 Tho' Rose and Lily both were there
 To deck her charming head,
 That was less sweet, and this less fair
 Than *Sally* of the Mead.
 Now she no more shall glad my eyes,
 No more my song inspire,
 From me the faithless fair-one flies
 To bless the richer 'Squire—
 Yet may her heart know nought but joy,
 Nor e'er repent this deed—
Jemmy can lay him down—and die
 For *Sally* of the Mead.

The W I S H.

BY MR. J. KEMBLE.

ARchly-smiling, dimpled Boy,
 Son of *Venus*, God of Love,
 Grant my heart the seat of joy,
 May thy temple ever prove!
 Let me sing and laugh all day,
 Sweetly pass my nights away,
 Then arising taste with you
 Blessings lasting, Raptures new!

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

*On seeing a Crowd of People gazing at the
 Funeral of a young Woman at Stamford,
 April 23, 1786.*

SEIZ'D by the hand of death! an awful
 hour!
 Summon'd from earth away, she is no more—
 No more the blooming, beauteous form ap-
 pears,
 The lifeless corps a dismal aspect wears;
 But nature shrinks and shudders at the sight,
 The parents weep, and sorrow saddens night.
 The gazing multitude the place surround,
 To see the corps entomb'd beneath the
 ground;
 Careless and thoughtless, seeming unconcern'd,
 Nor once reflecting how they are forewarn'd
 By those sad emblems of a mortal state,
 Which must themselves besal, or soon or
 late;
 For certain 'tis the living they must die,
 And dust to dust, where'er the bodies lie!

Here ends the *race*—but not the weal or woe,
 For 'tis appointed, and we ought to know
 That after Death the Judgment will take
 place,
 And all must stand before the Judge's face!
 Then 'twill not be how rich, nor yet how
 poor,
 But who their God and Maker did adore;
 Who *liv'd the life* the Christian ought to live,
 Redeem'd by Christ, to Christ the glory
 give;
 Not only by their words, but actions show
 Their love to God, to man, to all below;
 Revere their Maker and his sacred name,
 In public and in private still the same;
 Sober in life, in speech and converse chaste,
 And slow to wrath, and yet to good in haste.
 This is the way to live—thus living here
 Death will not hurt, nor Judgment cause us
 fear;
 Who lives to God, through his redeeming
 grace,
 Shall find their Judge their Friend, and
 heaven their place;
 But, oh! the careless, thoughtless, and pro-
 phane,
 Must see with horror, and must feel with
 pain!

On a YOUNG LADY,

Who died of a Consumption at Bristol Hot Wells.

BY HER HUSBAND.

WHOE'ER like me in trembling anguish
 brings
 His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol
 Springs;
 Whoe'er like me, to soothe Disease and Pain,
 Shall pour those salutary springs in vain;
 Condemn'd like me to hear the faint reply,
 To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye;
 From the chill brow to wipe the damps of
 Death,
 And watch in dumb Despair the short'ning
 breath—
 If Chance directs him to this artless line,
 Let the sad mourner know his pangs were
 mine;
 Ordain'd to lose the Partner of my breast,
 Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose beauty
 blest;
 Fram'd ev'ry tie that binds the soul to prove
 Her duty friendship, and her friendship love.
 But yet, rememb'ring that the parting sigh
 Appoints the Just to slumber, not to die,
 The starting tear I check'd, I kiss'd the rod,
 And not to Earth resign'd her—but to God.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

On TEMPERANCE.

BLEST is the man, as far as Earth can
 bless,
 Whose measur'd passions reach no wild excess.
 I i 2 Who,

Who, urg'd by Nature's voice, her gifts enjoys,
 Nor other means than Nature's force employs.
 While warm with youth the sprightly current flows,
 Each vivid sense with vig'rous rapture glows;
 And when he droops beneath the hand of Age,
 No vicious habit stings with fruitless rage;
 Gradual his strength and gay sensations cease,
 While joys tumultuous sink in silent peace.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

Æ N I G M A.

THERE was a man of Adam's race
 Who had a certain dwelling-place,
 A place contriv'd and cover'd o'er,
 Where no man dwelt since or before;
 So well contriv'd and put together
 As to secure from wind and weather—

Tho' not of stone or wood 'twas made,
 Nor in the building brick was laid—
 'Twas not a cliff, or grove, or den,
 Yet curiously was wrought w thin—
 'Twas not in heav'n, or earth, or hell—
 Pray tell me where this man did dwell.

E P I G R A M.

HERE lies my wife—*still may she lie—*
 She's easy now—and so am I.

An EPITAPH on PRIOR.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Courtiers and Heralds, by your leave,
 Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior,
 A son of Adam and of Eve—
 Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher.

MONTHLY OCCURRENCES.

St. James's, August 2.

THIS morning, as his Majesty was alighting from his carriage at the gate of the palace, a woman who was waiting there, under pretence of presenting a petition, struck at his Majesty with a knife, but providentially his Majesty received no injury. The woman was immediately taken into custody, and upon examination appears to be insane. *Gaz.*

A description of Margaret Nicholson's person.

She is about 40 years of age, born at Stockton-upon-Tees, in the county of Durham, rather short, of a very swarthy complexion, which gives her much the appearance of a foreigner; she was dressed in a flowered linen or muslin gown, black gauze bonnet, black silk cloak, morning wire cap with blue ribbons. Her brother is a respectable character, and keeps the Three-Horse-Shoes public-house, the corner of Millford-Lane, in the Strand.

The instrument which she used was an old ivory-handled desert knife, worn very thin towards the point, and cracked in several places in the handle.

A similar incident to the above-mentioned transaction took place about eight years since, as the King was coming in his chair from Buckingham-House to St. James's: a woman was then, as in the present instance, the offender, who made a blow at his Majesty with a knife, and broke the front glass of his sedan. Upon examination she also appeared insane!

Four Yeomen and six Grenadier-guards are ordered by the Field Officer to attend when his Majesty goes to his carriage or alights from it.

August 2. A Letter from New-York, dated May 9, says, "The Shawanese Indians are again creating disturbances at Fort Miama and its vicinity; several hostages are withdrawn, a number of murders committed; repeated insinuations from them has caused the settlers to suspect they intend an attack upon the Fort, which, in consequence, received a reinforcement from M^rIntosh.—An express arrived at Philadelphia on Sunday the 7th, with this intelligence.—We hear that the ransom-money demanded by the Dey of Algiers for his American slaves, is 600l. for a master of a vessel, 400l. for a mate, and 200l. for each common man.

Letters from the Continent say, that several Dutch families are removing from their country, in consequence of the present commotions in Holland, and transporting all their property with them. The Emperor has signified his disposition to encourage such as will settle in his dominions.

August 5. A large ship is fitting out at Deptford, with all possible expedition, for a voyage round the world on particular discoveries: the officers and seamen are picked persons, and the most expert navigators that can be got, and fit to endure hardships. For their encouragement they are to receive double pay on their return to England; and every attention will be paid to such a laudable undertaking.

August 6. A letter from Cadiz, dated July 28, says, "The Algerines have entirely broke the peace they made with us, for they stop and take every ship they meet with."

The remittances received by our merchants from America have had a very visible effect on our commerce with that country; more goods

goods have been shipped for that continent, within the last three weeks, than had been done during the preceding three months.

August 3. The American Congress have sent over, by the last New-York mail, a very large packet of letters and papers to Mr. Adams, the American Ambassador, among which is a manifesto, which has been delivered by Mr. Adams to the Secretaries of State, to be by them laid before the Privy Council, complaining of the very unjustifiable proceedings of the English ships of war stationed in the West-Indies and America, which, not content with the seizure of vessels going into their harbours without proper passports, make captures of such as are only passing near them, under colour and pretence of illicit trade. One instance is particularly mentioned, i. e. of a vessel from San Pedro, the French Colony, bound to Boston, which was seized at more than a league distance from the coast, and carried into Halifax Harbour, where she had been condemned, and the vessel and cargo sold. The Ambassador has hinted, it is said, that if the aggrieved persons are not made amends from this application, the French court will take it up, as there was French property on board.

August 9. A letter from on board the Brisk sloop of war, dated Halifax, July 13, says, "Ever since our return from England we have been acting the part of Custom-House Officers, to which branch our ships are particularly directed, from being quick sailers. Eleven American vessels have been sent in, and will be condemned for illicit trade; some of their cargoes are valuable; the strictest injunctions are given to prevent the Americans trading, and a failure would be an immediate dismissal."

It is probable the defeated intent of Mrs. Nicholson's infancy will produce the salutary end of an immediate reconciliation between the Prince of Wales and the King. His Royal Highness's proofs of affection on the occasion has made a deep impression on his Majesty, and we are well assured that, on their meeting after the event, tears streamed from the eyes of his son as he congratulated his father.

August 10. Among the important articles of business concluded at the board of treasury, held last Saturday, a warrant was signed by the Lords Commissioners, authorising and empowering the Postmaster-General to appoint Mr. Palmer of Bath, Surveyor and Comptroller-General of the post-office, with a salary of 15000*l.* a year, and a per centage upon the future increase of the post-office revenue, which promises to be a very considerable addition thereto. The power and authority this appointment invests Mr. Palmer with are ample; it gives him a controul

over every description of officers from the Comptrollers and Surveyors inclusive down to the inferior servants; the public may therefore shortly expect to ascertain, by Mr. Palmer's exercise of such extensive authority, how far his plans really are capable of correcting and improving the relaxed state of the correspondence of this commercial country.

A letter from Paris mentions, that fresh difficulties are daily starting in the way to Commissioner Eden, relative to the treaty.

Mr. Adams is going to Madrid on a similar errand to that for which Mr. Eden is now at Paris, to explain and remove some difficulties in the commercial arrangements between Spain and the American States.

August 12. On the 26th ult. the following melancholy accident happened at Montpellier: a wooden building, employed as a temporary playhouse (the regular theatre having been burnt last year) being too much crowded, the upper boxes, unable to support the weight, fell, with part of the roof, into the pit, and instantly crushed to death 5000 people. An account of this shocking event was received by an express at Paris the 2d instant.

August 13. The Augusta yacht, lying in the river, was Sunday morning boarded by a large party of Custom-House Officers, on information of great quantities of run goods on board, which were all seized, and she is exchequered till farther circumstances are inquired into.—This seizure throws a new light upon the power of the Custom-House Officers, searching Kings' yachts, having hitherto been thought improper, if not illegal. The effects are estimated at 1000*l.* and the yacht, half of which also goes to the Officer, is thought worth upwards of 8000*l.* There is not doubt but the Captain of her will be broke.

August 15. A letter from Dunwich, Suffolk, dated June 24, has the following article: "Last Friday a smuggling vessel having got into a creek near the town, which runs by the side of a wood in which they land their goods, some Revenue Officers having got intelligence of it, went and seized the vessel, and going under the hatches to see what they could find there, the smugglers shut down the hatches, and put to sea immediately, and the Officers have not since been heard of. It is feared they have been thrown overboard."

August 16. Mrs. Nicholson, who attempted his Majesty's life, is confined in Bedlam for life, and is to be supported and taken care of, in case of sickness; but while in health, to be kept at work, or whatever employment she is capable of, in order to earn her own subsistence.—Lord Sydney has ordered

ordered cloaths and other necessaries for her, of which she was in great need.

The following may be depended on: Mr. Pleasants, merchant on James-River, Virginia, has lately given freedom to all his Negroes, which consisted of several men and women, boys, wenches, and children. This stock, at a low valuation, is known to have been worth 3000*l.* sterling. This is a rare instance of sacrificing so much interest on the altar of humanity, and will certainly not pass without reward.—Mr. Pleasants is one of the people called Quakers, and it is believed that all persons professing with that society (and possessing such property) will follow his example.

August 18. A letter from Gottingen, dated July 25, says, "The three young Princes of Great Britain were entered of this University on the 6th of this month, each of them accompanied by a governor, a preceptor, and a gentleman; their Highnesses are lodged in one house, and the expences of their table fixed at 600 crowns per week, including two grand institution dinners, to which the professors and some students are invited. Professor Mayer teaches the Princes the German language, Mr. Heyne instructs them in Latin, the Ecclesiastic Counsellor Lefs teaches them religion, and the Counsellor Feder instructs them in morality; these masters are rewarded by an extraordinary appointment of 1000 crowns per annum each.

August 22. A letter from St. Jago de la Vega, dated June 29, says, "By a gentleman just arrived from Savannah, in Georgia, we are informed, that before his departure that place exhibited a scene of military parade, hardly equalled in the hottest period of the late war, and that an express had arrived there with the alarming intelligence that the Indians, on the frontiers of that State, had taken up the hatchet, and slaughtered a number of the inhabitants; and it was apprehended that a general Indian war would take place, as many of the tribes to the northward had lately given some sufficient marks of their disaffection to their independent neighbours, who, they well know, are no longer under the protection of "the Great King."

The Dey of Algiers could not listen to any amicable alliance with the American Congress till he had settled that matter with the Porte, but he told them they might ransom their 19 countrymen for 28,000 piastres; but this sum was so large that one of the negotiators is gone back for fresh instructions in this affair.

The French Consuls in the American States have given notice that no vessels belonging to the Americans, or others, are to be admitted into the harbours of the French West-Indies, unless provided with passports, signed by one or more of them.

We are assured the King of Spain has obtained *permission* from the Pope to make what reform he pleases in Ecclesiastical matters, on the plan of those adopted by the Emperor.

August 26. Our last account from Holland state the situation of that Republic to be most deplorably bad; the two contending parties are so nearly dividing, and so intemperate in their resolutions towards each other, that nothing less than a civil warfare can possibly appease them.

By letters from Marseilles, dated July 20, we learn, that the plague continues its ravages at Bone, on the African coast, in the territory of Algiers, where about 100 a day have perished. Hitherto it has not appeared in Algiers, although they have conveyed thither those of the Garrison of Bone. It is supposed that about 144,000 persons perished at Tunis, 80,000 keys of the houses, which have been cleared of their inhabitants by this dreadful scourge, have been given to the Dey. The contagion which seemed nearly extinct at Tripoli, has appeared this year with new virulence; and we safely affirm, that this horrid contagion actually lays waste all the Levant.

The commercial negotiation with France is by no means brought to a conclusion; the regulations of some of the principal articles of commerce between the two countries remain still in a very crude and imperfect state. In fact, without charging the negotiation on either hand with unnecessary delay, the truth is, that the business advances very slowly. There will be no occasion for parliament to meet early on this account, as Ministers are not likely to be able to say much on the subject before Christmas.

August 28. The King of Prussia expired on the 17th instant at Berlin, after having reigned forty-six years, two months, and seventeen days.

Some hours afterwards this event was publicly announced to the Garrison of Berlin by the Governor, (the gates being shut) who at the same time caused the oath of allegiance to his present Majesty to be tendered to the different regiments.

Y O R K, *August 3.*

THIS day the Assizes ended at the Crown End, when ten convicts received sentence of death, five of whom were reprieved before the Judges left the city; seven received sentence of transportation, and three ordered to be privately whipped.

An address has been presented to his Majesty from the Lord Mayor and Commonalty of this city, congratulating him on his escape from the late horrid attempt against his sacred life.

August

August 6. Addresses flow in very fast from all parts of the kingdom—a circumstance which shows the tender regard which the nation at large has for his Majesty's personal safety, and a conviction that his long life is essential to the welfare of the kingdom.

August 12. This day being the anniversary of the birth-day of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, when he entered into the 24th year of his age, it was celebrated here as usual.

August 15. Last week arrived at Hull from Greenland, the *Caroline*, *Gee*, with 150 butts oil and blubber, and two tons of fins, the produce of 6 whales; and the *Samuel*, *Baxter*, with 66 butts of oil and blubber, and one ton of fins, the produce of two fish.

August 18. This day the five following malefactors were executed at tyburn, near this city, pursuant to their sentences, viz. *John Charlesworth*, clothier, aged 21, for a highway robbery; *William Sharp*, labourer, aged 26, and *William Bamforth*, labourer, aged 21, for house-breaking; *William Nicholson*, labourer, aged 27, for horse-stealing; and *James Braithwaite*, alias *Herdinan*, hawker and pedlar, aged 33, for stealing a variety of goods out of a dwelling-house at Long-Preston. The first four of these unfortunate men have each left a widow and child; but *Braithwaite* had two wives, and three children by his lawful one, and two by the other, to whom he gave 70l. and appeared most attached to her, as he would not permit the former to take leave of him. They all discovered striking marks of penitence and contrition.

August 28. The late Duke of York has, notwithstanding the purchase in the county whence he takes his title, several thousand pounds remaining in the British funds, the savings of his Guardians during his minority, and of whose laudable and affectionate attention he is now reaping the fruits. And should his Highness, at any period hereafter, choose to reside in his native country, he may do it with an éclat which has but seldom fallen to the share of the Princes of the blood in England.

It has been whispered that a late purchase in Yorkshire has been made for the purpose of making a marriage settlement on a young female of one the of first families, who is shortly to become Duchess of York, with the full and formal consent of the friends and relations on both sides.

The curiosity of the public was perhaps never more excited than by the appearance of *Mrs. Siddons* at the Theatre-Royal in this city. Her performances were received with that unbounded applause to which they were justly entitled. More company of the first distinction attended the Assizes than was ever known on a similar occasion. The fol-

lowing is an authentic statement of the receipts to each night of her performing.

Y O R K.		l.	s.	d.
July 29.	Isabella —	194	8	0
31.	Jane Shore —	129	5	0
August 1.	Lady Randolph —	154	6	0
2.	Lady Macbeth —	167	17	6
* 3.	Belvidera —	192	9	6
5.	Mrs. Beverley, and Fine Lady in Lethe	171	0	0
† 8.	Zara —	103	9	6
H U L L.				
14.	Euphrasia —	91	11	6
15.	Zara —	107	13	6
17.	Belvidera —	131	13	0
18.	Isabella —	117	16	0
Y O R K.				
22.	Euphrasia —	140	1	0
24.	Eiwinia —	169	9	0
26.	Calista —	142	12	6
‡ 28.	Margaret of Anjou	71	7	6

Total 1885 0 0

* To the credit of the inhabitants of this county we must remark, that the sum received this evening exceeded what was ever taken in any Theatre in the three Kingdoms, (those of London alone excepted.)

† *Mrs. Siddons* complimented *Mr. Wilkinson* with her performance this night for his sole emolument.

‡ This character *Mrs. Siddons* played for the benefit of her brother, *Mr. Stephen Kemble*, and the prices were reduced to those taken in the winter season, viz. 3s. 2s. 1s. 6d. and 1s.

B I R T H S.

AT Beverley, the Lady of Francis Boynton, Esq; of a son and heir.—At Wilsick, near Doncaster, *Mrs. Hildyard*, wife of the Rev. *Mr. Hildyard*.—At Flosby, the Lady of the Rev. *J. Preston*, of a son.

M A R R I A G E S.

THE Rev. *Uriel Harwood*, of Methley, to *Miss E. Garnett*, of Leeds.—*Mr. Green* of Hull, to *Miss Richards* of London.—*Mr. T. Webster* of York, merchant, to *Miss Ainsworth* of Hull.—At Barton in Lincolnshire, *Mr. E. Sanderson* of Leeds, to *Mrs. Markham* of Barton.

D E A T H S.

MISS *Isabella Hawke*, youngest daughter of *Lord Hawke*.—*Miss Charlotte Cattaneo*, 4th daughter of *Mr. Horace Cattaneo*, merchant in Leeds.—*Mrs. Ward*, wife of *Mr. Ward*, printer in Sheffield.—In York, *Mrs. M. Mason*, a maiden gentlewoman.—*Mr. Henderson*, of York.—At Hull, *W. Sherman*, Esq; late ordnance store-keeper at that place.—At Harding, *Robert Parker*, Esq.—*Mr. G. Nessfield*, merchant in Bridlington.—At Kirkella, *J. Stephenson*, Esq.—At Norton, the Rev. *George Johnson*, B. A.—At Sheffield, *Mr. S. Broomhead*, cutler.

S T A T E

The STATE of the WEATHER at YORK.

[Continued from our last.]

☞ The commas over the quarter from which the wind blows denote its violence, viz. ' a breeze, " a brisk wind, "' high wind, "" a storm. The same in rain and snow, shew the quantity.

1786.	Barom.	Thermom.	Wind.	State of the Atmosphere.
JULY 30	— 29.80	— 62	— N. W."	— Frequent clouds.
31	— 29.70	— 64	— W.'	— Ditto.
AUGUST 1	— 29.70	— 65	— W.""	— Heavy clouds. Rain."
2	— 29.90	— 59	— N.'	— Ditto. Ditto
3	— 30.00	— 64	— N. W."	— Clouds.
4	— 29.80	— 69	— W. S. W.'	— Few ditto.
5	— 29.50	— 70	— S.'	— Heavy. Rain.
6	— 29.65	— 66	— W.""	— Ditto. Ditto.
7	— 30.05	— 65	— W.""	— Heavy.
8	— 30.10	— 66	— S.'	— Ditto.
9	— 30.00	— 66	— S. E.	— Very heavy. Rain.'
10	— 30.00	— 73	— W.	— Ditto. Ditto.
11	— 30.10	— 74	— E.'	— Cloudy. Rain.
12	— 29.50	— 68	— S..'	— Heavy. Rain.""
13	— 29.45	— 63	— N.'	— Ditto. Ditto
14	— 29.40	— 60	— N."	— Ditto. Ditto.
15	— 29.45	— 60	— E.""	— Ditto. Ditto.
16	— 30.00	— 62	— N. E."	— Ditto. Ditto.
17	— 30.10	— 67	— N.'	— Few clouds. Misty.
18	— 29.80	— 70	— S.""	— Heavy. Rain.'
19	— 29.50*	— 71	— S.'	— Ditto. Ditto.""
20	— 29.40	— 64	— W.""	— Cloudy. Rain.""
21	— 29.53	— 63	— W. N. W."	— Heavy. Ditto."
22	— 29.70	— 62	— W."	— Heavy clouds.
23	— 29.90	— 66	— W.'	— Ditto.
24	— 30.20	— 65	— N. N. E.'	— Ditto. Rain."
25	— 30.20	— 71	— N. W.'	— Few clouds.
26	— 30.00	— 69	— W.	— Heavy. Rain."
27	— 29.85	— 68	— S."	— Ditto. Ditto.
28	— 29.70	— 63	— W.""	— Ditto. Rain.'
29	— 29.75	— 62	— S. W.""	— Heavy clouds.
30	— 29.80	— 63	— W.""	— Ditto. Rain.'
31	— 29.50	— 62	— W.""	— Ditto. Ditto.

* Much thunder and lightening.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are obliged to postpone the favour of T. O. till our next. The lateness of his communication deprived us entirely of complying with his request this month.

X. Z. will do well to remember that invectives, however artfully coloured, must ever fail of affording general amusement.—But we still pronounce the Yorkshire Magazine a receptacle for every production which claims a share of merit.



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Engraved for the Yorkshire Magazine.



FREDERICK III. Late KING of PRUSSIA.

THE
YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE,

For SEPTEMBER, 1786.

MEMOIRS OF FREDERIC III. LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

[EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT.]

THIS Monarch possessed a mind superior to that gossiping disposition by which the despicable race of whisperers and retailers of scandal thrive at some courts. Convinced that the same perfidy which can betray a real conversation, may invent a false one, he listened to no little malicious tales of what had passed in private companies, or during the hours of convivial mirth. Any person who should attempt to repeat anecdotes of this kind to him, would be driven from his presence with disgrace. He treated with equal contempt all anonymous letters, and every kind of injurious information, when the assertions were not openly supported by the informer.

In the year 1757, the late King of Prussia was reconnoitring incog. the French army, when just as he was going to enter a wood he was informed, that, if he was in the Prussian service, he would fall a victim to a party of French hussars that lay there in ambush; on which he halted, and sent one of his attendants to inquire, who satisfied him of the truth. This ambush separated him from his army, on which he turned off to the next village, and inquired if there were any quarters to be got for a Lieut. Col. and was told, that there were none to be found but at a Protestant Clergy-

man's, who made excuse for his entertainment, which was a very plain supper, that he had given to his utmost extent lately, for the service of the Prussian army. The Clergyman's wife being informed that he was in the Prussian service, expressed a desire of seeing the Prussian camp, to which he gave her a passport. After supper he retired, and desired to have pen, ink, paper, and two candles. When he had been gone some time, the wife began to be concerned, not knowing who he was, and, fearing lest any accident should happen from his candles, peeped through the door. Observing him with surprise to write expeditiously, and put the letters into his pocket as he wrote them, the discussing of this kept both husband and wife awake, and about three o'clock the husband went to satisfy his curiosity, and found him (having finished writing) on his knees. This convinced them both that he must be a good man.--In the morning he came down with a candle in his hand before break of day, to order his servants to get ready; but, before he had got out of sight, the maid discovered he had left 20 Louis d'ors under the cloth, on which she ran to her mistress, who sent her to tell him, that he had left all his money behind; on which he ordered her to give it to

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her mistress, and gave her some more to buy her a gown for herself. On the next day the Clergyman took his wife in a chaise to see the Prussian camp, which was shewn them on producing the passport of the supposed Lieutenant-Colonel, who, to their great surprise, they soon found to be no less a person than the King himself. Upon their being brought to the King, he desired they would take no notice of the matter, but assured the Clergyman that he should take care to provide for him; which he did soon after, the King having appointed him superintendant over part of the clergy in Berlin.

His Prussian Majesty has, in all his victories, distinguished himself by imputing the whole honour to the omnipotent Being and the bravery of his troops; but, when victory declared for the enemy, he laid the fault entirely upon himself: the same greatness of soul, which would not suffer him to adorn his brow with the laurels of another, would not permit him to disculpate himself by throwing the blame on his officers.

With respect to the person of his Prussian Majesty, he was below the middle size, well made, and remarkably active for his time of life. He was born Jan. 24, 1712. Exercise and a laborious life had made him hardy; for his constitution originally seems to have been none of the strongest. He had fine blue eyes, his look announced spirit and penetration, and his countenance was on the whole agreeable. He stooped considerably, and inclined his head almost constantly to one side. His tone of voice was clear and most agreeable in conversation. He spoke a great deal, yet those that heard him regretted that he did not speak a great deal more. His observations were always lively, generally just, and few men possess that talent of repartee in a greater perfection than this Monarch did.

His dress consisted of a blue coat lined and faced with red, and yellow

waistcoat and breeches, which he seldom varied. He always wore boots with hussar tops, which fell in wrinkles about his ankles, and were oftener of a dark-brown than a black colour. His hat would be thought too large, even in England, at this day, tho' it was of the size commonly used by the Prussian officers of cavalry. He generally wore one of the large-size corners over his forehead and eyes, and the front cock at one side. He wore his hair cued behind, and dressed with a single buckle on each side. From this being very carelessly put up, and unequally powdered, we may naturally conclude, that the fri-seur had not been permitted to be very tedious in his business.

The King usually carried in his pocket a large gold snuff-box, the lid of which was ornamented with diamonds, and he took an immoderate quantity of Spanish snuff, the marks of which very often appeared on his waistcoat and breeches. These were also liable to be soiled by the paws of two or three Italian greyhounds which he often caressed. He dressed as soon as he got up in the morning, which business took up but a few minutes, and served for the whole day. His hours, from four to five in the morning till ten at night, were all destined methodically to particular occupations, either of business or amusement, and seldom suffered them to be interrupted.

Every kind of business with the King was transacted by letter, and every petition or proposal was made in this form. This rule he adhered to so invariably, that if any of his Generals wished to promote a cadet to the rank of an ensign, he would not venture to make his proposal in any other manner, even though he had daily opportunities of conversing with his Majesty. The meanest of his subjects might apply to him in writing and be sure of an answer. His first business in the morning was to peruse the papers addressed to him; and a single word

word written with his pencil in the margin, indicated the answer to be given, which was afterwards made out in form by his Secretaries. This method afforded the King time to deliberate on the justice and propriety of every demand, and prevented the possibility of being surprized into a promise improper to perform.

Noon was the precise hour of his dining; but, of late, he allowed more time than formerly, and it was generally after three before he left the company. Eight or nine of his officers were commonly invited to dine with him. At table the King chose that every one should appear to be on a footing, and that the conversation should be carried on with perfect freedom; tho' this, by the way, was impossible. That confidential and unrestrained flow of the heart, which took place in a society of equals, is a pleasure which a despotic Prince can never taste. However, his Majesty desired that it might be so, and every one did his best to please.

A very striking instance of the freedom which was used with him occurred previous to a review; and what made it the more remarkable, it happened, not during the gaiety of the table, but on the very scene of military strictness. Two regiments were in the field, one of which was commanded by a General who was fond of company, and possessed more of his time in the society of strangers, and with the foreign Ministers, than most others in the Prussian service. Something, it is probable, had chagrined the King that morning. While the regiment advanced in a line, he said to the General, who stood near him, "Sir, your regiment is out of line; and that is not surprising, since you play so much at cards!" The General called out instantly with a loud voice to the regiment, "Halt!" and they immediately stopped; then, turning to the King, he said, "I have nothing to ask, Sire, respecting my cards; but be so gracious as to see if

that regiment be not in a line." The regiment was in a very straight line, and the King moved away without speaking, seemingly displeased, not with the General, but with himself. This manly officer never had reason afterwards to believe that the King had been offended with his honest freedom.

It was absolutely impossible for any man to enjoy an office in the late King of Prussia's service without performing the duty of it. He was himself active and assiduous, and made it a point that all his ministers and servants should be so too; but to those who know their business, and perform it exactly, he was an easy and equitable master. His favourites, of whatever kind, were never able to acquire influence over him in any thing regarding business. Nobody ever knew better how to discriminate the merit of those who served him in the important departments of state, from their's who contributed to his amusements. A man, who performed the duties of his office with alertness and fidelity, had nothing to apprehend from the King's being fond of the company and conversation of his enemy. Tho' the one was regaled at the King's table every day, while the other never received a single invitation, yet the real merit of both was known; and if his adversary had tried to turn the King's favour to the purposes of private hatred or malice, the attempt was repelled with disdain, and the evil he intended to another fell on himself. It would be happy for society, if every one, in an humbler sphere of life than that of royalty, were to imitate so noble an example.

We shall now beg leave to subjoin his late Prussian Majesty's confession of faith, delivered many years ago, to all the Protestant Ministers in the diet of the empire at Ratisbon.

First. I do not believe in the ordinance of the Pope, nor even in the writings of LUTHER, BEZA, or

CALVIN; but I believe in the adorable TRINITY, and I make his holy word the foundation of my faith; nor shall I ever believe any thing that clashes with it, even though an angel from heaven should reveal it.

Secondly. I believe also that I shall be saved, together with all true Christians, by the blood and by the death of JESUS CHRIST, by his wounds and holy merit.

Thirdly. And because there is no salvation in any other name than the name of JESUS CHRIST, I would not be stiled a LUTHERAN, a CALVINIST, or a PAPIST; but I am, and choose to be stiled, a CHRISTIAN.

Fourthly. With regard to eternal election or predestination, this is my private opinion, that the merciful God has called all men to salvation; and it is not for want of being called that they are not saved, but by their wickedness and obstinacy in opposing divine grace, and by reason of their corrupt hearts and their sins, that they are condemned through the just judgment of God.

Fifthly. As to good works, it is my opinion that there must necessarily be good works where there is a true and sincere faith; for faith and good works can no more be separated than light from fire; nevertheless, it is an error to believe that men can merit heaven by good works, or that he can be saved but by true faith. How then can the merit of good works save us?

Sixthly. With regard to baptism and the Lord's supper, it is my private opinion, that, as I have been washed from sin in baptism, not by water, but by the real blood of my Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST, and have been by it received into the eternal covenants of grace with God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; so as I am nourished in the holy supper, at the table of grace of JESUS CHRIST, and in virtue of his death and blood represented in this sacrament, and rendered partaker of all the benefits which my Saviour has

purchased by his wounds and sufferings, and become an inheritor of life everlasting: Hence I conclude, that whoever believeth in God, and seeketh his salvation in the blood of JESUS CHRIST, and leadeth a true Christian life, may die the death of the righteous, and shall be saved.

Seventhly. I leave to every one liberty of faith and conscience, protesting, before the face of God, that I am determined to live and die in this plain confession of faith. Nevertheless, I leave to all good people to judge whether I am cold, hot, or luke-warm.

Eighthly. I am far from believing that the service of Catholic Priests aims at the salvation of souls, having learned, by the experience which I have had, that all their actions tend not to the honour of God and salvation of men, but solely to their own honour, and to be respected amongst men.

Ninthly. It is with reason that I scruple to be call'd a Papist, Lutheran, or Calvinist; but because, according to the custom and opinion of the world, it is not sufficient to take the name of a Christian, but we must be engaged to some particular church, and make profession of its faith; and as the pure reformed religion best agrees with my religion, I think it not improper to call myself a reformed —, altho' I see no cause to say there is the least difference between my confession of faith and the Lutheran religion. I would not, however, be called a Calvinist; but I am, and always shall be, a reformed Christian; that is to say, one who is disengaged from all error in the doctrines of faith, and who believes all which I have before mentioned; but a Calvinist is one who makes the doctrine of Calvin the rule of his faith.

Tenthly. As Calvin was a man, he might therefore be mistaken. I regard Calvin, Luther, and others, as chosen instruments of God, drawn by virtue of the Holy Ghost from the darkness

darkness of Popery, and that they shewed the true way of life; but, as they were but men, they were liable to error; therefore I do not believe in

any doctrine which is not agreeable to the true word of God; for St. Paul says, *Try all things, and hold fast that which is good.*

From MEMOIRS of the LITERARY and PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY at MANCHESTER.

ON THE COMPARATIVE MERIT OF THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS, WITH RESPECT TO THE IMITATIVE ARTS.

BY MR. THOMAS KERSHAW.

Vitaque tam longæ brevior non sufficit arti. Fresnoy de Arte Graphica.

THE life of man being too short, and the extent of human abilities too confined, to make considerable improvements or inventions in any art, we ought to view the performances of celebrated men with all the candour and generosity they so well merit.

Even after all the advantages we have received from the united studies of ages, we may, with great justice, say, how small and imperfect is all our boasted wisdom, and how much to be regretted is it, that we have not made a greater progress in the spacious field of science!—This short essay is intended to point out the excellencies of the ancients in the imitative arts; yet, at the same time, to allow the moderns their due share of fame, in having not only made some improvements, but inventions, of which the ancients were entirely ignorant.

There is not a doubt but the ancients possessed a polished taste, and a critical knowledge of the various and exquisite forms of beauty: they knew the arts could only receive their perfection from ideal beauty, superior to what is ever found in individual, and imperfect nature. There is no man equal in strength to the Farnesian Hercules; nor any woman comparable, for symmetry of form, to the Medicean Venus.

These instances seem to prove that the authors of the finest remains of antiquity formed to themselves perfect nature, and collected from various individuals that no one could supply.

It is said, the Zeuxis, when he painted his Helena, selected five of the most beautiful virgins that could be found; and, whatever nature had formed most perfect in each, he united in a single figure.

Thus painters and sculptors render their ideas more perfect, and exalt their art above nature herself. In this manner, by contemplating grand and exquisite forms of beauty, the operations of the hand are directed by the image in the mind: but how far to proceed, and when to stop, must be left to the judgment of the artist.

That the ancients bear the palm from the moderns in sculpture, will not be contested: their religion sanctified and encouraged that branch of science. Gods, Demigods, and Heroes, all conspired to bring it into the highest repute: and their images were often deposited in buildings of the most exquisite taste, to commemorate particular occurrences. The rage for highly-ornamented edifices perhaps never rose to a greater height than amongst the Romans. These sons of fortune acquired so much wealth, and, by plundering distant climes, had so collected the riches of whole kingdoms into one city, that there was no way left to dissipate such immense sums, but by engaging in the most expensive works of art. Each ambitious conqueror, desirous to transmit his own actions, and those of his ancestors, to posterity, called in to his aid the sculptor and the architect, whose utmost skill was exerted to blazen

blazen their atchievments in the solidity of stone and marble.

This shews, in some measure, why sculpture out-stripped her sister-art; for the specimens of ancient painting are much inferior to modern productions; they are deficient in charo-obscuro and keeping. Several of the classics * tell us, there were but four colours or pigments in use amongst the ancient artists, viz. black, white, yellow, and red. Now it is impossible to produce, from these colours only, the variety of tints necessary to equal even a tolerable colourist of the moderns. Although this evinces nothing against the abilities of the ancients, we may fairly conclude, that the rich and luxuriant descriptions handed down to us are inflated with hyperbole, sufficient to make us doubt the veracity of some of their authors. Unfortunately for these warm advocates, the discoveries of Herculaneum have spitefully contradicted their assertions, and furnished us with means to draw our own conclusions. It is very possible they might admire, and be surprized at a sight of, what appeared to them the ultimatum of perfection.

The stories of Zeuxis and Polygnorus raise a smile. The former is said to have painted fruits so naturally that birds attempted to eat them; the latter, to have delineated the character and features of the face so truly that physiognomists, upon sight of the portrait, could foretell the precise time of the party's death. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who may justly be considered as one of the first artists in the world, thus delivers his opinion:

"In antique paintings there are not the-smallest traces to make us think that what we call light and shade, or a distribution of the work into masses, claimed any part of their attention: these must be ranked amongst the defects of the learned

Poussin †, as well as of the antique paintings: and the moderns have a right to that praise which is their due for having given so pleasing an addition to the splendour of the art. Poussin's pure and correct stile was a direct contrast to the florid and inaccurate stile of Rubens ‡; yet the luxuriant brilliancy and harmony of the latter, so dazzles the eye, that we cannot help thinking all his deficiencies are fully supplied."

Poussin carried his veneration for the ancients so far as to give all his works the air of antique paintings. It is certain he copied some of them, particularly the marriage in the Aldrobrandini Palace at Rome, which, in the opinion of that great artist before-mentioned, is the best relique of those remote ages that has hitherto been found. Those of the antique paintings that stand foremost, are fine, and correct imitations of improved nature, with the chastest out-line, formed upon such certain principles as no one has yet dared to controvert. "But they have a remarkable dryness of manner which is by no means recommended for imitation." The compositions of the ancients appear to be much better calculated for the chissel than the pencil.

Charo-scuro, or the art of distributing the lights and shadows in a picture advantageously, as well for the repose and satisfaction of the eye as for the effect of the whole together, seems to be a modern invention. By the assistance of this part of science, objects receive more relief, truth, and soundness. The masses of light and shade are formed by a proper distribution of objects, which, by an artful management, are so disposed that all the lights are on one side, and the shades on the other. Sometimes reflected lights are necessary; at other times they are used, with a pictorial liberty,

* Pliny, Cicero.

† N. Poussin, an eminent French painter. It should have been noticed whether it was Nicholas or Gasper Poussin.

‡ Rubens, a famous Flemish painter.

liberty, to produce the desired effect; it is the knowledge of this that animates the canvas, and gives the appearance of corporeal substance to a flat surface. Rembrandt*, so far from selecting the most beautiful and graceful parts of nature, frequently made a bad choice from among the subjects she affords. And, although he possessed a very moderate portion of true taste, yet the fire and spirit with which his pictures are finished cannot be seen without surprize, and the effect produced by his colouring and expression demand our admiration. His etchings are collected at a great expence for the cabinets of the curious. The same spirit which flow'd from his pencil guided his needle. Had this eminent artist visited Rome, and refined his taste, it is supposed, with his profound knowledge of *chiaroscuro* and colouring, he would have been one of the first masters in the world.

That part of the art termed *keeping*, the ancients seem to have been but little acquainted with, and, without a due management of this, every picture would be filled with confusion. Instead of a proper subordination, each groupe or figure would seem to contend for precedence. This want of order destroys all dignity, and prevents the artist from forming an agreeable whole.

Any attempts in landscape, with which we are acquainted, are executed wretchedly. In that part of the art, the superiority of the moderns is manifest.

We have the authority of Fresnoy† to say, "that Michael Angelo surpassed not only all the moderns but the ancients in architecture; he quotes the St. Peter's at Rome, the

Palazzo Farnese, and the St. John's at Florence, as proofs of his opinion."

Etching, engraving, mezzotinto, and aquatinta, are all of modern invention, and of great utility. They deliver down to us accurate copies from the works of eminent men at a small expence, and diffuse abroad the bright flame of science, so that even those who are far distant from the centre of the arts may rouse their souls to action, and enlighten that spark of genius which hitherto has lain dormant. From these meritorious and ingenious improvements, we can judge, with great certainty, of the various merits of an artist, and every part but the colouring may be critically examined.

The stile of the Italian, Flemish, or French schools, may be pointed out by these copies; and frequently the very manner of pencilling, by particular artists, is faithfully represented. These arguments are not meant to depreciate the antiques, they will always engage our admiration, and most highly merit it.

The advantages received by the moderns, from studying the ancients, are freely acknowledged. It is no uncommon thing to hear some people lament the decay of genius, and the decline of arts, in these times, when compared with the Augustan age. However that may be, the moderns have a right to claim their full portion of fame in many arts in which the ancients could not instruct them.

From the candour of this learned society, the writer of this essay claims protection, and hopes an attempt to investigate truth will not be deemed audacity.

TO

* Rembrandt, a great artist of the Flemish school.

† Fresnoy, a French artist, well known for his Latin poem *de Arte Graphica*.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM a young lady of good fortune, and, if my glass and your sex do not flatter me, am far from being ugly. The graver sort too are as lavish in praising my good sense and judgment as the younger in extolling my beauty. But you will ask to what purpose is this self-praising description; and what would I have you understand by it? You will probably think it would have been much more to my advantage if it had come from some other person:—true,—but as it has been observed that “few readers regard any history till they are minutely acquainted with the author,” I thought it a necessary preamble to a matter I most earnestly request your advice in; which I flatter myself will be granted. By this time I suppose you will begin to think either I am in love myself, or am advertising for a sweetheart; but if you will believe me, Gentlemen, I have not yet felt one of Cupid’s shafts, nor do I want a lover, for you must know I have several already, two of whom I will describe in the best manner I am able, and then beg your sentiments on their different characters.

The first of the two admirers I shall take notice of is a young gentleman of a reputable family, and in expectation of a genteel fortune, which I believe he thinks will be no small step in his way towards mine. As to his person, he is rather robust than graceful, and neither handsome enough to make me fall in love, nor ugly enough to frighten one out of it.

He is neither a blockhead nor a wit, a fool nor a philosopher; yet to do him justice, I cannot help saying he is very assiduous, and spares no pains to make me love him.

The other cannot boast of either family or fortune, a disadvantage which I suppose prevents his declaring himself, though I have reason to think he loves me almost to distraction. He is of the middle stature, of a delicate constitution, which is seemingly hurt by a close application to study, and neither very pleasing nor disagreeable; is of a lively and cheerful disposition, and remarkably good-natured. He has taste for most of the polite arts, is possessed of a fine understanding, and seems not insensible to either beauty or merit.

Pray, Gentlemen, how am I to act in this case? Whether think you will my rich or literary lover make the best husband? Will the mental accomplishments of the one counterbalance the wealth of the other, and compensate the defect of high birth? Shall I encourage the addresses of the former, or condescend by some distant civilities to embolden the latter?—Whatever may be my private sentiments in favour of one or the other, I shall keep them a secret to the world, and as much as possible a secret to myself, till I am favoured with your reasonable advice, which will very much oblige

Your humble servant,

SOPHIA B——.

N——, Sept. 1786.

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

IT is a melancholy thing to hear men on the most trifling occasions blaspheme the name of God; but when such monstrous language proceeds from the mouths of children, before they are old enough to speak

plain, the crime wears a more horrid aspect, as it reflects the most infamous odium on the principles of the parents. And if we look into the world, we may see too many who are bringing up their DARLINGS (as they are
pleased

pleased to stile them) to inevitable ruin, unless the preventing grace of God frustrate their designs.

An instance of this kind occurred the other day in a house where I happened to be an occasional visitor. A little boy, seemingly between two and three years old, was playing with two of his sisters, to all appearance in a very sociable manner, when (without any provocation from them) he utter'd by halves many oaths and imprecations in the course of his talk to them as they played together. Having a book in my hand which I had been reading, and still seemed intent upon, had thereby an opportunity of observing what passed without being noticed; and, every time the child swore, could hear his mother check him privately with *Whist! the stranger will hear you*, and other expressions of

the like nature, all tending to prove that, but for the presence of the stranger, the boy might have cursed and swore as much as he pleased.

Equally shocked at the behaviour of the child, and the abandoned morals of the parents, I could not but wish that they were always as much afraid of the ear of Omnipresence as they seemed then to be of me; for I am persuaded that if we would but always fancy ourselves in the sight and hearing of God, we should seldom do amiss. And happy would it be for such parents if they would endeavour so to bring up the rising generation that their juvenile conduct may never cause a blush on the parental cheek, nor speak what they themselves would blush to say before an awful and all-hearing God.

NAWTONIENSIS.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH.

[Concluded from our last, p. 246.]

THUS sung the Néréïds and the watery Gods, whilst they formed tumultuous dances round the bark, and whilst the Tritons joined their dulcet horns to the harmony of their songs. The youth now happily directs his oars, and arrived, without danger, at the bank of the island, which received him in its refreshing and voluptuous shades. Full of joy, he leapt from out his bark, which he drew to a place of security upon the shore; he then gave thanks to the Gods for having been so favourable to his hardy enterprize. Filled with sweet hope, he traverses the shady isle; with transport he remarks at every step the traces of laborious hands, he sees the fig-tree, the apple and the pear planted in fertile iles; the vine extended from tree to tree was so laden with its fruit, that its branches bent down with their weight. Here and there jessamines and myrtles formed delightful groves; and a thousand little rivulets wandered with an agreeable murmuring thro' the in-

closures, which were ornamented by the most beautiful shrubs. Whilst he was taken up with this new sight, Melida was sitting in the cot near her mother; for a long time she remained silent, with her head resting upon her bosom, at last Semira thus spoke to her: My dear daughter, shalt I always see you thus pensive? What, my Melida, can make you so sorrowful?

Melida, whose eyes were bathed in tears, replied, Alas! I am pensive without knowing the cause! I am ignorant why my heart palpitates; I do not know what it is that oppresses my heart; I only find that I am unhappy and more miserable than all other creatures.

Why, my dear daughter, answered her sorrowful mother, dost thou make thyself unhappy? They must be fantastic ideas that render thee so. What dost thou want? All thy plants grow as thou wouldst wish; all that thou undertakest succeeds; thy bowers are adorned with the most agreeable shades to receive thee; the trees

which thou plantest are the most beautiful in the island; every thing seems ready to care for thee; why is not thy flock thy dearest care?

Yes, said Melida weeping; yes, alas! I once followed me every where, but now I am deprived of it. The shades now only nourish my grief; the sight of every plant inspired me formerly with pleasure? I imbibed it with the perfume of every flower; but, alas! the isle is no longer capable of giving it me, and I am the most miserable of all living creatures. When I see the birds assemble, singing and rejoicing on the tops of trees, when I see my sheep skipping in the meadows, or reposing in the shade, then I cannot help desiring.—

Semira interrupted her discourse with these words: But, why always the same complaints?—Why so ungrateful to the Gods?—Canst thou abuse thyself even by wishing for things which thou canst not name, things that are not in nature?—What, suppose I should complain that this sea is not land; or that I do not know how to fly like birds; or that these trees cannot converse with me.—Such complaints would be far less odd than thine.

Melida replied, No, I do not think my desires are so unreasonable. Why ought we alone to be deprived of that blessing which all other animals enjoy? Are not we like them in every thing? They eat, they sleep, they hear, they feel as we do: they rejoice, they are afflicted, especially when they are separated from their own species: having so many things in common with them, why do we not resemble them in that?

Why?—Answered the mother in an angry tone, 'tis the Gods that we must ask why they have not granted thee any other society than that of gentle lambs and lively birds; if their will be such, cease to complain.

But, replied Melida, with a timorous voice, the sheep is not pleased with the society of the roe-buck, nor

the dove with that of the mallard; every creature only seeks its own kind; and we, are not we of a particular kind? That sheep which delights me the most is much more delighted with its own species than with me.

Well, pursued Semira, am not I a companion of thy species? I love thee far more than the sheep are capable of loving each other; I love thee more than it is possible for birds to love one another.

Yes, replied Melida tenderly; yes my mother! But I can see that even thou art sorrowful; perhaps thou wouldst be less afflicted were we more numerous; our diversions would be more varied. What pleasure should not I have, if we were in greater number, when, reuniting our endeavours, we strove to rejoice thee? O that there was only one creature here like myself; a being who took a part in all my trifling pleasures, who might be always by my side, who—alas! I am thinking——My heart loves thee above every thing, but I think it is susceptible of a still greater love, and that for an object which I can neither find nor describe.

Semira said, and sighed, How thy dreadful desires trouble my soul! The Gods refuse to accomplish them, because thy demands are so importunate! Of every tree, of every stone, they could make creatures like thyself; but——Melida interrupted her mother with quickness:—What! can the Gods perform such prodigies? O Gods! near which tree, upon what stone shall I offer up to you sacrifices: I will incessantly implore——Yes I go——Semira suddenly raised her head. Gods! cried she, what do I see? At these words she remained immovable like a statue.—The young man had stooped at the door of the cot, agitated as much as herself.—Heavens! cried he, it is she, the same I saw in my dream!

Semira, seized with fear, rises from her seat: If thou art an inhabitant of Olympus, and comest to visit us in

our dwelling, ah! deign favourably to look upon us, and—but what! I see thee stand at the threshold of the door, troubled even as much as we. Whosoever thou art, be welcome. The youth then entered the cot, and thus accosted them: O receive me kindly in your dwelling! I am not an inhabitant of Olympus; I came in an extraordinary manner into your island, and implore your favour.

Melida, during this discourse, remained motionless, busy in viewing the comely stature of the youth. She at length spoke thus: Yes, the Gods have at last heard my prayers! They have formed this charming figure to be my companion. Come to my side, come let me touch thy hands, and cheeks coloured like the rose! Tell me, in what manner have the Gods created thee! Ah! I will render them incessant thanks for their goodness! Inform me, wert thou in being a moment ago?—a tree, a stone? And as she spoke she pressed his trembling hand against her heaving bosom. The young man sighing, replied, O my beloved! if I may be permitted to call the so——Me! interrupted Melida.—O call me so for ever! I shall hear it with delight. Now am I at last happy! All my desires are centered in thee. Feel, O feel how my heart beats with joy! how my hand trembles in thine! never did I experience so much joy, never did I feel what I now feel!

Gods! how happy am I! said the young man. For a long time I loved thee above every thing. O how fortunate is my perilous voyage! How well am I rewarded for my rash enterprise! In saying that, he pressed the hand of the fair nymph to his lips.

What dost thou do?—What is it that I feel? exclaimed Melida; I am expiring with pleasure. All that thou attemptest makes a ravishing impression on my soul, which I ne'er before experienced. But thou, wilt thou always be near me, to assist me in my occupations, and partake of all my

pleasures?—How, answered he, could I do otherwise, since my happiness depends on possessing thee?

O my mother! cried Melida, how good are the Gods at last to have heard my rash vows, and to produce this amiable creature to be my companion. See, my dear mother, it is as large as I am; it is not so little as when you found me under the rose-tree.

Semira then said, Let us recover ourselves from our trouble; sit ye both near me; and thou, young man, we bless thee; thou canst not have come into this place without a wicked design. Tell us from whence thou art, and how thou camest into our solitary habitation. Thou must have undergone some extraordinary things!

They then sat down, Melida and the youth holding each other by the hand. He began to relate how a God had shewn him in a dream the beautiful Melida; how he had loved her; how he was hopelessly distracted, being separated from her by the immense sea; how he had at last formed his boat, and exposed himself upon the waves in the hewn trunk of a tree, which was conducted by wooden feet; and how, by the assistance of the Gods, he had landed upon that shore.

With surprize they heard these marvellous adventures, and Semira replied, It was undoubtedly the Gods who inspired thee with the design to undertake so perilous a voyage across the waves. We bless thee, and offer sacrifice of thanks unto the Gods who have conducted thee into our island for our happiness, and who would not let me fall under the sorrow which consumed me.

What! said Melida, there is then another shore, and other inhabitants beyond this sea? 'Tis what I always thought, though my mother concealed it from me. Oh! never do thou return to that shore in thy hewn trunk! Remain with me, be only mine! I think I could not bear that thou shouldst love other company better than mine. But tell me, thou dost not seem to be

formed like me; a light down, which I have not, seems to decorate thy chin.—That is, replied the youth, because I am a boy, and thou a maid.—A boy! exclaimed Melida, how thou surprizest me! Yet I could not love thee more, wert thou made exactly like myself. Oh! what things has my mother hidden from me!

Semira smiled at these words, and ordered her daughter to get the finest fruits ready for supper. Melida, and the young man following her, went to cull the most delicious fruit. Insensibly, in their embarrassment and tender talk, they forgot the fruits which they were sent for, and walked to the place where the bark was lying. Look, said he to her, look my beloved! that is the trunk in which I crossed the sea, and which has conducted me to thine arms. She, filled with lively admiration, suddenly ran towards it. O wonderful invention! cried she—O rashness! to trust thyself to the vast sea in a vessel which can only be such sport to the waves as the falling leaf of a flower is to the gentlest winds! And it was thy love for me which inspired thee with so much courage? O my beloved! how can I thank thee for thy love? But tell me, what is that I see tied to each side of the bark? They undoubtedly are the wooden feet, by whose aid thou hast directed thy course like the swan. I salute thee, hewn trunk! I salute thee, tree of distant banks! Thou art more beautiful in my eyes, thus extended, thus deprived of thy ornaments, than any other decorated with the most pleasing attire of the verdant spring! Blest be the place that thou hast shaded! Blest be the hands which planted thee! May the spring shower all its beauties around the spot where he reposes! But thou, my beloved!—Thus she spoke to the young man, and whilst she was speaking to him and holding him in her embraces, a tear of tenderness fell from her eyes: Oh! I conjure thee,

do not abandon me; never set foot in this hollow trunk to quit this bank! If ever thou shouldst quit it, may then the irritated waves, sensible of the complaints which thy infidelity would draw from me, cast thee back again into my arms!—O my beloved! replied the youth, in drying up the tears which fell from her cheeks with a thousand kisses, how unjust are thy fears! May the first wave swallow me up into the abyss, should I ever quit these banks with that detestable design! How could I resolve to do it, as thou art all my joy and all my happiness? I will raise two altars upon this fortunate bank; one shall be consecrated to the beautiful Venus and her powerful son, for it was he who inspired my heart with that invincible passion and desire for this hazardous enterprize; the other, to the God of the seas, who protected me upon the waves.—They then returned to the cot, and in simple baskets placed the fruits upon the table. In the midst of their joyful entertainment night approached, and Love conducted them into a bower of jessamines and roses, by the side of which a murmuring fountain was heard. Little Loves wantoned around the branches of the bower, and gentle Zephyrs, wafting their perfumed wings, sported round the lovers.

Their descendants brought the art of sailing to perfection; they built upon the borders of the island a flourishing city, and called it Cytherea. The Laconian sea reflected from afar the loftiness of its towers, and the splendour of its edifices. The most beautiful of these buildings was a temple surrounded with a double row of columns, and consecrated to the God of Love. Happiness and abundance reigned within the walls of that city; and the ships of the ocean, richly charged, came from every part of the world to anchor in its commodious port.

THE TRIFLER, No. VIII.

Vincit amor patriæ.

VIRG. Æn. VI. 824.

The noblest motive is the public good.

ANON.

HAVING, in Number V, given some account of the motives which induced the ancients to travel, we shall now proceed, according to promise, with the middle ages.

The reign of Charlemagne, which began in 768, gave rise to a new species of travelling, so irrational and romantic, that it may not be improper to give some account of its original. The invasion of the northern barbarians had obliterated every trace of Roman politeness, and, as is usual among uncivilized nations, superior power was a sufficient title for oppressing the weak or the unfortunate. In such times it is not to be wondered at that the fair sex, unable to vindicate their rights by arms, were degraded, insulted, and oppressed; nay, even their intellects were doubted, and they were accordingly excluded from the throne of France by the celebrated Pharamond*. The gallant Charles, however, saw them in a different light; he was at once susceptible of their charms, and sensible of their abilities: in Charles were united all the great qualities which constitute the hero, all the good ones which adorn the prince†; nor was he more ambitious of rivalling the glory of his predecessors, than desirous of polishing the rugged manners of his subjects; their Gothic rusticity he clearly saw proceeded from the little intercourse that was preserved between the sexes, a distance which he succeeded so far in removing, that his court

became the resort of all who had any pretensions to wit, to beauty, and to gallantry; he even carried with him into the field many of the wives and daughters of his nobility and officers, thus at once alleviating the toils of war by the softer enjoyments of peace, diffusing courtesy and politeness in a camp, and stimulating the valour of his soldiers, since they must necessarily fight in the presence of those who were most dear to them, whose smiles after victory would reward the brave, whose frowns would stigmatize the coward with disgrace; but as the arms of Charles, though generally victorious, were not invincible, so, by the chance of war, they were often thrown into the hands of the enemy, from whence they were only delivered by the intrepidity of their levers or relations, who penetrated the hostile territory in disguise, sought out the castles that concealed the captive fair, scaled the lofty walls, and restored them to their weeping families. It must be observed too, that the gallantry of these times was somewhat different from the present; the man who then wished to gain the favour of his mistress, was first to prove himself deserving of it, he was to signalize his valour at tilts and tournaments, he was to obey implicitly all her commands, though at the expence of a seven years exile, and to defend from slight and aspersions, not only her chastity and honour, but even her beauty, which he was to maintain
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* By the Salic law, substituted in 418.

† His massacre of the Germans, after causing them to be baptized, and some other actions of his life, may be thought perhaps to detract from the character here given; but these were rather the faults of the times than of the man. Virtues and vices, like wealth and poverty, are not to be estimated by any certain rate, but by the circumstances which accompany them; the rich commoner would be a poor nobleman, and the illustrious Czar Peter, the glory of Russia, would have been a detestable tyrant in a more polished country.

wherever he went, unparalleled by any. From these two causes arose those wonderful tales of knight-errantry, which, however incredible they may seem to these times, and to such altered manners, were nevertheless founded in fact, though exaggerated in circumstance; nor was this romantic spirit entirely subdued till the beginning of the 15th century; for who can deny that Henry Howard, Earl of Surry, by public challenge in the various courts of Europe, offered to engage in single combat with any who dared to dispute the superiority of his mistress's charms? Thus were the several kingdoms of Europe penetrated and explored; nor were these expeditions without benefit to society; for though the motives which caused them were oftentimes ridiculous enough, yet, as they travelled with their eyes open, they could not fail to observe the different manners and customs of the different nations they passed through, and, by comparing them with their own, feel an inclination to improve by them. Exclusive of these champions for love and friendship, were other adventurers, who exposed themselves to equal dangers and fatigue from a religious motive, not indeed like the primitive Christians, to propagate their faith, but to atone for their sins by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, which superstition had persuaded them would expiate every crime however heinous and unnatural; and hence, from the capture of Jerusalem by the Saracens, ensued the ever-memorable Crusade. In whatever light this wild, yet lasting instance of enthusiasm may now appear, though in this more enlightened age we may pity the millions who fell, or the folly that led them to destruction; however dreadful the evil to the times in which it happened, yet succeeding ages have reason to rejoice in the event which, whether it be considered with regard to the annals of Europe at large, or the particular states that compose it, of

literature, or, in short, whatever may be treated of, must form a distinguished æra. At this period we first meet with expeditions undertaken merely to gratify the curiosity, or improve the minds of the adventurers, among the most distinguished of whom must be ranked Marco Paulo, the Venetian, and Sir John Mandevile; to the labours of the former we owe our first history of China, and the later was absent from his country 35 years; the hazards they ran, and the difficulties they encountered, will best be conceived by a perusal of their travels; and it is only to be lamented that men, so justly entitled to the thanks and praises of posterity, should have exaggerated the truth, or trusted to hearsay, to swell their volumes, or increase their reputation. From this time there have never been wanting men, to whom the advancement of knowledge has been a sufficient inducement to follow their examples, though their number for some centuries was inconsiderable when compared with those who have quitted the repose of domestic life in pursuit of military fame; a circumstance that is not to be wondered at when it is considered, that ambition is the ruling passion of the human soul, and that those who had displayed their courage in the field, were almost the only persons who stood any chance of arriving at pre-eminence in the state; for, though the clergy certainly possessed a very extensive and undue influence, yet they were rather the secret movers, than the ostensible agents, of any of those actions which have been laid to their charge; the perpetual jealousies that subsisted between the sovereigns and the people, rendered it highly necessary for the former to cherish and pay particular attention to military prowess, whence every department, without any regard to propriety, was filled with soldiers, that all might be ready personally to assist in cases of emergency. Those therefore who wished to succeed at court,

court, if opportunities were wanting to distinguish themselves at home, usually went abroad, and served as volunteers in the wars of foreign potentates; this custom at length became so fashionable as to form a very essential part of education, and no one was considered as altogether accomplished who had not hazarded his life, and the hopes of his family, in two or three campaigns, and been present at some memorable siege. How this would be relished by our modern silken beaux, is a question that perhaps does not require an answer: but, thanks to our stars that have reserved us for such happy times, it is fashionable to do nothing that is attended with either hazard or fatigue; to enumerate the perfections that are requisite in this age to form the character of the accomplished gentleman, would be like describing the colour of the camellion, or the shape of a Proteus, so various and so changeable are the opinions that are formed of it, though all agree that a thorough knowledge of the world is a principal ingredient. As soon, therefore, as a young man of fortune has gone through his school and college gradations, which is always as soon as the forms will admit, he is equipped with a tutor, and sent to visit foreign countries, though too frequently unacquainted with his own, an ignorance which cannot fail to impress on the minds of strangers very unfavourable ideas of English understanding; nor is the progress directed with more prudence than the onset. On his arrival at Paris he gives into (for what is falsely supposed the honour of his country) a thousand fooleries and extravagancies, inconsistent with his character and situation, whilst he entirely defeats the very intention of his travels, by keeping company only with the English.

After six months spent in this gay metropolis, he proceeds, as fast as post-horses can drag him along a cer-

tain beaten track, to the next place of eminence and resort, where new scenes of folly and dissipation again employ all his time and attention; and, in the end, he returns home with his taste vitiated, his affection for his country alienated, his morals corrupted, and without even acquiring that so desirable knowledge of the world for which he has sacrificed so much of his time, fortune, constitution, and virtue; unless indeed we agree with him in supposing that it consists in knowing the exact dimensions of the Venus de Medicis, the aquæduct of Nîmes, or the Pantheon of Rome. He has travelled, it is true, through countries that were once the scenes of great exploits, over mountains that were topped with snow, and precipices that were dreadful to look down from; he has heard the howling of distant wolves, and suffered all the hardships of bad roads, uncertain relays, hard beds, and unfavoury dinners. But, if this is knowledge of the world, it must be allowed that the valet is at least as knowing as his master, who, besides, it is ten to one, contrived to cheat himself of the information his eyes might have afforded him, by reading some English novel, or falling fast asleep. He may perhaps give you a pretty correct list of Parisian files de joye, or Italian pictures; but ask him of the laws, constitutions, and interests of the several states he has visited, and you might as well expect an account from him of the kingdoms in the moon, for really his connexions were so numerous, and occupied so much of his time, that he had none left for such tedious investigations. Nor are you to be surprized at finding him ignorant, though professedly an admirer of antiquities, of many curiosities in the towns that lay in his route; for, he either went thro' them at full speed, or stopped only to change horses. Such is the form which fashion has imposed on our nobility and gentry, and which

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can answer no other end than to expose them to be pillaged by knaves, and ridiculed by men of sense.

It is not intended by this to inveigh against travelling in general, since there is nothing which, if properly conducted, contributes more to enlarge the understanding, and polish the manners of a people; but, at the same time, it is certainly requisite that every one should remember the end for which he sets out. If the commander of a vessel were to set sail to a port different from his destination, on his return home he would deservedly be liable to censure and disgrace. And is he, whose mental powers are to be displayed in support of his country's constitution, less culpable, though less punishable, for a misapplication of his time and abilities, than he who is to defend it by the sword?

Let the polite traveller remember, that however beautiful and venerable those monuments may be which preserve to our view the magnificence of Greece and Rome, however splendid the columns, and astonishing the structure; that the British constitution is supported on a nobler basis, and

that, though a general knowledge of antiquity may be both elegant and useful, to be a connoisseur in cameos and intaglios is below the dignity of a British senator. But supposing he is not intended to represent his country in Parliament, let him reflect that he is the member of a community for whose common benefit it is his duty to employ his moments to the best advantage; or, if he should doubt the truth of this proposition, let him do it for his own sake, let him study with care the language, the manners, the manufactures, the police, the interests, and connections of the several states he may visit; let him compare them with each other, and with his own; let him search out the secret springs that, in various circumstances, variously actuate the human soul; in fine, let it penetrate into every thing, however difficult, and be ignorant of nothing, however trifling: thus alone will he attain the true knowledge of the world; thus will he render his name respectable, and contribute to lessen that character of indolence, inattention, and profligacy, which has hitherto but too justly stigmatiz'd the English traveller.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

ONE great advantage resulting from periodical publications, is, the medium and opportunity they afford of insinuating to the world short specimens of such intended productions as are of a nature not to be undertaken without the prospect of public patronage. Actuated by this consideration, I am induced to submit to the Literati (through the channel of your valuable Repository) the following specimen of a translation of a very curious, though neglected, Poem of the once-celebrated Trismegistus.

In regard to the original, I shall only observe, that the author entitles it "SPECULUM LUNARE;" and in the person of an inhabitant of the

moon develops the arcana of alitry-mistical learning. It was held in high estimation by all the Mystic writers, and was considered by them as an explication not less profound than that of the Eleusinian mysteries in the sixth book of Virgil's *Æneid*. Some critics have objected to the style as being a mixture of Greek and Latin barbarisms, but they should have considered that the subject was so abstruse, and the sentiments so uncommon, that the author was unable to express them with classical purity.

The translator deems no apology requisite for the phraseology he has adopted; since with the fidelity due from every man engaged in an under-
taking

taking of this kind, he has endeavoured to assimilate his language to that of his original. Happy as a scholar, if he has opened a new vein of poetry; happy as a philologist, if he has enriched his native language with

some sonorously-expressive polysyllables. Your's, J. A.

The edition chiefly consulted has been *Fragmenta Poetica, omnia quæ supersunt, cl. & erud. Viri Trismegisti*—Lugd. Batav. apud Van-keeren C1D1DCXLVI

INVOCATION to the SUN.

OH! Thou to whom this S'm'Orb * diaphanous
Its crescent Effluence of Effulgence owes,
Parent of Vegetation's vivid Hues,
Fountain of Light, that streams the blue Expanse,
Pyritic † Sun! ‡ Whether a Globe immense
Of centuple Perruginéosity,
Heated i'th'ignile and ethereal Forge,
Thou fiercely shed'st intolerable Fire
On Afric's murky Sons; or Lamp § on high
Thou light'st the Trav'ler on his Way rugore,
I not perpend. But thy ignoble Use
I leave to sordid Sons of Earth, and now
Essay, on vent'rous Pennons like the Bird
Of Jove, to scream || Truths unproclaim'd, unheard
Till now, and chief the Bounties amply which
Thou dost dispense with manual ¶ Lavishness
To ** us—thy Progeny Avuncular——
Offspring of Eybele, &c. &c.

* In the Original, *Smorbis*—*quasi Semi-Orbis*.

† In the Original, *Περυττις*, *Phæbe*.

‡ Some of the ancient Philosophers imagined the Sun to be either a vast globe of red-hot iron, or § an immense lamp of light.—*Vide Manetho, Berosus, Hesiod, and Macrobius*.

|| Happily expressed. An ordinary Poet would have written sing, &c. but who ever heard an eagle sing? The tone is uncommonly strident.

¶ More properly, with lavish hand; but I have adhered to *Trismegistus's* mode of expression.

** Beautifully and poetically imagined; for who is to learn that *Apollo* and *Diana* were brother and sister?—The Saxon mythology, indeed, reversed the sexes; but our author, with more propriety, has adopted the Grecian.

A DESCRIPTION OF NEW HOLLAND,

Particularly the Eastern Coast, called SOUTH WALES, in which BOTANY BAY is situated, the Spot intended by GOVERNMENT for Colonization.

SITUATION.

THIS country is of greater extent than any other that does not bear the name of a Continent: it extends from the 11th to the 38th degree of South latitude; and the length of the East and North-east coast, reduced to a straight line, is 27 degrees,

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which amount to near 2000 miles; so that its square surface is much larger than all Europe!

SOIL and VEGETATION.

To the Southward of lat. 33. the land is in general low and level: farther Northward it is hilly, but in no part mountainous; for the hills and

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mountains

mountains make but a small part of the surface compared with the plains and vallies. The rising grounds are chequered by woods and lawns, and in many places the plains are covered with herbage, but loose sand and barren soil most generally mark the aspect of the country. The vegetation to the Northward is less vigorous than to the Southward; the trees being neither so tall, nor the herbage so rich. The grass, though high, is thin; and the large trees, two kinds only of which could be considered as good timber, are seldom less than forty feet asunder. There are likewise trees covered with a soft bark, the same that is used for caulking of ships in the East-Indies. There are three sorts of the palm, and a variety of plants to enrich the collection of a Botanist, but very few of the esculent kind.

ANIMALS, BIRDS, &c.

Of the quadrupeds, the most remarkable is, that called by the natives Kangazoo, which is as large as a sheep. The head, neck, and shoulders are small, compared with the rest of the body, but the ears are large and stand erect. The fore-legs of a young one were only eighteen inches long, and the hind-legs twenty-two: its progress is by successive leaps of a great length, in an erect posture. The skin of this animal is covered with a short fur of a dark mouse-colour, except the head and ears, which resemble those of a hare: the tail is as long as the whole body, and tapers towards the end. This animal, when dressed, is excellent food.

Various species of dogs were seen—also, an animal of the Opossum kind, and another resembling a pole cat, called by the natives Quoll, the belly of which is white, and the back spotted with white. These were the only quadrupeds to be seen on the coast of this extensive country.

The land-birds are bats, which hold a middle rank between the beasts and birds, and are as large as a partridge:

parrots, paroquets, cockatoos, and other birds of exquisite beauty; pigeons which fly in numerous flocks; doves, herons, bustards, quails, crows, hawks and eagles; pelicans of an enormous size, and many sea-fowl, that are unknown in Europe.

Among the reptiles are various kinds of snakes, centipedes, scorpions and lizards. The insects are principally caterpillars, butterflies, musquitos and ants: some of these are quite black, and construct their habitations on the inside of the branches of a tree, by taking out the pith, almost to the extremity of the slightest twig, and yet those branches flourish as if they had no such insects:—if a person breaks a branch he is instantly covered with millions of these animals, which inject their stings with incessant violence.

The sea furnishes the inhabitants with a much more plentiful supply of food than the land. The fish are of various sorts; but except the mullet and some of the shell-fish, none of them are known in Europe: most of them are palatable, and some delicious. Upon the shoals and reefs are incredible numbers of the finest green turtle in the universe; oysters of various kinds, cockles of prodigious size, lobsters and crabs. In the rivers and salt creeks there are alligators.

INHABITANTS.

This country is very thinly inhabited. The men are of a middle size, and in general clean limbed, nimble and active. Their skin is of a chocolate colour; but their features are far from being disagreeable, for their noses are not flat, nor their lips thick; their teeth are white and even, and their hair naturally long and black, though they universally crop it short: their beards are bushy and thick. Both sexes go naked, and seem to have no sense of indecency in thus discovering their bodies. Their principal ornament is a bone thrust through the cartilage that divides the nostrils:

nostrils: as this bone is as thick as a man's finger, and between five and six inches long, it reaches quite across the face, and stopping up both nostrils, they snuffle so when they attempt to speak as to be scarcely intelligible to each other. They have also necklaces made of shells; bracelets of small cord wound three or four times round the upper part of the arm; and a string of platted human hair round their waist. Some of them had also gorgets of shells hanging round the neck. They also paint their bodies white and red; the red is laid on in broad patches on their shoulders and breasts, and the white in narrow stripes drawn over the limbs, and broad ones over the body; not without some degree of taste. The white was also laid on in small patches upon the face, and drawn in a circle round each eye. They have holes in their ears, but they were not observed to wear any ornaments in them.

HABITATIONS, FOOD, and MANNERS.

Nothing like a town or village was to be seen in the whole country. The huts at BOTANY BAY, where they are the best, are but just high enough for a man to sit upright in, and will not admit of his being extended at length; they are made of pliable twigs in the form of an oven, by sticking the two ends in the ground, and then covering them with palm leaves, and broad pieces of bark. The door is only a large hole at one end: yet in this miserable hut three or four persons lie, coiled up with their heels to their heads. Far to the Northward, where the climate is warmer, none of these huts are more than four feet deep, and one side is entirely open.

The only furniture belonging to the houses appears to be an oblong vessel made of bark, by tying up the ends with a withe, which being cut off serves for handles. These are used to fetch water. They have also a small bag about the size of a cabbage net, made somewhat in the manner of knit-

ting, which the man carries upon his back by a string that passes over his head. This contains a lump or two of paint, some fish-hooks of shell and lines, a few points of darts, and their usual ornaments; which includes the whole worldly treasure of the richest among them.

These people have not the least idea of traffic, nor could the English prevail on them to exchange one thing for another. They set such a value on their own ornaments, that they would not part with the least article for any thing that could be offered to them, however showy and brilliant; and the same indifference which prevented their bartering, kept them honest.

CANOES and WEAPONS.

The canoes on the Southern part of the coast are formed of bark tied together at both ends, and kept open in the middle by small bows of wood: these will hold three people. Farther to the Northward the canoes are made of the trunk of a tree hollowed, perhaps by fire: they are fourteen feet long, and are fitted with an outrigger to prevent their oversetting. These will contain four people, and are worked by long paddles that require both hands to be managed.

How they fell the trees of which these canoes are formed is not known. The only tools found among them were an adze, wretchedly made of stone, some small pieces of the same substance in the form of a wedge, a wooden mallet, and some shells, and fragments of coral.

Their weapons are spears or lances of different kinds. These they throw with such good aim, as to be more sure of their mark than an European with a single bullet. They also use a shield or target of an oblong form, of about three feet long, and about half that width, made of the bark of a tree.

CONCLUSION.

Captain Cooke's commentator, Dr. Hawkesworth, remarks, in favour of
M m 2 the

the increase of population which our globe is capable of, that NEW HOLLAND, a country equal to ALL EUROPE in magnitude, admirably well calculated by its situation, and no less so by its soil to afford subsistence, together with every social and rational enjoyment to many, many millions of the human race is found to be the solitary haunt of a few miserable savages, destitute of cloathing, ill provided with food, and whose lives are rendered supportable merely by that principle of happiness with which the Creator has endowed all his creatures, namely, a consciousness of existence.

The same writer observes "from the present state of the world it seems highly probable, that the *nineteenth century* may be favourable to population beyond any former period of time." It is, however, to be added, from the present undertaking of government to colonize a part of this extensive track, and civilize its inhabitants, that the *eighteenth century* gives dawn to the projected population: and as under the reign of George the Third, America was lost to this empire, it is some compensation to seek the acquisition of new territories.

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

WHEN we reflect upon the many dangerous vices and enormities of conduct, to which fashion and the custom of a degenerate age give sanction, we are ready to suppose that virtue and religion, every thing praise worthy and sacred, are, by rapid advances, taking leave of this much-favoured isle. We see daily that the most opulent fortunes, the most liberal allowances, are inadequate to the urgent and continual calls of wantonness and dissipation. But, was luxury confined to the higher classes, the evil would be less; the remaining acres of a once-extensive estate would, by the assistance of a prudent œconomy, still enable the possessor to appear, if not in splendour, with decency. But the misfortune is, people in very indifferent circumstances, and whose line of life calls not for any particular ornament or expensiveness in dress, are too, far too prone to offend in this matter; and think it far less unbecoming, far less *unfashionable*, to have long bills in the tradesman's books unpaid, than to appear in a plain, neat manner, without the *ridiculous*, I had almost said, *meretricious* foolery of dress. Young women of no education, of no fortune or expectations, foolishly emulating their superiors, lay out every shilling which an

industrious parent can acquire, in the fashionable gewgaws of the present day.—Mistaken persons! what advantage can they promise themselves by this folly? They may *imitate*, but never *equal* those in high rank; and the humbler part of their equals must either pity or deride their absurdity. They mean, perhaps, to make themselves conspicuous in the eyes of young men; but every youth who seriously reflects upon the matter will shun these gaudy allurements, sensible that every new dress is a fresh instance of pride and extravagance.—It may be said, that fine cloths are not always a proof of pride—I grant it; but you perhaps may have observed the same *foe*, who, in her morning dishabille has been ashamed to look you in the face, has even quitted her room (like a poor debtor expecting a dun) at a rap at her door; yet when tricked off in the afternoon, has considered herself as a lady of no small importance, mistaking extravagance in dress for gentility of person, and affectation for good breeding.

My fair countrywomen, let your dress, your amusements, and your whole conduct be such as become your situation in life, and you need not fear but in due time you will obtain loving husbands—be cleanly, unaffectedly

fectedly neat—descend not to the flat-
tern appearance of a *Joan*, nor fool-
ishly aspire to be thought a *Fine Lady*.
Solomon hath told us that “when

pride cometh, then cometh shame;”
and a greater than Solomon hath said,
“be clothed with humility.”

T. O.

TRIAL OF JAMES-GEORGE SEMPLE, ALIAS HARROLD, &c.

THE NORTHERN HERO; OR, PRINCE OF SWINDLERS.

ON Saturday the second of Sep-
tember, 1786, the prisoner was
put to the bar, and arraigned before
Mr. Justice Gould and the Recorder
of London. The indictment stated,
that James-George Semple, otherwise
Harrold, otherwise Kennedy, did on
the 1st day of September, 1785, of
Richard Lycett, coach-maker, one
chaise, commonly called a post-
chaise, of the value of 50l. felon-
iously steal, take, and carry away
against the peace, &c.

The *alias dictus* having been ad-
ded, in this indictment, to the sub-
stantive name, and no other objection
being made thereto, Mr. Lycett was
called, who swore

That he was a coach-maker in
Whitechapel, and let out carriages
for hire; and that he knew the pri-
soner perfectly well. That on the 1st
day of September, in the year 1785,
the prisoner came to his house, and
hired a post-chaise for three weeks or
a month, for which he was to pay 5s.
per day; that the prisoner had the
carriage delivered to his order, which
carriage Mr. Lycett never had the
pleasure of seeing again, nor the pri-
soner, till Mr. Lycett saw him in
confinement in the Poultry Compter.

Mr. Lycett further swore, that the
prisoner came to him recommended
from the Saracen's-head, Aldgate,
where he then lodged. That he had
a carriage of him once before; which
was on the 10th of July preceding,
for six shillings a day, which he re-
turned on the 16th, and paid for.

That the carriage which the pri-
soner had the second time, and for
which he then stood indicted, was, by
the prisoner's direction, altered, by
having pistol holsters put to it, and a

net to the roof, with the platform re-
duced to the size of the Major's trunk.

He also swore, that the prisoner
told him that the carriage was wanted
for a tour to the North; that it was
delivered on the same day to a servant
of Mr. Bolton's, John Deacon, who
keeps the Saracen's-Head Inn; that
it was three weeks or a month for
which it was hired, and that it was to
be returned in that time.

That he had never heard from him
afterwards; that he was sure the pri-
soner at the bar was the same person,
and had not the least doubt of it.
That there was no agreement to sell
the chaise, or to keep it longer than
three or four weeks, and then pay
52 guineas for it; but that the pri-
soner said, ‘Suppose I should have a
‘mind to buy it, what would it be
‘worth?’ to which Mr. Lycett re-
plied, ‘About 52 guineas;’ but that
there was a sale, either absolutely or
conditionally, Mr. Lycett positively
denied.

He added also, that, unfortunately
for him, this was not the chaise the
prisoner had first spoke about; the
chaise he obtained was almost a new
one, the other which the prisoner had
before, and which he had then let to
a gentleman for three or four days,
was an old one.

The Recorder of London, who
tried the prisoner, then put the fol-
lowing questions to Mr. Lycett:

Did you part with the chaise with
any expectation of the prisoner's be-
ing a purchaser? to which Mr. Ly-
cett replied, by no means.

The evident meaning of the above
question was, to shew what was in
the contemplation of the parties at
the actual time of the prisoner's
hiring

hiring the carriage; for if there had been any idea of a purchase, the felony would have been instantly reduced to a simple debt.

Mr. Lycett then underwent a very long and critical cross-examination from Mr. Garrow, who was concerned for the prisoner as his counsel.

Mr. Lycett produced his book, at the request of the counsel; when it appeared that the prisoner had obtained the first chaise under the name of Maj. Harrold.

It appeared also, that after the name Harrold there had been an erasure, on which erasure stood the name Semple; and being interrogated strictly on this point, Mr. Lycett said, that he put down every name which he had heard the prisoner had went by; that there were three or four names at times put down, one of which had been the Marquis of Carmarthen; and that he put every name down till he had got the right one, which he discovered about three-quarters of a year ago, at a Mr. Sadgrove's, a hair-dresser, at Knightsbridge, with whom the prisoner had lodged.

He was then asked, if he had not called the prisoner a damned scoundrel, and said that he would arrest him for 50l. The former part of the question Mr. Lycett readily acknowledged, but positively denied the latter.

Mr. Lycett, in his cross-examination further said, that he never gave the prisoner a bill of 50l. for the chaise, nor ever sued out any writ against him: that his servant, J. Marchant, delivered the chaise to Deacon; that the prisoner behaved in a fine flourishing and polished manner, and that he should have rested very happy if the carriage had been ever returned. He denied ever receiving a bank-note of 10l. in part of the carriage; and said that his own pocket suffered for the prosecution; however, he thought it right to punish such offenders.

Mr. Garrow then made an ingenious supposition, that where the erasure stood in the book, there had been wrote "or to pay 50 guineas;" but this Mr. Lycett positively denied.

John Marchant, apprentice to Mr. Lycett, proved delivering the carriage to Deacon; and Deacon proved fetching it away from Mr. Lycett's. But although it appeared that Deacon had drove the prisoner once to Barnet and back, and took him up at Sadgrove's in Knightsbridge, and drove him to Uxbridge, from thence to the Duke of Portland's at Bulstrode and back to town, yet this witness could not swear to the prisoner. On his first standing up to give his evidence, he desired to know who was to pay him for his trouble and loss of time, for which he was severely reprimanded by the court.

Mr. Bolton proved that the prisoner had been a customer of his in the name of Harrold; that he went with him to Lycett's when the carriage was hired, and that he knew nothing of any bargain but that of hiring.

Mr. Silvester, who was for the prosecutor, being but just come into court, asked Mr. Bolton, If the carriage was purchased or hired? to which Mr. Bolton replied, Hired.

The evidence being closed, Mr. Garrow addressed the Court in a very long speech, to shew cause why the prisoner should not be put on his defence, as the fact stated to the court made it only a debt, and not a felony.

He cited many cases, or rather construed many cases, in a way contrary to their constructions, and mended the fact of hiring with the supposed conditional purchase, on which he argued a considerable while, till the Recorder stopped him, and desired him to confine his argument to the hiring, as the purchase was denied, and said it was the province of the jury to determine what the contract was. Judge Gould entirely coincided with the Recorder.

Mr.

Mr. Agar said a few words on the same side as Mr. Garrow, and called the prosecution an extraordinary conversion of a mere Westminster-Hall business to the bar of the Old Bailey.

Mr. Silvester was going to reply, when the Recorder stopped him, and said he need not give himself any trouble on the subject.

The prisoner being then called on for his defence, said, that he *bought* the chaise of Mr. Lycett, and had given him a 10l. bank note in part.

Mr. Lycett being asked, said, The Major had flourished his hand about in his pockets, and jingled some money, but he never saw either cash or notes.

Mr. James Sadgrove was called on the part of the prisoner, who swore that Mr. Lycett had told him he had let Maj. Harrold a post-chaise on trial, and, that if he liked it, he was to give him 52 guineas for it. Sadgrove acknowledged, on his cross-examination, that some gentlemen had been with him from the prisoner.

Mr. Lycett most positively denied any such conversation; but owned that, not being a lawyer, he could

not tell whether or no, if he could have then found the Major, he should not have arrested him.

The Recorder, with that impartiality and fairness which has ever distinguished his judicial character, and with a discrimination which reflects equal merit on his abilities, summed up the evidence; the principal point of which was, Whether they believed there was a simple and bare hiring, or a hiring and purchase conditionally. If they were of the former opinion, they must find the prisoner guilty; if of the latter, they ought to acquit.

The Jury, in a few minutes returned their verdict—GUILTY.

The Recorder then asked them, Whether they founded their verdict on the evidence given by Mr. Lycett or that of Sadgrove; in other words, said he, Do you believe Mr. Lycett or Sadgrove? to which they replied, Mr. Lycett.

And thus ended the trial of a genius who has excited as much curiosity as his depredations have caused alarm; and for one of which the sentence of the law condemns him to transportation for seven years.

L O V E A N D J O Y.

AN ALLEGORICAL TALE.

IN the happy period of the Golden Age, all the Celestials descended to the earth, and deigned for a time to converse familiarly with mortals. Amongst the most cherished and caressed of these heavenly visitants, were two twins, the dearest offspring of *Jupiter*, *Love* and *Joy*. Wherever they appeared, the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all Nature seemed embellished by their presence. The smiling infants sported at the table of the *Gods*, and often snatched the cup of Nectar from the board, to pour it amongst the nymphs and swains who beat time in rustic dances to the music of their voice.

These twins sweetly resembled each other, and being never asunder, grew so much alike, that when both were before you, it was hardly possible to distinguish their features; though, had you contemplated them separately, you must have discerned a very sensible difference. They always wandered hand-in-hand amidst rural walks and fragrant groves, and their growing attachment was favoured by *Jupiter*, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them so soon as they arrived at the years of maturity, their near relation not being considered as any impediment in that age of simplicity.

Mean-while

Mean-while the sons of men deviated from their innocence. Vice and Ruin over-ran the earth with giant strides, and Astræa, with all her heavenly sisterhood, forsook this polluted abode. Joy accompanied their flights; but *Love* was stolen away by *Hope*, who had been appointed his nurse. *Hope* was the daughter of a Goddess, by *Imperfection*, a mortal father. She partook of her mother's immortality; but on account of her resemblance to her father, was confined to the limits of this earth. Well knowing she could not be admitted to the celestial regions, she conveyed her charge to the forests of Arcadia, where she brought him up among the shepherds.

But the loss of his sprightly companions and intended bride clouded his features, and quite destroyed his former vivacity. His voice, tho' it retained its former sweetness, had in it a touching melancholy which pierced the soul. He sighed frequently, and at last wept himself wholly blind. Dark and helpless he now wandered o'er the world, exposed to a thousand disasters. *Fraud* planted snares in his path, *Avarice* barred the door against him, and *Intemperance* snatched the torch out of his hand, and dashing it in his face, scorched him with its blaze. *Hope*, however, the never-failing friend of the wretched, never left him; but soothed him with promises, that the object he so anxiously wished for should yet be found.

His playful disposition easily intro-

duced him to the favour of the young. His visits were seldom long with the men, who generally, on the slightest acquaintance, treated him with coldness and contempt. He met with a very different reception from the women, to whom his soft insinuating manners and captivating address were peculiarly acceptable. He was commonly supplanted among the wealthy, the great, and the fashionable, by the intrigues of caprice, venality, or disgust. The poor were too busy in supplying their wants to indulge his wayward fancies, and to the bosoms and houses of the old he never could obtain the least admittance or access.

Often did he imagine himself on the very point of recovering his divine partner, but was continually mocked by a phantom which had only purloined a few imperfect traits of her likeness. Wearied in this abortive search, he earnestly petitioned his father *Jupiter* to be recalled from the earth. *Jupiter*, pitying his situation, sent down *Reason* for his guide, promising, if he resigned himself to her direction, and retained *Hope* only in quality of an attendant, he should, after the time fixed by the Destinies for his stay on earth, be taken up to heaven, and for ever united to his betrothed consort:

For *Love* and *Joy* were once ally'd;
And must be join'd again;
But not till *Vice* her visage hide,
And all the *Virtues* reign.

AN EXCELLENT RECEIPT FOR THE GALLOPING-CONSUMPTION.

TAKE half a pound of raisins of the sun, stoned; a quarter of a pound of figs; a quarter of a pound of honey; half an ounce of Lucatellus's balsam; half an ounce of powder of steel; half an ounce of flour of Elicampagne; a grated nutmeg; one pound of double-refined sugar pounded; shred and pound all these together in a mar-

ble mortar; pour into it a pint of salad oil by degrees; eat a bit of it four times a-day, the bigness of a nutmeg. Every morning drink a glass of old Malaga sack, with the yolk of a new-laid egg, and as much flour of brimstone as will lie upon a sixpence; the next morning as much flour of Elicampagne, alternately.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

O D E on L I F E.

L I F E ! the dear precarious boon !
 Soon we lose—alas ! how soon !
 Fleeting vision ! falfely gay !
 Grasp'd in vain, it fades away ;
 Mixing with furrounding shades,
 Lovely vision ! how it fades !

Let the Mufe in Fancy's glafs
 Catch the phantoms as they pafs.

See they rife ! A nymph behold,
 Carelefs, wanton, young, and bold !
 Mark her devious, hafty pace,
 Antic drefs, and thoughtlefs face ;
 Smiling cheeks and rolling eyes,
 Caufelefs mirth and vain furprize—
 Tripping at her fide, a boy
 Shares her wonder and her joy :
 This is Folly, Childhood's guide—
 This is Childhood at her fide.

What is he fucceeding now,
 Myrtles blooming on his brow ;
 Bright and blufhing as the morn,
 Not on earth a mortal born ?
 Shafts to pierce the ftrong, I view,
 Wings the flying to purfue ;
 Victim of his pow'r, behind
 Stalks a flave of human kind,
 Whofe difdain of all the free
 Speaks his mind's captivity.
 Love's the tyrant, Youth the flave ;
 Youth in vain is wife or brave—
 Love, with confcious pride, defies
 All the brave, and all the wife.

Who art thou with anxious mien,
 Stealing o'er the fhifting fcene ?
 Eyes with tedious vigils red,
 Sighs, by doubts and wifhes bred,
 Cautious ftep, and glancing leer,
 Speak thy woes, and fpeak thy fear—
 Arm in arm, what wretch is he,
 Like thyfelf, who walks with thee ?
 Like thy own, his fears and woes,
 All thy pangs his bofom knows—
 Well, too well, my boding breaft
 Knows the name your looks fuggelt,
 Anxious, bufy, reftlefs pair !
 Manhood, link'd by Fate to Care !

Wretched ftate ! and yet 'tis dear—
 Fancy, clofe the profpect here !
 Clofe it, or recall the paff,
 Spare my eyes, my heart, the laft !
 Vain the wifh ! The laft appears,
 Whilst I gaze it fwims in tears :
 Age—my future fel—! trace,
 Moving flow, with feeble pace ;
 Bending with difeafe and cares,
 All the load of Life he bears ;

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White his looks, his vifage wan,
 Strength, and hope, and eafe are gone ;
 Death, the shadowy form I know !
 Death o'ertakes him, dreadful foe !
 Swift they vanifh—mournful fight !
 Night fucceeds, impervious Night !
 What thefe dreadful glooms conceal,
 Fancy's glafs can ne'er reveal.
 When fhall Time the veil remove ?
 When fhall Light the fcene improve ?
 When fhall Truth my doubts difpell !
 Awful period !—Who can tell ?

York.

Z. R.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

E X T E M P O R E

To the BRANCH of a TREE.

[A Prefent from an amiable young Lady.]

S W E E T Branch ! thou gift of her my heart
 adores,

Who never guile, deceit, or flatt'ry knew !
 Thy fragrant fcent exceeds the op'ning flow'rs,
 Cheer'd by th' enliv'ning Sun, or moiften'd
 Dew.

Though fresh at prefent, foon thy green will
 fade—

Destructive Time robs Rofes of their
 bloom—

But her transcendant virtues, matchlefs
 Maid !

Will outlive Life, and live beyond the
 Tomb.

Rotherham.

DAMON.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

ADDRESS to the FAIR.

B E A U T Y and Virtue are the fame,
 They differ only in the name :

What to the foul is pure and bright,
 Is beauty in a moral light ;
 And what to fenfe does charms convey,
 Is beauty in the nat'ral way :
 Each from one fource its effence draws,
 And doth conform to Nature's laws
 Alike the foolifh and the vain
 Are ftrangers to the fenfe humane.

F.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

The CHOICE of a WIFE.

I F I was to choofe a companion for life,
 Or rather fome beautiful nymph for a wife,
 If Heaven would be fo propitious and kind
 I'd thus have her perfon, and thus have her
 mind :

Her fkin fhould with lilies for whitenefs
 compare,

Her cheeks fhould be rofy, and jetty her hair ;
 N a Her

Her eyes should be shining, with strong vivid light,
 And likewise both soft and languishingly bright;
 Her lips should with purest vermilion be spread,
 And as soft, and as moist, and as sweet as they're red;
 Her shape should be slender, exact too, and small;
 Her stature not low, nor conspicuously tall;
 Her limbs finely turned in Nature's best mould,
 And her age two-and-twenty—if more, she's too old.

This may serve for her form—and as for her mind
 I would have it generous, open, and kind,
 Quite void of deceit and all coquettish arts,
 And possess no vain wishes of conquering hearts;
 Not puff'd with ambition, nor sway'd by gain,
 Nor have to much pride as to make her seem vain;
 A delicate softness her features should grace,
 And her wit should be bright as the charms of her face;
 Her heart should with pity and kindness abound,
 Better pleas'd to forgive, than with censure to wound.
 I'd have her well skilled in every art
 That can win and subdue a wandering heart
 And (tho' flatter'd) all vain affectation despise,
 Nor know she is handsome, or witty, or wise.

If Nature and Art had thus lavish'd their store
 On the fair one, contented, I'd wish for no more,
 Yet would not, if she'd a large fortune, forsake it,
 Tho' content with herself—to be sure I would take it;
 And as without gold she'd sufficiently shine,
 Had rather not know it until she was mine;
 For lovers by riches too often are blinded,
 While virtue, and merit, and sense are not minded;
 For portions make beauties as Fancy thinks fit,
 And money is oft substituted for wit.
 But where sterling merit with fortune is join'd,
 And the charming possessor is modest and kind,
 Such a partner must prove the chief blessing of life,
 And just such a one I would wish for a wife.

NAWTONIENSIS.

Sept. 1786.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

To Mr. PLEASANTS,

MERCHANT ON JAMES RIVER, VIRGINIA.

On the SLAVE-TRADE.

THE Negroes free! Godlike benevolence!
 To this address you have the best pretense.

Swift lightnings flash, rough winds rebel—
 low hoarse,
 Whilst through th' Atlantic waves I speed my course.—

A Negro youth, gentle, of aspect mild,
 Bow'd with respect, and thus the storm beguil'd:

Sir, whilst you prosecute this Trade for Slaves,

With Death surrounded by the winds and waves,

Oh! listen to the tale which I rehearse
 In tuneless, mournful, yet instructing verse.

Thanks to the Gods, that my recording pen

Shall dirge the bloody trafficker of men,
 Whose soul no laws benevolent could hold;
 Who truck'd his captives lives for curst gold;

Who sold to death, to dungeons, groans, and wounds,

His hapless devotees, for twenty pounds,
 The Negro's price: Oh! cruel barb'rous trade,

Unfit for man, of heaven or hell afraid:
 Like souls and genius with yourselves we wear,

We smile, we mourn, we drop the pitying tear;

With like capacities for all the arts,
 With noblest passions to inflame our hearts.

The Negro stops—disdains his baser Lord,
 Forced by the bayonet and chains on board;

See others struggle on th' affrighted strand,
 Nor quit it 'till compell'd by dire command;

Driven to the ship, on pain of instant death,
 Cursing the tyrant with their parting breath,

Panting for land, for any but their own,
 Casting on that a never changing frown!—

The Soldier train'd to battle, Nature stops
 His arm uprais'd, and levell'd point, he drops,

Disdains to stain, with Negro blood, his blade,
 Though blood and wounds, and groans, and death his trade!

Fewer the crimes and vices to be mourn'd,
 Were all mankind to formal Quakers turn'd;

But Drefs relinquish'd speaks their short'ning date,

Proteus and Moria's offspring signs their fate.

The anchor's weigh'd, ship trimm'd, and sails unfurl'd,

All hands at work, to seek another world.

Link's

Link'd two and two, the wretched Negroes
lie,

Happier the tenants of a country sty!
Gall'd with his chains! to desperation driven,
A Negro wept, and rais'd his eyes to heaven,
And thus his Fellow, bound in chains, be-
spoke,

"Occasion offers to shake off our yoke;

"Tired with the storm, the crew, in sleep of
death,

"Yield to each Negro a victorious wreath."

And now a scene presents to wound the heart,
And make the bloodiest Negro-butcher smart.
The Crew's attack'd, fell discord only reigns,
Slaves, with their chains, dash out their Ma-
sters' brains.

Some seize the helm, and seek a hostile shore,
Fearless what untry'd misery they explore;

Others, in madness, set the ship on fire,
Resolv'd in flames and freedom to expire!—

The Crew surpriz'd, and wak'd from deadly
sleep,

Resist—are conquer'd—buried in the deep!
Providence stretches an unhoped-for hand,

The ship feels ground, the Negroes see the
land.

Freed from the flames and waves they tread
the shore,

To see their country and their friends no
more.

Inspired with joy, releas'd from ev'ry foe,
They hope an unknown land will heal their
woe.—

If my poor pen affects you with the tale,
How would a Master's hand the heart assail!

With grief, unmix'd with art, the Na-
tives fly,

Balm every heart, wipe tears from every eye,
Banish their sorrows, hug them to their breast,

And now with life and liberty they're blest!
New bonds they form, which tie them to the
land,

Happy and free from tyrannous command.

But where's that wholesale trafficker in
blood,

Who could for pelf forego his country's
good?

Death struck him as he exercised his jaw,
To cram with turtle his insatiate maw;

And now he's chain'd in Pluto's blackest
den,

Fit residence for all such barb'rous men.

Th' indignant fiery Muse storms, foams,
and raves,

What! is this beauteous globe a den for
Slaves?

Does Muley Ishmael's execrated name
Another tyrant to the world proclaim?

Is Godlike Reason given to man to wait
On Lordlings, trampling on their necks in
state,

While they kill half, and swallow up the
rest?

The virtuous mind such monsters should
detest.—

The doubting Muse reluctantly receives
Such stories, and with caution credit gives:

Speak truth, Benguela, does your land af-
ford

The faintest trace of such a black record?—
You blush, confess, and cast the blame on
Fate,

This the hard lot of our humiliate state!

Did God for this invest imbecile man
With powers and faculties his works to scan,

His soul with astronomic science fill
To read those globes which work th' eternal
will;

Did he, for this, float in the liquid sky
The Air Balloon, to shew the dimmest eye

The globe he treads like that flies thro' the
air,

But with a swiftness wond'rous to declare?

Astronomers, and men of skill profound,
Say while the earth the sun revolves around,

He flies full sixty thousand miles an hour,
A thousand hourly in his daily tour;

While man, unfeeling of the motion, walks,
Builds, prostrates, plans, projects, fights,

writes, sleeps, talks.

Figures accord not with poetic sound,
Unmusical, the nicer ear they wound;

The labouring Muse with difficulty conveys
Her thoughts in numbers in her Maker's
praise;

Therefore a minute shall be put below,
The wond'rous striking truths more plain to
shew.

I smile to think some haughty Wights are
found,

Their heads with telescopes and orreries
crown'd,

Who, with less wisdom than the simple
Loon,

"See no advantage from the Air Balloon;

"No good from the Dedalian art arise,

"If not like chaise to pass the turnpike
skies,

MINUTE.

The annual course of the earth round the sun is 540 millions of miles, so that the earth flies every day above a million of miles, and every hour above 60,000 miles.—The circumference of the earth is 24,000 miles, and its daily revolution at the rate of 1000 miles an hour.—These truths should be thought of by all, they evidence the immensity, infinity, and omnipotence of that Great Creator, whom we are all bound to adore!—If the common Swearer could think of these things it would cure him of that vice, found only in the mouths of the ignorant, the profligate, and the abandoned.

"If not, like Wilkins, steering to the moon,
Great man! with joy he'd sail'd in the
Balloon:

"Had the sublime discovery been their own,
"They would have begg'd a Doctor's cap
and gown.

The learned Tympanies can't stoop to
find

Knowledge or genius in another's mind;
Flared with lore, they every science ken,
Yet oft are clasp'd, good lack! with simplest
men!

Wond'rous the vanity that could suggest
All seeds of knowledge trusted to their breast;
If so, O grief! Silence with them would die,
And hapless man in darkest ignorance lie:—
Does my coarse pencil set in clearer light
No blustering, swaggering, puffing, empty
Wight?

With solid bodies, tympanies compare,
They're found, Balloon-like, fill'd with light-
est air.

Be humble and be wise, aspiring man,
With gratitude survey the boundless plan;
Thy devious steps Analogy shall guide,
Great thy advances, Reason on thy side;
Nor fear but soon all Slavery shall end,
If man on Virtue and on Heaven depend!

Sept. 1786.

Y. N. S.

On the DEATH of a BELOVED WIFE.

BY Love, by Prudence, and by you,
A second paradise was brought to light;
In us was prov'd what love could do,
When kindred souls in love unite.

But Death, with iron-hand full strong,
The root of Bliss up sternly tore;
For Heav'n decreed, what can't be wrong,
That bliss on earth shall be no more.

To distant worlds our prospects tend,
While Hope breaks thro' the awful gloom;
Tho' Death could here our union rend,
His power is bounded by the tomb.

A source of virtue to us flows,
Which others have no power to taste,
The wish for her, but vainly glows,
If life in vice we rashly waste.

Strive then, my children, to acquire
Exalted virtue, as her's bright;
'To greater bliss you can't aspire,
She's rank'd with purest faints of light.

Could brighter virtue you attain,
Vain supposition! still forbear;
I'd not a higher mansion gain,
'Twill not be heav'n, unless she's there.

On D U E L S.

THE point of honour has been deem'd of
use
To teach good manners, and to curb abuse;

Admit it true, the consequence is clear,
Our polish'd manners are a masque we
wear,

And at the bottom, barb'rous still and rude,
We are restrain'd indeed—but not subdu'd;
The very remedy, however sure,
Springs from the mischief it intends to cure;
And savage in its principle appears,
Tried, as it should be, by the fruit it bears.
'Tis hard indeed if nothing will defend
Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end;
But now and then a Hero must debase,
That the surviving world may live in peace.
Perhaps at last, close scrutiny may show
The practice dastardly, and mean, and low,
That men engage in it compell'd by force,
And fear, not courage, is its proper source.
The fear of tyrant Custom, and the fear
Left sops shou'd censure us, and fools shou'd
sneer;

At least to trample on our Maker's laws,
And hazard life, for any or no cause,
To rush into a fix'd eternal state,
Out of the very flames of rage and hate,
Or send another shiv'ring to the bar
With all the guilt of such unnatural war;
Whatever use may urge or honour plead,
On Reason's verdict—is a madman's deed.

Am I to set my life upon a throw
Because a bear is rude and surly?—No.
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me—and no other can.
Were I empower'd to regulate the lists,
They shou'd encounter with well-loaded fists;
A Trojan combat wou'd be something new,
Let Dares beat Entellus black and blue:
Then each might shew, to his admiring
friends,

In honourable bumps his rich amends,
And carry in contusions of his skull
A satisfactory receipt in full.

DEAR MARY, ADIEU.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

THE WORDS BY CAPTAIN THOMPSON.

FAREWEL to Old England, thy white
cliffs adieu!

Can the gale be auspicious that bears me from
you?

Tho' Ocean divide me as wide as the Pole,
No distance can change the true love of my
soul:

As well might my messmates determine to
bale

All the waters which fill up old Neptune's
great pail,

As divert my firm mind from its fond thought
on you—

Farewel to Old England! dear Mary, adieu!

Dear Mary, adieu! can that love go to
wreck

Where every plank bears your name on the
deck?

Nay,

Nay, many love-knots on the tops I have made,
Where guileless my shipmates at chequers have play'd;
Their sports are no pastime to sorrow and me,
My mind is more happy in fighting to thee;
More happy by far when I'm thinking on you—
For the hope of Return takes the sting from Adieu!

Yes, the hope of Return's all the joy of a Tar,
'Tis his compass, his helm, his guide, and his star;
'Tis impress'd on his bosom the moment he sails;
It shortens long nights, and it quickens light gales:
The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,
And dawns a new hope on his mind with the day;
With rapture it makes his affections to burn,
And changes Adieu into welcome Return.

E P I G R A M.

HERE lies the body of that miser, T. O.
Who scrap'd up much wealth ere hence he did go;
One scripture fulfilling each day he did live,
For *his left-hand ne'er knew what his right-hand did give.*

Æ N I G M A.

BEhold, ye wits, a candidate for Fame
Begs your attention, and demands a name.—
In ancient Rome (for arts and arms renown'd)
My reputation was with glory crown'd;
And here (for which her worth is justly prais'd)
A British female has my credit rais'd,
Whose matchless talents will not fail to be
A lasting honour to herself and me.

I'm no assassin, highwayman, or thief,
Yet oft surrounded am with scenes of grief,
Of blood and murder, wounds and lovers cries,
Which oft draw tears from sympathetic eyes.

Nay start not! for I've yet done stranger things,
I have supported murderers of Kings;
And, what's most wonderful, th' apparent slain

At their own pleasure rise to life again.
Such acts as those to all the world are known,
Yet think not I'm confin'd to those alone.
I deal in mirth, but ne'er with Bacchus quaff;
My comic wit would make e'en Momus laugh.

I can display to the ingenious mind
The characters of almost all mankind;
The Priest, the Peer, the Poet and the King,

The Doctor, Lawyer, all expos'd I bring;
Nay, cease to wonder how all this can be,
For I'm the whole world in epitome.

NAWTON, Sept. 7. W. BEARCROFT.]

A N O T H E R.

NO man was my father—a wonderful tale!

I was marry'd to my mother, and that was a male.

Ye prying Ænigmatists let it be seen
By what name I'm call'd in the next Magazine.

ANSWERS to the ÆNIGMA
Inserted in our last.

THE prophet JONAH's wond'rous dwelling

Was in neither hill nor dale;
For from a ship o'erboard he fell in—
To the BELLY of a WHALE.

W. BEARCROFT.

THE sacred Scriptures to us tell
JONAH did in a great fish dwell.

MONTHLY OCCURRENCES.

LONDON, September 1.

A Letter from Charles-Town, dated the 5th of July, says, "We learn from New-York, that his Excellency John Hancock, Esq; has resigned the Presidential Chair of Congress, on account of his bad state of health; and that the Hon. Mr. Gorham, of Massachusetts, is elected in his stead.

Authentic advices from New-York, dated June 3, mention, that a treaty had been some time in agitation between his Most Christian Majesty and the United States, by

which the former was, upon certain stipulations, to cede for ever to Congress one of the French West-India islands; a circumstance of great importance to the commercial interest of America.

We learn that the legislation of New-Jersey, previous to their adjournment on Friday the 2d ult. passed an act to prevent the importation of slaves, to authorise the manumission of those already in the state, under certain restrictions, and to prevent the abuse of them.

Sept. 4. It is worthy of remark, that of the

the members of the present House of Commons there are exactly two hundred and twenty-one who are either officers in the army or navy, directors of the India company, or of the treasury, admiralty, navy, or ordnance departments.

Sept. 6. Major Scott, who was second in command at the island of St. Helena, arrived from the Eastern part of the globe but a few days since, in a very infirm state from a nervous fever. He was in bed at his apartments, at the Carleton hotel in Pall-mall, when two bailiffs rushed into his room, and arrested him for the sum of 300*l*. It was in vain that he mentioned his inability to get up, and go with them. The master of the house humanely assured them, they might keep the prisoner in his house in perfect security, and that he would accommodate them to the utmost of his power. The physician who attended Mr. Scott, came in at the instant, and expostulated with the Sheriff's officers upon the cruelty of their resolution to remove him, observing, his nerves were in such a state that the slightest shock might produce his dissolution. Notwithstanding this, the ruffians, with menaces, insisted of his getting up, and raised him in the bed; but the unhappy Gentleman, while they were putting on his coat, fell on the floor, and expired with a single groan.

Sept. 8. A correspondent from St. Columba says that the following curious fact may be depended on. John Nichols, of St. Eval, in Cornwall, aged about seventy years, the last eighteen of which he has been blind, was about ten days ago instantaneously restored to sight in one eye, by being stung therein with a bee. His eye swelled, itched, and was painful; he rubbed it and behold a miracle! the blind received his sight.

On Thursday last died at Norfolk-House in St. James's Square, London, his Grace the Noble Charles Howard, Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, Hereditary Earl Marshal, Premier Duke and Earl of England. His titles and estates devolved to his son the Earl of Surrey, now Duke of Norfolk, whose seat in the House of Commons for the city of Carlisle will of course become vacant.

The Duke of Norfolk hath precedence of all other Dukes, not only by his creation, but likewise in respect of his office, as Hereditary Earl Marshal of England; and being the first Protestant Duke of the title, he will take his place in the House of Lords on the opening of the next session of Parliament, next after the Lord Privy Seal, and above all other personages.

The Duke of Norfolk takes out of the hands of the Lord Chancellor church patronage to the amount of 15,000*l*. a year.

Sept. 11. A number of convicts under sentence of transportation are to be sent to

the new settlement at Botany Bay, in New South-Wales, which was discovered by Capt. Cooke, where they are to have some singular privileges in case of good behaviour.—*A description of this colony is given in the present number.*

Sept. 14. A letter from Naples, dated August 11, says, "The Banking-House or Mount of Piety is entirely burnt down. That building caught fire on the evening of the 31st of July. All the account-books, the pledges, the timber, and the papers belonging to the Bank for about 70 years back, were consumed. The ravages of this fire lasted three days. The damage to the Bank is said to amount to 1,200,000 crowns, besides the immense loss to those who had pledged their goods, on which there was never more lent than a quarter of their value.

Sept. 16. The following is extracted from a Calcutta Gazette of December last: "There cannot now remain a shadow of doubt that Admiral Parker was lost off the Maldivia islands; for there is a Gentleman in town that saw the coat that had been found, which was not only an Admiral's uniform, but had epauletts on it; and it is very well known that no other Admiral in the English service ever wore such a distinguishing mark, but the unfortunate Officer in question."

Sept. 20. Foreign accounts assure us that a treaty of alliance is on the carpet between Russia, Prussia, and the court of Vienna; which, it is said, will change the face of politics in Europe.

Sept. 23. According to a survey of Constantinople, lately published in one of the foreign magazines, and said to be authentic, that capital of the Turkish empire contains 700,000 inhabitants, 5330 small and great mosques or Mahometan temples, 120 hospitals 418 inns or hotels, 900 bathing-houses, 950 public fountains, 500 principal and 1650 inferior schools, 440 churches, two of them allotted to the Roman Catholics, the rest to different Christian sects, 3800 streets of various dimensions, 580 mills, and 22 gates, viz. six on the land side, eleven on that of the harbour, and five from the strait.

Sept. 26. The last advices from Nova-Scotia bring the most agreeable accounts of the state of that colony. A most advantageous commerce is now entered into in that part of the world, particularly the whale trade at Halifax, Port-Roseway, and St. John's River; the cod fishery, which does not fall short annually of 10000 quintals; wheat and flour, which they will ere long be able to export, though at present, as the population has increased since the war six or seven times more than before, they have not much to spare; lumber, which on account of the

the number of saw-mills erected and erecting, must increase prodigiously; and from the woods of this province, independant of the forests of Canada, is fully adequate to supply the consumption of all the British islands for some ages to come.—Besides these, vast quantities of masts, yards, spars, which this country affords, four-fifths of the country being covered with pine-trees, and of course tar, pitch, and turpentine, which these trees yield.—Furs are another article of commerce they are able to deal in largely, and will be more so if properly encouraged. Pearl and pot-ash is made at this time by almost every inhabitant: iron ore is found in great quantities in many places, their soil is well adapted to the culture of hemp and flax, and their pit coal abounds with sulphur.

Sept. 28. The dissentions in Holland encrease daily; every circumstance that passes, and every ordinance that is made, adds to the fermentations of the people. Matters are gone so far, that troops are sent to suppress the tumults of the Bourgeoisie in Guel-dre and Utrecht. Those of Hattem and Elbourg are particularly violent, and manifest every disposition for a civil war. All the attempts of the Stadtholder for recovering the command of the garrison at the Hague, prove abortive, the States having again confirmed the order made relative to that point on the 27th of last month, against which the Nobles and the Equestrian Order have formally protested, and are supported by the Deputies of the city of Amsterdam and several other towns.

In one of the memorials which Sir Joseph Yorke presented to the States General, previous to the late war, he entreated their High Mightinesses to reflect, that their appointed days of prayer and fasting for public calamities, brought to their remembrance their alliances with France, and that all their established periods for public thanksgiving marked their political friendship with Great-Britain. The present alarming state of this divided Republic, may perhaps force that conviction upon them, which all the eloquence of Sir Joseph Yorke's remonstrance was not able to effectuate.

Y O R K, September 3.

THIS day prayers were offered in the Catholic chapels of this city, in thanksgiving for his Majesty's providential escape from the late attempt on his sacred life.

A Sunday-school is opened at Kirbymoorside, for 60 boys and girls, the establishment of which is countenanced by C. S. Duncombe, Esq; the Lord of the Manor. It is hoped it will be extended to a much larger number, and attended with the most happy

consequences, as the principal inhabitants have not only contributed to its support by very liberal contributions, but also have engaged to execute the office of visitors punctually.

Sept. 6. The following very remarkable instance of mortality in one family happened lately at Nantwich, Cheshire: On the 23d ult. died Mrs. Maddocks, relict of the late Mr. Plant Maddocks; on the following day died Mr. John Hassall, brother to the above lady; and on the 27th died Mrs. Hassall, relict of the said Mr. John Hassall.

Sept. 10. We hear from Hull, that the Invalids discharged in the year 1783 from Lieut. Col. Morris's and late Capt. Wilson's companies, have received a compensation of 11. 10l. per man for their cloathing, of which the above officers stripped them at the said reduction.

Sept. 15. The committee for the Sunday-schools in this city received a subscription of 10 guineas from his Grace the Archbishop of this province, with further assurance of a continuance of his patronage.

A few days ago, as the Right Hon. Earl Fitzwilliam was riding near Peterborough, his horse took fright and threw him. His Lordship was taken up speechless, but being let blood he soon recovered his speech, and, we are happy to hear, is now out of danger.

Sept. 20. This day, at the Guildhall, Mr. F. Saunders, apothecary, was chosen an Alderman of this city, in the room of Edward Stabler, Esq; deceased.

Sept. 21. This day, at the above hall, Mr. James Suttell and Mr. Thomas Hartley paid the fine for being exempted from serving the office of Sheriffs for this city; after which Mr. William Clarke and Mr. Richard Kitson were elected Sheriffs for the year ensuing.

Anthony Surtees, Esq; of Ackworth, is elected an Alderman of Pontefract, in the room of the late Freeman Bower, Esq; of Bawtry.

Sept. 22. This day being the anniversary of their Majesty's coronation, it was observed here with the usual demonstrations of joy.

Sept. 26. Mr. Lunardi having undertaken to make an aerial excursion from Newcastle, accompanied by another Gentleman, on Tuesday last at one o'clock he began the process of filling the Balloon, which went forward with great regularity and expedition; and it soon became necessary to take away the ropes to which its top was fastened, the poles that supported them not being of a sufficient height: the Balloon having gained a considerable buoyance, a number of Gentlemen kept it down by holding the net which covered it. When it was about two thirds full, a quantity of acid was added to accelerate

lerate the process; in a few minutes a considerable effervescence was perceived, and, in order to ascertain its force, Mr. Lunardi drew the plug from the tunnel, which was followed by the emission of a quantity of gas, the sudden noise of which gave an unnecessary alarm to three or four Gentlemen on that side of the Balloon, who rushed from their stations, and by their motion and involuntary expressions, (no shadow of danger being at that moment existing) caused the others near them to quit their hold, and fly to the opposite side; one side of the Balloon being by this means totally deserted, its strong power of ascension tore the neck where it joined to the barrel; the noise of this being heard, and the gas escaping in a considerable quantity, notwithstanding Mr. Lunardi's assurances of safety, and his intreaties not to quit their hold, the alarm became general, and in a few seconds the Balloon was liberated, and ascended with great velocity. It is here necessary to relate a most melancholy circumstance: one of the ropes, fastened to the top of the Balloon, was retained to assist Mr. Lunardi in descending, of which, during the operation of filling, Mr. Ralph Heron, jun. of that town, was good enough to take the care, and having inadvertently coiled it round his hand and arm, he was by that means unfortunately carried up by the Balloon, it is supposed, 500 feet; his weight having turned the Balloon, its top, to which the rope was tied, tore away, and brought with it the netting, which accompanied the young Gentleman in his fall into a garden adjoining. He did not appear to have received any external contusion from the fall, but complained much of pain in his back and intestines; in this state he continued for a few hours, and then expired.—Mr. Lunardi's feelings on the occasion do honour to him as a man; the distress any mind of strong sensibility must feel at being, though innocently, the original cause of this unfortunate accident, may easier be conceived than expressed. He is now in deep mourning, and seems still perfectly inconsolable.

The catastrophe of Mr. Heron demands the tear of compassion; and while it is shed

over him, does it not become the good sense of the nation, by its future discouragement, to prevent the possibility of a similar misfortune?

BIRTHS.

AT Healaugh Manor, near this city, the lady of B. Brooksbank, Esq; of a son. At Welton, near Hull, the lady of A. Maister, Esq; of a daughter.—At Clifton, near Bath, the lady of R. Hay Drummond, Esq; of a son.—At Doncaster, Mrs. Webster of a son.—At Leases, the lady of R. Marriott, Esq; of a daughter.—At Wheatly, the lady of Sir G. Cooke, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

MR. Dalby of London, to Miss Coppendale of York.—The Rev. H. Ingilby to Miss Bates of this city.—Mr. C. Walker, to Miss Lapage, both of Leeds.—Mr. Burley to Miss M. Locock, both of Knarebro'. Mr. A. Turner of Leeds, to Miss King of Mitholm.—R. Harvey, Esq; of the Inniskilling dragoons, to Miss Bickerdyke of Knarebro'.—B. Norton, Esq; of Hillsborough, to Miss Spencer of this city.—Mr. J. Lazonby, jun. of Pontefract, to Miss Birks of Brompton.—Mr. Arthur of London, to Miss Shaw of Leeds.—Mr. Wilcock of Leeds, to Miss S. Appleton of Smalley.—Mr. Tennant, jun. of Wakefield, to Miss C. Eyre of Hunstet Lane.—At Hull, Mr. Hentig of that place, to Miss Eliza Teefdale of New-Malton.

DEATHS.

EDWARD Stabler, Esq; one of the Aldermen of this city, and who served the office of Lord Mayor in the year 1779.—At Melton, the lady of the Very Rev. Dr. Fountayne, Dean of York.—Miss Scott of Woodsome, near Huddersfield.—Mrs. Maud of Leeds.—Mr. Wright of Kimberworth, near Rotherham: The day on which his remains were interred, on returning home from the funeral, his wife was seized with a similar disorder, and died the same evening.—Mrs. Marthe of Bentley, near Doncaster.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are much concerned for the indisposition of DAMON, but hope a little relaxation from study will re-establish his health.—It is almost unnecessary to say that his intended Essays, aided by the abilities of his literary Friend, will be esteemed a valuable acquisition to our Repository.

The favours of NAWTONIENSIS lay claim to our tribute of thanks.—His future communications will at all times prove agreeable.

A Meditation on the Sight of a new-made Grave, is not calculated to our purpose.

A True Dream, is too incorrect for the public eye.—If the Author wishes to acquire poetical fame, he must studiously consult the Rules of Prosody.

Various productions have been received, but are withheld for the reason already specified. Correspondents are again requested to communicate early in the month.



Engrav'd for the London Magazine



LORD VISC'T KEPPEL.

THE
YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE,

For OCTOBER, 1786.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE LORD KEPPEL.

[EMBELLISHED WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

HIS Lordship was born in the year 1725, and was a descendant of Arnold Joost Van Keppel, a member of the Noblesse of Holland, who accompanied King William into England at the Revolution in 1688; and after attending his Majesty in several campaigns with distinguished courage and ability, was created a Peer in 1695, by the title of Baron Ashford of Ashford, in the county of Kent, Viscount Bury, and Earl of Albemarle.

This noble ancestor of Lord Keppel was held in the highest esteem by King William, who bequeathed to him, in a codicil annexed to his last will, the Lordship of Breevost, and a legacy of 200,000 guilders; being indeed the only legacy left by the King from the Prince of Nassau Friesland, his Majesty's heir.

The late Earl of Albemarle, son of the first Earl, and father of Lord Keppel, was named William-Anne, from her Majesty Queen Anne, who honoured his Lordship by standing godmother in person.

Lord Keppel was the second son of the second Earl of Albemarle, who was married February 21, 1722-3, to Lady Anne, daughter of Charles Lenox, first Duke of Richmond. This Lady gave birth to a family of fifteen children, eight sons and seven daughters.

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His Lordship having early conceived a very strong inclination for the sea-service, was placed under the care of Lord Anson, with whom he sailed into the South Seas, of which mention is made in his voyage; and, at the taking of Paitna, he was exposed to imminent danger: he wore on this service a jockey cap, the peak of which was shaved off by a cannon ball, close to the temple, but did him no other damage.

On the 16th of November, 1744, he obtained his commission as a Captain of the navy; and in 1746, being commander of the Maidstone man of war, he greatly distinguished himself, by taking, sinking, and destroying many of the enemies privateers and frigates, some of them of very considerable force.

In the year 1751 he was appointed Commodore of a squadron in the Mediterranean; and, on the 1st of May in the same year, sailed from Minorca, to accommodate the differences which then subsisted between the English merchants and the Dey of Algiers; a business which he completely effected, as will appear from the following acknowledgment of the Dey on the occasion, published by order of the Admiralty in the same month:

*The Dey of Algiers acknowledges
O o that*

that one of his officers has been guilty of a very great fault, which tended to embroil him with his chiefest and best friends, who shall therefore no longer serve him by sea or land. He hopes the King of Great-Britain will consider it as the action of a fool or madman, and he will take care that nothing of the like kind shall again happen; and hopes that they may, if possible, be better friends than ever.

After this service, and in the same year, his Lordship concluded treaties of amity with the States of Tripoli and Tunis; and, on the 12th of October, 1752, the latter having been interrupted, he established, on firm footing, a new treaty of peace and commerce with the State of Tunis.

Soon after the completion of this business he quitted the Mediterranean, where he had been three years stationed, and arrived safe at Portsmouth, with the entire squadron under his command, at the latter end of 1752.

On the rupture with France in 1755, his Lordship was appointed Commodore of a squadron sent to Virginia, for the protection of our American trade; and on his return in 1756, he was remarkably active in the Channel service, where he captured a vast number of very valuable French prizes.

The reduction of Goree, on the African coast, having been concluded on in the year 1758, his Lordship was selected by the Earl of Chatham, then Mr. Pitt, for the execution of this important service. The squadron on this occasion consisted only of the Torbay, (the Commodore's ship) the Prince Edward, the Nassau, the Dunkirk, the Fougcaux, and the Furnace and Firedrake bomb-vessels: And though this squadron experienced several misfortunes during the passage, upon his arrival on the 24th of December, he employed his time so well, that Monsieur St. Jean, the Governor of Goree, surrendered at discretion the next day.—There were upwards of 300 prisoners, with

negro slaves in great numbers taken in the forts, as well as 95 pieces of cannon, a number of mortars, shells, and shot of different sizes, 100 barrels of gunpowder, a great quantity of cannon cartridges filled, and three months provisions for upwards of 500 men.

After this important service he threw a reinforcement into Senegal, and securing some other African settlements returned to England, and in the March following arrived at Spithead, from whence he set off for London by the desire of the King, to receive his thanks in person.

He next signalized himself under Sir Edward Hawke, when he defeated the French fleet under Monsieur Conflans. This action was fought off Belleisle on the 20th of November, 1759; on which occasion his Lordship, in his old ship, the Torbay, of 74 guns, singled out the Theseus, one of the finest ships belonging to the French, mounting the same number of guns, but of larger calibre, and carrying 100 men more than the Torbay; and engaged her so closely that she sunk. In reward for his services in this action, he was, in February 1760, made Colonel of the Plymouth division of marines.

In the beginning of the year 1761, his Lordship was appointed to the command of a powerful squadron, consisting of nine ships of the line, frigates, fire-ships, and bomb-vessels, destined for the reduction of Belleisle; with upwards of 100 transports, having on board 9000 soldiers, and a compleat train of artillery for the conduct of the attack by land, under Major-General Hodgson. On the 29th of March, 1761, this armament sailed from Spithead, and on the 7th of April they arrived before Belleisle, which is one of the largest European islands belonging to the French King, being about 38 miles in circumference, and containing one little city, called Le Palais, three
country

country towns, 103 villages, and about 5000 inhabitants, which, after a siege of two months, and at the expense of about 1500 men killed and wounded, surrendered to the British arms.

The rejoicings in London, on this occasion, were extremely great; the city addressed his Majesty, and the land and sea-officers, who with so noble a perseverance had struggled with, and overcome such extraordinary difficulties, were the subjects of universal applause.

On the declaration of war with Spain immediately after, his Lordship was selected to command a division of the fleet under Sir George Pocock, on an attack against the Havannah. This service was so effectually done, that Sir George, in his letters to the Lords of the Admiralty of the 14th of July and 19th of August, 1762, observed, "That Commodore Keppel executed the duty entrusted to him with an activity, judgment, and diligence, which no man could surpass!"

At the latter end of the same year his Lordship went on a cruize to the West-Indies, where he took four French frigates, and eighteen merchantmen, all richly laden with sugar, coffee, and indigo, under their convoy.

Shortly after this event his Lordship was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, as a reward for his long and eminent services; and, in the months of January and February in the succeeding year, he captured several valuable Spanish prizes, which he sent into Jamaica.

The peace which was concluded with France and Spain on the 10th of the month last mentioned, put an end to those exertions, the success of which enabled him to enjoy, in honourable affluence, that tranquility which he had so well laboured to restore to his country.

On the 20th of July, 1765, he was appointed one of the Lords of the

Admiralty, in which post he continued till December 1766; on the 18th of October, 1770, he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Red; on the 24th of the same month he was advanced to the Vice-Admiral of the White; on the 3d of February, 1776, he was constituted Vice-Admiral of the Red; and on January the 29th, 1778, advanced to the rank of Admiral of the Blue, and on a later promotion made Admiral of the White.

On the 22d of April, 1782, he was created a Peer of Great-Britain, by the title of Viscount Keppel; and was at two different periods since, First Lord of the Admiralty.

To enter into the disagreeable particulars respecting his services during the late war, when he commanded the Channel fleet on the 27th of July, 1778, (too deeply rooted in the memory of every Englishman) must be as unnecessary to our readers as it would be unpleasing to us; when we consider that a success at this critical juncture, similar to that which afterwards followed the unanimous exertions of our fleet in the West-Indies, on the glorious 12th of April, 1782, might have saved so many thousands of lives, and so many millions of treasure, is it possible for us, whose proudest boast is our country's love, not for ever to lament that so little was on that day effected!

It would ill become us, though we profess the greatest impartiality, to offer, as individuals, any opinions which might militate against those of persons, perhaps, better informed, and of integrity not to be disputed: we shall, therefore, content ourselves with barely mentioning, that a court-martial was held at Portsmouth in January 1779, on a charge exhibited by Sir Hugh Palliser against Admiral Keppel, for misconduct and neglect of duty; concluding with the following sentence from the Court, which resulted from the enquiry:

This Court, pursuant to an order of
O o 2 *the*

the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, dated the 31st of December, 1778, and directed to Sir Thomas Pye, proceeded to enquire into a charge exhibited by Vice-Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser, against the Hon. Augustus Keppel, for misconduct and neglect of duty on the 27th and 28th of July last, in sundry instances, as mentioned in a paper that accompanied the said order, and for trying the same; and the Court having heard the evidence and prisoner's defence, and maturely and seriously considering the whole, are of opinion, that the charge is malicious

and ill-founded, it having appeared that the Admiral, so far from having, by misconduct and neglect of duty on the days therein alluded to, lost an opportunity of rendering essential service to the State, and thereby tarnishing the honour of the British navy, behaved as became a judicious, brave, and experienced officer; the Court do therefore unanimously and honourably acquit the said Admiral Augustus Keppel of the charge against him, and he is hereby fully and honourably acquitted accordingly.

From MEMOIRS of the LITERARY and PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY at MANCHESTER.

An ESSAY on the Diversions of HUNTING, SHOOTING, FISHING, &c. considered as compatible with HUMANITY.

WHILST the general constitution of society remains such as that no man, however obscure, can be considered as unconnected with the rest of his species; whilst, in every situation, our conduct and sentiments, in some degree, invariably produce an influence on those of others; no inquiry, which respects the genuine motive of such actions as are frequently committed, whether their object be the pleasure of the individual, or the benefit of society, ought to be regarded as unworthy of serious attention.

The prevailing, though much to be lamented propensity of individuals to justify their own failings by the detection of similar weakness in superior characters, renders such an investigation the more necessary; and if, in the prosecution thereof, it should appear, that unworthy motives have been erroneously ascribed to some actions, which may be traced on a different source; or that, from the peculiar constitution of human nature, some weaknesses are inseparable from kindred excellence; such discoveries would prove useful acquisitions to our fund of knowledge; they would tend to rectify the mistaken conceptions of

the ignorant, or to improve the discriminating faculty in those who are most easily seduced by the influence of example.

In reasoning concerning a species of animals, which we suppose governed by a principal superior to that of instinct, it is desirable to trace a consistency between sentiments and actions, as on this alone our claim to virtue and to reason seems founded. On a superficial survey, however, such a consistency appears but ill supported in the conduct of those, who, whilst they discharge all the moral duties, and in an especial manner practise the virtues of hospitality, humanity, and benevolence, are yet capable of discovering considerable pleasure from those amusements, the professed object of which is, to deprive of life an innocent animal, unacquainted with those desires which spring from luxury, and asking no more of the bounties of our common parent than is necessary to its own support and existence.

To be prompted to such actions, not from any necessity to gratify the wants of nature, but solely from the desire of amusement, appears, at first view, repugnant to every principle of humanity, and seems more characteristic

ristic of the ferocity of a savage than of the clemency of a civilized being. What then shall we conclude? Are there no characters exempt from inconsistency? Or is virtue an empty name, without precise meaning? The mind shrinks with aversion from either conclusion. Let us therefore take a more intimate view of the motives to such actions, and perhaps they may admit a solution less repugnant to our feelings.

From the attributes justly ascribed to the benevolent Author of our existence, we may fairly conclude, that every propensity, with which the human mind is endowed, is not only necessary, but even conducive to our happiness, whilst indulged in a proper degree. This is not more true of the mild and gentle dispositions, those which seem to be nourished by the "milk of human kindness," than of our more active and lively propensities, those which excite to the most vigorous and toilsome exertions.

The love of fame gives a glow, an enthusiasm, to the feelings of the possessor, when circumscribed within proper limits, which leads him to combat fatigue and danger, to triumph over toil and difficulty, and smile amidst the anguish of pain and death. Yet the same passion, uncontrolled by reason, hath prompted the most abject submission, the most licentious excess; it hath produced the most baneful disorders in society, and, instead of deifying human nature, hath made earth the abode of those spirits which the poets have assigned to the confines of Tartarus.

We may remark the same of every other disposition of the human mind, in the exercise of which the excess, or the deficiency alone, is injurious; but there is none, the limited use whereof doth not contribute to the happiness of the individual, and the good of society.

Not to wander, however, too far from our subject, let us, for a moment, consider man in a state of na-

ture, whilst he is yet unacquainted with the blessings which spring from civilization, or has conceived an idea of pleasure superior to that which arises from the gratification of his appetites. His own personal safety, with that of those who are dependent on his protection, joined to the daily cravings of nature, first dictate the necessity of waging war with many of those animals with whom he hath hitherto lived "joint tenant of the shade."

Perhaps these necessities, however, would not always be sufficient to overcome that love of ease which is so natural to a state wherein men seem only a small degree elevated above the rank of brutes. Perhaps, if other inducements were not superadded, he would not be studious to plan, bold to resolve, and active to engage in those dangers and enterprises, without which he must frequently be deprived of this species of food, and obliged to substitute others more easily gained, but less adapted to the health and vigour of the animal œconomy. Without insisting too much on these presumptive reasons, it is certainly a kind provision in the constitution of man, that those exertions, which are dictated by necessity, should also be inspired by inclination; and that, whilst his employment is made subservient to the means of his existence, it should also become a principal instrument of his pleasures.

These remarks, however, principally apply to the rude and savage state of man, which, happily for society, is now almost unknown. There is no longer a necessity for an individual to be himself the executioner of the animal destined to his subsistence; yet as hunting, shooting, angling, &c. are still pursued with as much avidity as formerly, it is necessary, if we propose to justify these diversions, to attempt it on principles which apply to a state wherein men are humanized by laws
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and government, and by the refining influence of arts, sciences, and religion.

It will be generally allowed, that the health and vigour of the intellectual, as well as of the corporeal system, require frequent exercise, and that their very existence almost depends upon it. It is also pretty evident, that, to induce such a degree of exertion as will promote these ends, there must be something to stimulate and incite, the final cause being too remote an object. Hence every amusement which exercises the powers and faculties of man, if not improperly expensive, nor necessarily attended with a neglect of more noble and important pursuits, is, in this point of view, not only not censurable, but meritorious.

Such, however, is the constitution of man, that health alone will not satisfy his aspirations after happiness; and it is clear that exercise is not more necessary to the perfection of his faculties, than to the promotion of his pleasures. In the words of an elegant writer, equally distinguished for depth of thought and benevolence of character *, "Labour is the chief ingredient of the felicity to which man aspires, and all his enjoyments soon become insipid and distasteful, when not acquired by fatigue and industry. See the hardy hunters rise from their downy couches, shake off the slumbers which still weigh down their heavy eye-lids, and, ere Aurora has yet covered the earth with her flaming mantle, hasten to the forest. They leave behind, in their own houses, and in the neighbouring plains, animals of every kind, whose flesh furnishes the most delicious fare, and which offer themselves to the fatal stroke. Laborious man disdains to easy a purchase. He seeks for a prey which hides itself from his search, or flies from his pursuit, or defends itself

from his violence. Having exerted in the chase every passion of the mind, and every member of the body, he then finds the charms of repose, and with joy compares its pleasures to those of his engaging labours."

If exercise then be necessary to the health and well-being of man; if it be also necessary to those pleasures for which nature hath inspired him with the thirst; and if hunting, shooting, and fishing, furnish stimulating motives, which, in their absence, it would not be easy to supply, these diversions may be esteemed both innocent and virtuous, whilst considered solely with respect to the agent; and it remains only to examine how far to the united motives of pleasure and advantage to man other reasons may be added, in justification of actions which respect the lives and happiness of the brute creation.

Man, as lord of the creation, regards every other animal as intended for his necessary use, and subservient to his reasonable purposes. This prerogative seems to have been intended for him in the original constitution of things; and it is fully evident, that the proper exercise of it is not more favourable to his own than to the general good. Of some animals he prolongs the lives, and provides for the support, to make them conducive to his own convenience. Others, doomed to contribute to his sustenance, are cut off ere they attain maturity †. Even if it were not expedient to sacrifice these to the indispensable wants of man, necessity would equally prompt him to their destruction; since, if they were left uninterruptedly to provide for their own support, and to propagate their species, their increase would soon be incompatible with his existence, and probably with that of their own.

It would, perhaps, be too hasty an assertion

* See the Stoic. Hume's Essays.

† In the last class may be enumerated most of the victims to the diversions we speak of.

assertion to affirm, that death to brutes is no evil. We are not competent to determine whether their existence, like our own, may not extend to some future mode of being; or whether the present limited sphere is all in which they are interested! On so speculative a question, little could be advanced with precision; nor is it necessary for the investigation of the subject before us. If we may be allowed to reason only from what we know, it may safely be conjectured, that death to brutes will be no positive evil; we have no reason to believe that they are indued with the gift of foresight, and therefore, even admitting that with them the pleasures of life exceed its pains and cares, in terminating their existence they only suffer a privation of pleasure.

Though the tie of natural affection is perhaps not less strong in brutes than in the human species, yet it is often necessarily dissolved, and of much shorter continuance. It is also to be remembered, that, on the present plan of pursuing these diversions, such a regard is had to the circumstances and situation of animals, that no helpless, feeble progeny, is left to bewail the loss of an affectionate parent; or, from the want of its providence and protection, to perish from exposure to rapacious animals, or the more cruel attacks of want and famine. The fate of an individual may therefore be considered as unconnected with that of any of its species; and if it be allowed that an untimely period of its existence is not to it any evil, the mode of its suffering death will not only be no objection to the diversions we speak of, but will furnish reasons of considerable weight in their favour.

The tie of natural affection, it hath already been observed, is not weak amongst brute animals; but it may be remarked, that though in many cases it is so strong in parents towards their progeny, the reflected attachment seems to subsist only whilst the young offspring are incapable of pro-

viding for themselves. When they arrive at maturity, the connection is in most cases dissolved, and the relationship forgotten. How pitiable then must be the situation of that animal whom age, with its attendants, weakness and disease, hath reduced to a feeble and helpless state, incapable of providing for itself the necessary subsistence, a prey to continual apprehension from those animals whose attacks it is unable to fly from or repel; and at length languishing to the period of its existence, wasted by famine and disease! Compare with the fate of such an animal that of the timid hare. She meets the opening morn in health and vigour, and with playful frolic wantons on yon upland hill, enliven'd by the beams of the rising sun. No feeble pulse, or languid eye, indicate a disordered frame; no anticipation of her approaching fate inspires her with apprehension. All is gay and lively, like the prospect around her. On a sudden, however, the scene is changed, the echoing of the horn resounds from the adjacent valley, and the cry of the deep-mouthed hounds thunders towards the hills. She becomes motionless with fear, when a second alarm rouses her from her trance; she flies, and with eager steps seems to outstrip the winds. Men, horses, and dogs instantly join in the chase, and the forest echoes to the wild uproar. The hare doubles—the swiftness of her speed abates—fear, more than fatigue, retards her flight—she faints at the noise of the approaching hounds—redoubles to elude their pursuit—her feeble limbs are unable to perform their office—and now—breathless and exhausted, she is overtaken, and torn in pieces by her merciless pursuers.

Such a doom seems severe, and hard is the heart which does not commiserate the sufferer. Its apparent severity will, however, be much mitigated, if we consider the quick transition from perfect health to the expiring conflict. Death, brought on

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by disease, or the decay of nature, would be much more to be dreaded; and compared therewith, the fate of the partridge from the gun of the fowler, or of the trout by the rod of the angler, is mild and enviable.

To recapitulate then what hath been advanced on this subject—We have seen the human mind, in every age, endowed with a strong natural inclination to these diversions. In the savage state, we have seen that the situation of man renders such a propensity absolutely necessary; we have seen it become at once conducive to his convenience and his pleasures; we behold him emerge from a state of uncivilization into polished life. This propensity still accompanies him; it stimulates him to exercise the efficient cause of health; it inspires him with a love of industry and activity, the certain source of true pleasure; he becomes habituated to fatigue and exertion, despises danger and difficulty, nor dreads exposure to those elements from whose severity he acquires strength of body, with vigour and firmness of mind. We have seen, with respect to brute animals, that, being destined for the use of man, in depriving them of existence he disturbs not the order and intention of nature; that, in sacrificing them to his pleasures, he neither destroys nor diminishes their portion of enjoyment; and that, in exercising the prerogative with which he is invested, if he were not thus prompted by inclination he would be compelled by necessity.

It may be urged, if not as an argument in favour of these diversions, yet as a circumstance which should incline us to caution in condemning them, that they are pursued by many individuals who are distinguished for those virtues of the heart which seem totally inconsistent with thoughtless or with intentional cruelty, and which are at once the ornament and the blessings of society.

The Patriot or the Citizen, who, anxious for the good of his country

and of mankind, bends all his thoughts and all his faculties to the promotion of the public weal; who sacrifices the comforts of ease and of repose, foregoes the sweets of domestic bliss, nor is withheld by the charms of social converse, when his exertions can tend to relieve the unfortunate from the burden of affliction, and to enliven the face of sorrow with smiles of joy; will yet, when leisure from these more noble occupations permits, join in the pleasures of the chace, arrest the pheasant in his aerial flight, or ensnare the inhabitants of the dimpled lake. And surely the heart that makes “all human weal and woe its own,” cannot rejoice in acts of inhumanity. Surely the generous passions of philanthropy and benevolence can never inspire or accompany a cruel deed!

It would exceed the limits of this essay to take a comprehensive view of the human mind, which yet is not unnecessary in the investigation of this subject. It might then perhaps appear, that, amidst all the variety and eccentricity which the contemplation of a given character presents, the primary dispositions, the original motives and springs of action are extremely few. If this were proved, the seeming inconsistency between many of the actions of an individual must disappear, as it would be unfair to reason from any partial view of his character.

Perhaps the dispositions which incline us to these diversions are the same which, under other circumstances, incite to the most heroic actions. The courage gained in the field may be exerted to restrain the insolence or ambition of a tyrant; exposure to fatigue, and the inclemency of seasons, qualify us for those exertions which our stations as members of society may demand; and he who, fearless of danger, is emulous of distinction in the chace, may equally pant for glory when the invasion of his country prompts him to repel her foes.

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We may further observe, that if nature, with a liberal, but not lavish hand, hath bestowed on all her offspring those powers and propensities only which their own necessities, or the general order and oeconomy of the system require, we shall be unable to discover her intention in the gifts of scent to the hound, swiftness to the grey-hound, and sagacity to the pointer; these being amongst the number of innate, instinctive faculties, which can only be increased in

some of the diversions we speak of, and for which purposes we may therefore reasonably presume they were given.

Upon the whole, may we not then conclude that man, by co-operating with such animals, employs both his and their faculties on the purposes for which they were partially designed: thus tending to complete the bounteous scheme of Providence; the happiness and well-being of all its creatures?

THE DISINTERESTED WIDOW.

A MORAL TALE.

MRS. LOVELY, a young widow, left by her husband in very indifferent circumstances, thought it prudent to accept of the offer of her elder brother to reside with him at his house in B—shire; more especially as he promised to make a *will* greatly in her favour, and to settle something considerable, in case his being disposed to marry, provided that she, on her side, either did not change her condition a second time, or gave her hand to the man whom *he* approved of; Mr. Lovely having been the choice of her father (who was living at the time of her marriage) on account of his being thought to have a large fortune. The largeness of his fortune, added to the striking appearance of his person, made both Mr. and Miss D'Anvers partial in his favour. Mr. D'Anvers's estate being settled on his eldest son, the fortunes of his younger children were very scanty. It was generally believed, indeed, that Mrs. Lovely never had any; but that Mr. Lovely, powerfully attracted by her person, and charmed by her manners and conversation, consented to take her (as he spared no expence for the gratification of his passions, and knew, both from the character of the young lady, and the conduct of her family, that there was no gaining her upon any terms, except matrimonial ones)

for better, for worse. However, as he received little or nothing with her, Mr. Lovely deemed himself the less obligated to pay her that degree of conjugal attention which she might have reasonably expected from the tenderness he at first discovered for her.—After a very short time, there was a striking neglect in his behaviour to her, and neglect was soon followed by ill treatment. Indeed he took no greater care of himself or his fortune than he did of *her*. With the most abandoned of the female sex he injured his health; with the most abandoned of his own, he impaired his estate, and squandered away large sums in the idlest and least reputable manner, just as he happened to be governed by the caprice of the moment. By these modes of acting, he hurried himself out of the world, and left his widow absolutely distressed; for her father thinking her well married, and living himself beyond his income, bequeathed her not a shilling at his death; and it is highly probable, that, if he had bequeathed any thing to her, Mr. Lovely would have spent it: so that had it not been for her brother, she must have followed some business to procure a subsistence, the idea of which would have extremely mortified her pride.—This gentleman not choosing to behold his sister in so mean a light, took her

home; and, as she was still young and handsome, doubted not but that some man of fortune would take her off his hands. This supposition was not ill founded.

In about a year after her coming to reside with her brother, a gentleman, possessed of a considerable estate adjoining to *his*, returned from Italy. As soon as he became acquainted with her, he was so pleased with her person, and so charmed with her whole carriage, that he resolved to make proposals, which would not, could not, he thought, be rejected. However, between his first interview with her, and the resolution he had formed in her favour, she had, both at church and in her little excursions, frequently observed a man, who, though very plainly dressed, had an agreeable expression in his countenance, and perfectly the air of a gentleman. This agreeable stranger took great notice of her, seemed to make it his business to follow her, and to watch for every opportunity to see her, with a solicitude which was by no means displeasing to her. She soon, indeed, began to feel a partiality in his favour;—a partiality which she had never felt for any man. The Lover—(for he was truly one) perceiving the impression he had made on her, wished only to have it confirmed by her own lips;—he, therefore, seized a fortunate instant when she was taking a solitary walk in a part of the grounds belonging to her brother, met her, introduced himself to her with great politeness, and from general topics soon came to the subject nearest to his heart. He told his tender tale in so pathetic a style that the lady was touched:—she was too much guarded, however, to discover all her feelings upon the interesting, affecting occasion. She only told him, very politely, in return (but with uncommon frankness) that she was a widow; that she depended on her brother; that she had nothing which she could call her own;

and that she could not reasonably expect from Mr. D'ANVERS any thing worthy of his acceptance.

Mr. MANLY—(for that was his name)—replied, that not a single thought with regard to fortune had ever entered into his mind; adding, that if she had not a shilling in the world she would be as desirable an object in *his* eyes as if she had millions at command. “But I must ever, Madam, (continued he) lament my own want of a fortune sufficient to enable me to place you in a condition more suitable to your birth and education.”

Mrs. Lovely, with a half-suppressed sigh, replied, “that fortune did not always confer happiness; adding, that as she was under her brother's protection, she could not withdraw herself from it without *his* approbation.”

She then left him: but they met again—met often—and as their intimacy increased, their attachment to each other was strengthened. She did not, indeed, actually accept of his proposals;—but she did not absolutely reject them.

While matters were in this train, Sir Alexander Metcalfe became acquainted with Mrs. Lovely, in his frequent visits to Mr. D'Anvers; told her plainly, one day, that he was dying for her; and almost in the same breath intreated her brother to plead for him. There was no occasion for *intreaty*: Mr. D'Anvers was so transported at the idea of not only getting rid of his sister, but of seeing her so advantageously disposed of, that he began to precipitate things in a manner not at all agreeable to the Lady, who was too partial to MANLY to comply with the wishes of Sir Alexander. However, as she really believed that her brother would never consent to her marrying a man with a small fortune, she determined to remain single rather than give up the man she liked, for him whom she never could—she imagined—love. Thus resolved, she peremptorily refused the

Baronet;

Baronet; and this refusal so enraged her brother, that he vowed he would lock her up, that she might neither ruin *herself*, nor expose *him*; adding, that as he had supported her ever since Mr. Lovely's death, and as she could not make any reasonable objection to a young man of birth and fortune, he was resolved to force her into compliance.

Finding herself in this disagreeable, this distressive situation; finding her brother positive with regard to her alliance with Sir Alexander, she told him with the greatest freedom, that she could not possibly feel any affection for him.

"Why cannot you love me (said the Baronet) as well as you loved Mr. Lovely?"

"I had no happiness with Mr. Lovely, (replied she) nor could the fortune which he squandered on me ever procure me any felicity.—I had rather have less money and be happy."

"I suppose, then, (said Mr. D'Anvers) you are foolishly fond of some beggar: but take care, Annabella, (continued he) if you throw yourself away, you may *starve* for me: I will have nothing more to do with you."

"Leave me then, brother, (replied she, weeping)—leave me to do the best I can for myself."

"No, Madam, (answered he) I shall not leave you to shame me by your scandalous meannesses: I will not see my sister in a state of *poverty*.—No; as I took you in when you were distressed, I will now insist upon your settling yourself in a manner which may prevent your wanting any farther assistance from me."

Plainly perceiving that it would be to no purpose to contend with him, she thought it best to say nothing; but she was resolved, at the same time, that no compulsive proceedings should make her marry the man whom she could not love; thinking, indeed, that she should act a very unjust part by so doing. Not being willing, however,

to disoblige her brother entirely, she determined to keep herself quite disengaged, and, upon his having recourse to arbitrary measures on her account, to leave his house, to endeavour to get into some reputable family by way of *Companion* to a Lady, or *Governess* to her children.

While she was forming these resolutions (forced upon her by the tyrannical behaviour of her brother) at the window of the apartment to which she was confined, a window which looked into the garden, she saw her lover under it. On his knees he implored her to come down, and speak to him.

Starting with surprize and joy, she could only bid him make his appearance in the same place, in a little time. She then retired, and wrote every thing that had passed between her brother and *her*. Returning to her lover, she found him just on the same spot, and in the same attitude. Kneeling down, herself, to the bottom of the window, she shewed him the letter which she was going to throw down. He now again, with open arms, intreated her to put herself under his protection. She, on the other hand, pointing to some gardeners who were at work, begged him to be gone, lest they should see him, and tell her brother.

"You need not be alarmed about *them* (replied he), I have purchased *their* silence; it was by their assistance I got in: throw me down, therefore, the letter in your hand; and may it give me the desirable intelligence that you will be mine for ever!"

Mrs. Lovely did as she was desired; but, the moment he caught it, withdrew. He also retired, in order to read the contents.

Mrs. Lovely, now more and more determined to enter into the most servile state rather than marry the man with whom she could not be happy, merely for his title and fortune, intended, upon being again

oblig'd by her brother to see Sir Alexander, to open her whole heart to him, and to try to prevail on him to give up all thoughts of *her*.

While she was engaged in this train of thinking, and soothing herself with the idea of being sincerely beloved by the man whom she deemed the most amiable of his sex, though she had the smallest intention to gratify her inclination at *his* expence, learning, from time to time, from him that his little All was barely sufficient for his own decent expenditure, she received a message one day from her brother, requesting her immediate appearance in the saloon. This message occasioned new alarms! She doubted not but another interview had been projected between her and Sir Alexander.

Coming down quite in dishabille, she entered the room with a very melancholy air. As soon as she entered it, she started at the sight of a Gentleman elegantly dressed, who, advancing towards her with the most respectful tenderness in his manner, informed her that he waited on her with the permission of Mr. D'Anvers, and that he hoped when that Gentleman's

consent accompanied his own wishes, and when he could prove himself capable of making a settlement on her equal to her brother's estate, she would no longer refuse him her hand.

She blush'd consent, adding, "Tho' I am happy in my brother's approbation, Mr. Manly, yet I wanted not family nor fortune to bribe me to accept of you. Nothing but the certainty of disobliging my brother, and the fear of distressing you, ignorant as I was of your real situation, made me hesitate——"

"I want no farther proof, Madam, replied Manly, of your being the most disinterested of women, and have only to beg your forgiveness for having made this trial of your virtue. I am now completely blest to find that neither rank nor fortune could take you from me; it shall therefore be my perpetual care to endeavour to deserve the partiality by which you have distinguished me."

He kept his word; he made the tenderest of husbands to the most disinterested of women; and their mutual felicity was as lasting as it was uncommon.

CONSEQUENCES OF A JUVENILE FROLIC.

LORD Chief Justice Holt, who was very wild in his youth, was once out with some of his raking companions on a journey into the country. They had spent all their money; and, after many consultations what to do, it was resolved that they should part company, and try their fortunes separately. Holt got to an inn at the end of a straggling village; and, putting a good face on the matter, ordered his horse to be well taken care of, called for a room, bespoke a supper, and looked after his bed. He then strolled into the kitchen, where he saw a lass, about fifteen years of age, shivering with an ague. He enquired of his landlady, a widow, who the girl was, and how long she had been

ill. The good woman told him that she was her daughter, an only child, and that she had been ill near a year, notwithstanding all the assistance she could procure from physic, at an expence which had almost ruined her. Holt shook his head at mention of the doctors, and bade the parent be under no farther concern, for that her daughter should never have another fit. He then wrote a few unintelligible words in the court-hand, on a scrap of parchment which had been used as the direction to a hamper; and, rolling it up, ordered it to be bound on the girl's wrist, and remain there till she was quite recovered. The ague, however, returned no more: and Holt, after having con-

tinued

stayed there a whole week, called for his bill with as much courage as if his pockets had been filled with gold.

'Ah, God bless you!' said the old woman, 'you are nothing in my debt, I am sure; I wish I was able to pay you for the cure you have performed on my daughter: and, if I had had the happiness to have seen you ten months ago, it would have saved me 40l. in my pocket.' Holt, after some altercation, accepted of his week's accommodation, as a gratuity, and rode away.

Many years afterwards, when he had become one of the Judges of the King's Bench, he went on a circuit into the same country; and, among other criminals whom he was appointed to try, there was an old woman charged with witchcraft. To support this charge, some witnesses swore that she had a spell, with which she could either cure such cattle as were sick, or destroy those that were in health. In the use of this spell, they said, she

had been lately detected; and, it having been found upon her, was ready to be produced in court. The Judge then desired it might be handed up to him; when it appeared to be a dirty ball, covered with rags, and bound round with packthread. These coverings he removed, one after another, with great deliberation; and at last came to a piece of parchment, which he immediately perceived to be the same he had once used as an expedient to supply his want of money. At the recollection of this incident, he changed colour, and was silent for some time. At length, however, recovering himself, he addressed the jury, and related the particular circumstances of the transaction; which had such an effect on the minds of her accusers, that they blushed at the folly and cruelty of their zeal: and Judge Holt's quondam hostess was the last person ever tried for witchcraft in that county.

THE TRIFLER, No. IX.

*Romæ dulce diu fuit ac jolenne, reclusâ
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Cautos nominibus certis expendere nummos;
Majores audire, minori dicere, per quæ
Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, et calet uno
Scribendi studio: Puerique patresque severi
Fronde comas vineti cœnant, et carmina dictant.* HOR.

- 'For many an age our fathers entertain'd
- 'Their early clients, and the laws explain'd;
- 'Instructed them their cautious wealth to lend,
- 'While youth was taught with reverence to attend,
- 'And hear the old point out the prudent ways
- 'To calm their passions, and their fortunes raise.
- 'Now the light people bend to other aims,
- 'A lust of scribbling every breast inflames;
- 'Our youth, our senators with bays are crown'd,
- 'And rhymes eternal at our feasts go round.'

FRANCIS.

THAT the love of fame is an universal passion it needs only an appeal to the feelings of all mankind to evince. The illiterate mechanic, who can form no other no-

tions of excellence than what the vibrations of a pendulum, or the romantic beauty of a Gothic palace have suggested, hopes in time to see his name recorded on the front of some city

city clock, or mentioned by the centinel of a St. Paul's or a St. Peter's with the same degree of respect as we now contemplate the Algebraic problems of an Archimedes, or the inimitable designs of a Palladio, a Vitruvius, or a Jones. The views of the sage philosopher are little different. To bury himself in the quiet vale of retirement is the summit of his ambition, and to sooth himself with the flattering hope that he shall one day or other fill a nich among the departed worthies of some venerable abbey, fills up the short interval of meditation and prayers. To enumerate the different effects which this passion produces in different minds, would be tedious, and perhaps unnecessary. If its advantages to the world in general have been many, its disadvantages have not been altogether inconsiderable. To increase the republic of letters without adding to its stability is a useless and dangerous experiment. Every illiterate puppy, who can scarcely scribble his own name, thinks himself bound, with or without a patron, to communicate his stanzas to the public; and the pedantic school-boy, just out of his *Cordery*, sends forth some nonsensical translation to the press, with a poetical dedication (as he calls it) to a Busby or a Warton.

Every attempt which cannot do good, must be productive of evil either in a more or less degree. Out of the numbers that have been infected with this epidemical madness for letters, so few have succeeded, that, to consign their productions to oblivion, it seems only necessary to mention their station and character. However partial this may appear, it is not altogether unjust. To damp the ardour of genius indeed in its voluntary exertions, may be considered as the attempt of envy rather than prudence. But the genius of that unhappy, restless herd of authors, who never soar beyond the madrigals of a Grub-street garret, is more to be pitied than admired; it is more to be ridiculed than encouraged.

The present state of the literary republic is not in so weak and tottering a condition as to require assistance from the vain, the superficial, and the mercenary. True genius never fails to force its way into the world. It will always be admired, it will always be revered; though, to be always rewarded, experience tells us, is not an invariable consequence. Thro' idleness, or modesty, the most exalted and the most enlightened have been distinguished more by their misfortunes than the liberality of their patrons. The diffidence of a Chatterton will be loved and pitied by every pretender to sensibility; and the most rigid moralist cannot but admire the fine productions of genius, even in the dissipated circles of an Otway or a Savage. That all the possessors of an Otway's or a Savage's genius shall meet with a similar fate, or that all shall be rewarded according to their desert, it is not in the power of humanity to predict. But that the impertinent and superficial swarm of authors who are continually buzzing about the sacred temple of literary honours, shall be huddled into one common abyfs of irreameable oblivion, is the wish and the expectation of every true votary of learning. If it should happen that an individual be indiscriminately thrown into the general mass, who possessed better talents, and deserved a better fate than his contemporary and fellow-sufferers, the loss may not be considerable, it may not be felt. To suffer the incursions of a whole enemy upon our lands without opposition and without resentment, because a single enemy has been induced or compelled to accompany them, would be madness indeed.

I have generally considered it as derogatory to the taste and judgment of that constellation of learning which shone out, in the beginning of this century, with such united radiance, that the *Sacerdotal Thresher* was admitted into such repute. But he was patronised

patronised by the very liberal patroness of all that was learned, all that was noble. The reign of Queen Anne flourished with a set of writers which would have done honour to the brightest period of the Augustan age. Tho' not eminent for learning herself, she was sensible of its value. She felt it in the closet and in the senate. The wisdom, the probity, the judgment of an Addison, exerted in the administration of state, could not but be successful. Tho' equally fastidious and deliberate in the choice of her warriors, they were not altogether so essentially beneficial. They were actuated, they were even supported, by the wise and prudent measures of a politic, well-informed ministry; and it may be fairly questioned whether the exploits of a Marlborough and a Eugene were not extended, nay even in some measure indebted for their success, to the ministerial exertions of an Addison and a Walpole.

To conduct the affairs of state with skill and prudence, few crowns have been so uniformly successful in their choice of learned and virtuous statesmen. Of this the Queen was sensible; and she knew the danger of discouraging and rejecting one who had the least pretensions to genius or learning. Brought too from the mean employment of a threshing, his most glaring faults were over-looked with a candour and majestic benevolence so eminently characteristic of the royal patroness * of Duck.

That he had some pretensions to genius, however slight, may perhaps be allowed him on this score, that none but a madman would have left the flail for the pen, unless he had felt himself really actuated by the impulse of fancy; or, to use the words of the witty epigrammatist of St. Patrick's,

"From threshing straw he turns to thresh
his brains,

"For which her Majesty allows him grains;

"Though 'tis confess'd that those who ever
saw [straw." "His poems, think them all not worth a

At the time that Mr. Duck wrote, he seems to have been encouraged and caressed by the great and the learned. That he was popular, has been avow'd by all his contemporaries. But the popularity of his poems cannot be considered as the criterion of their excellence. Intrinsic beauty, if it had shone out with any remarkable lustre, could never have suffered so considerable a change, from the lapse of half a century, as to be totally obliterated and discarded. The works of this once-so-much celebrated writer are now to be found only in the closets of peasants, or in the corner-shelf of a pot-house, in the honourable association of Tom Brown and Roderick Random †. It was not the genius of Duck, it was not his love of learning, it was not the liberality of his patrons alone, that recommended him to the notice of a Queen and the public; but it was the predominance of fashion, and the happy concurrence of favourable circumstances, which exalted him to an eminence in the temple of literary honours little inferior to that of a Dryden or a Waller; but, fortunately for posterity, it was an eminence too dazzling for the weak and superficial abilities of Duck to support, and from which he has since descended with ignominy and reproach. The able historian of his life has lavished upon him such unmerited adulation as even prejudice or interest will hardly justify, especially when the taste and judgment of a Spence are considered as at stake.

Should such encouragement fall to the lot of every illiterate puppy, to be praised by the learned commentator on the Odyssey, and to be patronised by a Queen, and such a Queen too as nations less limited than Great Britain might have been proud to acknowledge as their Sovereign, the
case

* Here is an anachronism. Duck's patroness was Caroline, not Anne. EDIT.

† Roderick Random deserves and possesses a place in better company. EDIT.

case would be melancholy and dangerous. The bustle of a commercial or mechanical profession would be superseded by an epidemical devotion to the Muses. The most magnificent buildings of our kingdom would be converted into repositories for poetasters and scribblers. Every avenue and every parade in the metropolis would be crowned with a set of half-brained emaciated creatures; and the whole city, instead of being divided, as it now is, into squares and palaces, would become one continued train of printing-offices and Grub-streets.

That true merit, however, is not always incompatible with a low birth, or narrow education, experience has repeatedly informed us. Some of the most eminent of our Northern literati have risen from poverty and obscurity to wealth and reputation. But the laurel must be conferred with deliberation and government. It is of dangerous tendency, unless conferred on those who are worthy the acquisition. And how few are the meritorious, in comparison with the candidates that apply! That every adventurer from the plough-tail, or the barn, should become a Cincinnatus, or even a Duck, is no longer expected, as it is no longer wanted; and the gold that one shall afford, when compared with the quantity of dross that attends it, is so very inconsiderable as scarcely to pay the expence of an analitical process.

— *Verbum emicuit si forte decorum, et
Si versus paulo concinnior unus et alter,
Injussu totum ducit, venditque poema.*

“If chance some better phrase, or happier line,

“With sudden lustre unexpected shine,

“However harsh the rugged numbers roll,

“It stamps a price and merit on the whole.”

But that some of these adventurers have contributed to the national good, by the labours of their pen, cannot be denied. Without learning, without interest, and without judgement, many have attained a considerable de-

gree of merited reputation, merely by the *wild wood-notes* of a natural, uncultivated genius.

Among this species of writers is to be ranked the Bristol Milk-woman. The natural fire of her imagination, aided by the keenest sensations of horror, has produced such a train of melancholy sentiments, expressed with all the rage of poetical fanaticism, as a Sappho, or an Ennius, in our country, and in our times, would probably have breathed. Blank verse is her province. Her ear seems to be well attuned to the modulation of its periods. The poem to *Stella* seems to be the best, as it is the first, in the collection. The structure of its verses is happy and harmonious. In the best of our English poets we shall find few thoughts more striking and original than one in her poem to *Mr. Raites*, where she says,

“—— ah! hapless, hapless state!

“Where Immortality itself is sick,

“And hopes annihilation.”

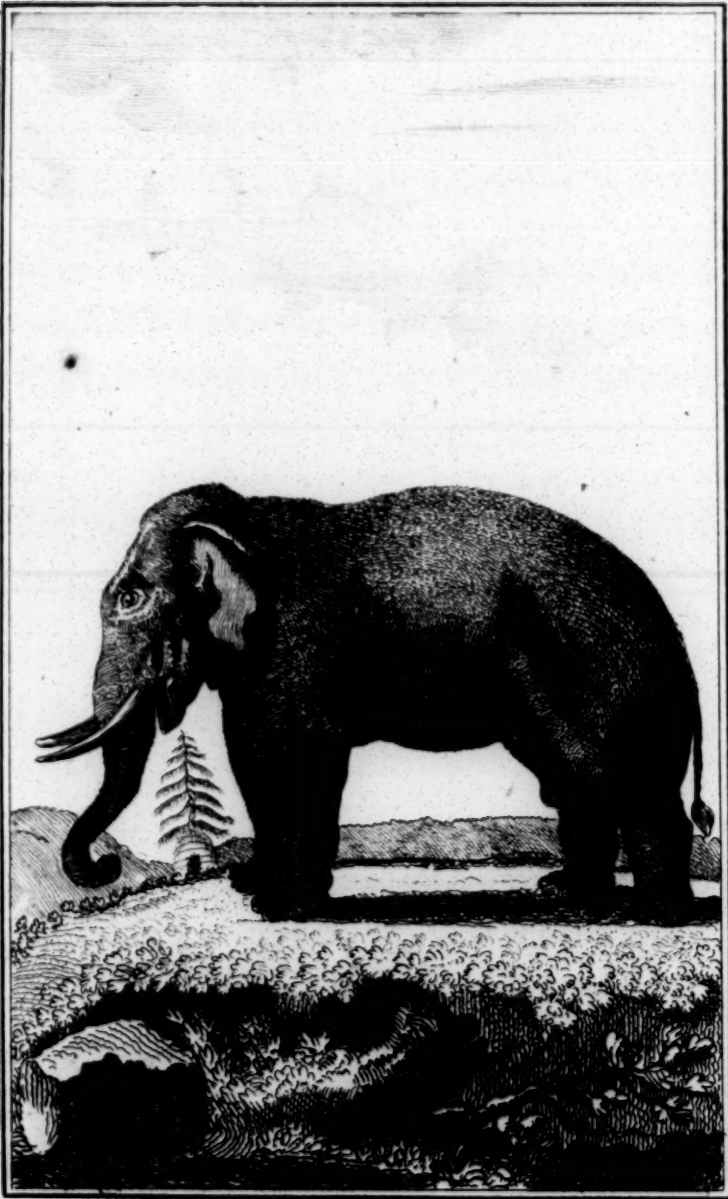
In rhyme, her best piece is *Clifton Hill*. The first fourteen lines are animated, picturesque, and beautiful. It is much to be wished that she would continue her devotion to the Muses; and I doubt not but the generous disposition of the ingenious Lady that ushered her into the world will continue to cherish and promote a genius which may prove so invaluable a contributor to the common stock of harmless pleasures.

It was not my original intention to enter into a discussion of the merits of these two poetical devotees. But as I have been led unavoidably into it, a comparison may perhaps be expected as a natural consequence. But where there is no similarity, there can be no comparison. Duck had chiefly his interest in view. He was content to grovel at the foot of Parnassus, and crop the flowers that sprung up opportunely to his hand, so that he could, at any rate, profit by the labour. Mrs. Yearsley wrote for
her



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Costa sculp.

THE ELEPHANT.

her subsistence. Nor was she silenced after the fatigue of barely procuring it. But her Muse is a "Muse of Fire," that strives "to ascend the highest heaven of invention." I shall conclude this month's lucubration with her character, as summed up by Miss H. More.

"You will find her, like all unlettered poets, abounding in imagery, metaphor, and personification; her faults, in this respect, being rather those of superfluity than of want. If her epithets are now and then bold and vehement, they are striking and original; and I should be sorry to see the wild vigour of her rustic Muse polished into elegance, or laboured into correctness. Her

ear is perfect;—there is sometimes great felicity in the structure of her blank verse; and she often varies the pause with a happiness which looks like skill. She abounds in false concords, and inaccuracies of various kinds; the grossest of which have been corrected. You will find her often diffuse from redundancy, and oftener obscure from brevity: but you will be disappointed in her those inexpressible poetic sins, the false thought, the puerile conceit, the distorted image, and the incongruous metaphor—the common resources of bad poets, and the not uncommon blemishes of good ones."

NATURAL HISTORY. N^o. VI.

[EMBELLISHED WITH AN ENGRAVING OF THE ELEPHANT.]

THE ELEPHANT

IS the largest quadrupede in the world, being sometimes fifteen feet high, and thick in proportion. The forehead is very high and rising, and the ears are very large and hang downwards. The eyes are very small, and the proboscis or trunk is long, lessening gradually from the head towards the extremity, which is flat, and has two holes or nostrils at the end. It can shorten or lengthen the trunk at pleasure, it being full of wrinkles or rings indented round it. It can take any thing from the ground with its trunk, by the help of a little pointed gristle, or membrane, that it can twist round it.

The body is round and full, and the back rises with an arch; but the whole animal is short in proportion to its height. The feet are round at the bottom, and do not seem to spread greatly beyond the bulk of the legs. On each foot there are five flat horny ridings, which seem to be the extremities of the toes, though they do not appear outwardly. The tail is like that of a hog, and the skin is horny, rough, and has many irregular ridings,

or humps, and it hangs very loose on the body.

This is the description of a very young Elephant shewn in London, that had no tusks; and therefore I shall give an account of those that are full grown. They are not all of one sort, for in Tonquin, Siam, and other parts of the East-Indies, there are white Elephants, which are in high esteem by the inhabitants of those parts; likewise in the island of Ceylon their are some that are spotted, which perhaps are not to be met with in any other country. They all delight to live in the torrid zone, though when they are brought into northern climates they do very well, which perhaps is owing to their being kept in warm stables, and consequently not exposed to the cold air in the fields.

The hide of an Elephant is without hair, and quite full of scratches and scars, which they receive in passing through thick woods and other thorny places. At the end of the tail there is a tuft of hair a foot and a half long, and as thick as hogs' bristles. The female is much less than the male,

and the udder is between the fore-legs. Their usual food is grass, heath, roots, and the shoots of young shrubs and bushes whilst they are tender. However they are very fond of corn when they can get at it, and they do a great deal of mischief in the corn-fields, but they spoil a great deal more than they eat.

The teeth or tusks of an Elephant grow to a prodigious size, being frequently eight feet long, and weigh upwards of one hundred pounds. The mouth, considering the bulk of this creature, is small, and in both jaws there are grinders which are fixed in a solid bone, insomuch that they seem both together to make only one solid body, though they are distinguished from each other by undulated parallel lines, and are eight or nine in number.

The trunk is six or seven feet in length, and upwards of three in circumference at its origin. It is so strong that he can take up a vast weight thereon, pluck up trees by the roots, and toss a criminal very high in the air. For in several of the eastern countries an Elephant is made use of as an executioner. History informs

us, that Elephants were used in war by the ancients; and so they are at this day by several of the Indian Princes; and when they are well taught they make great havock in the field of battle. They formerly used to place a sort of towers upon their backs, which held about six fighting men, who threw darts at the enemy. The natural food of the Elephant was mentioned above; but when he is brought about for a show, he will eat hay, oats, barley, and all sorts of fruits. Besides, he has so quick a sense of smelling, that he can tell if any one of the company has fruit in his pocket, and will take it out with his trunk. Their way of drinking is to suck up water with their trunks, and then convey it into their mouths. They are said to live to a great age, that is, two or three hundred years, but upon what ground this conjecture is founded is uncertain. However it may safely be affirmed that they live one hundred and twenty, or one hundred and thirty years. The manner of copulation, and the time of bearing their young are only guessed at, and therefore we shall not trouble the reader with such uncertainties. •

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

TO H. DUNCOMBE AND W. WILBERFORCE, ESQRS.

THE inquiries which have been lately made into the state and management of the poor, and of the charitable donations which have been left for the relief of the poor, are to be the foundation of bills to be brought into Parliament in the course of next session, in which new regulations and very material changes are to be proposed; and Mr. Gilbert having printed and circulated a short account of the plan he intends to offer, with a view to invite observations, it cannot be improper to mention to you, the Representatives of the county, such as occur on this interesting subject.

There are some intended regula-

tions in Mr. Gilbert's plan so obviously and indisputably good, that they recommend themselves at first sight.—One is, the reduction of the number of ale-houses, in which, as he says very truly, the poor waste their time and substance, and destroy their morals.—Another is, the providing for the better education of the children of the poor, till they are of a proper age to be put out apprentices, or to go into service.—Some others also will probably have good effects; but whether a total change of the whole system of managing the poor, which Mr. Gilbert proposes, will be a very advantageous measure, may admit of some reasonable doubts. It

It is so much the fashion to complain of the intolerable burthen of the poor, and of "the pressing necessity for having some speedy redress to so crying a grievance," (page 23) that the notion is implicitly adopted by many, without inquiring whether it is true, or, if true, to what causes it is owing.—If, as far as it is really a crying grievance, it be owing not to any defect in the present laws, but to the licentiousness of present manners, and the defective *execution* of the laws; the making of new ones will, most probably, be an inadequate remedy.

Now it is very certain, that in *many places* the poor are not a grievous burthen, and that where they are, the fault is not in the laws, but in those who ought to execute them, and that the present laws, (the best perhaps by which the poor of any country ever were provided for) with very few improvements, would be fully adequate to the purpose—why then overturn at once the whole system, which has been in use almost two centuries—in which almost every doubtful case that can occur is now at length settled at an immense expence by adjudications in the Court of King's Bench—which is rendered easy by habit—and which fails, for the most part, only because the laws *will not execute themselves?*

The places in which they answer their intention are the country parishes and villages in general. The places in which they may be liable to objections are—The large towns, where different manners require different rules.—The metropolis, in which are the refuse of the kingdom—Trading towns, whose trade is on the decline and changing its place—sea-ports, where there is a perpetual flux of inhabitants—and borough towns, where the lower people are idle and drunken, because they send Members to Parliament, and the laws sleep, because the magistrates are afraid of hurting their interest with these great men,

But the case is very different in the country towns—where a set of people live together, separated from the corruptions of great towns—occupied in country business—not so numerous as to be strangers to the characters and conduct of each other—where one or two of their own body look to those who stand in need of help—and where, if they should have a resident clergyman of respectable character among them, it rarely happens that the poor are not taken care of, and at the easiest expence. They are employed in such work as their strength is equal to—(and where they are not set to work, it is because they are no great burthen)—they have a fixed allowance to depend upon, to which are often added little voluntary acts of kindness—and they are suffered as much as possible to continue in their own houses, the quiet and freedom of which supply them with the few comforts that remain to age and infirmity.

In places, indeed, where the parish-minister has deserted his post, and left a labourer to do *the duty* at small wages, the inhabitants may grow hardened and cruel—but here the magistrate interposes, and though he may not be able to make them humane, he can compel them to do justice.

Mr. Gilbert says (page 23) that "when his plan is properly settled and enforced, the poor will have peace and quiet."—In the places mentioned they have it *now*—that "they will avoid the hardships they suffer while the litigations about their settlements are depending;"—These hardships are unknown in Yorkshire, and should have been described;—that "the overseers are incompetent judges what sort of relief to give the poor,"—Surely not; having opportunities of knowing exactly their condition and deserts, and acting under the control of the magistrate;—that "the rates, when the plan is completed, will be very considerably reduced,"

duced,"—This is not very likely, in places where the present laws are properly executed.

But not to pursue further Mr. Gilbert's plan, which it is not wished to disparage, much less the author of it, enough has been said to justify a request in behalf of a great number, probably, of your constituents, *that those who find themselves easy and satisfied under the present laws, may continue under the present laws if they choose it, and that the same optional clause which was in a bill upon this subject brought into Parliament by Mr. Gilbert some years ago, may be inserted in the new bill.*

With respect to the Charitable Donations which have been made by deed or will to the poor, without appointing any particular mode of applying them, it would be found that their only effect is to lessen the poor-rates, and so to benefit not the poor but the rich.

But Mr. Gilbert has stopped short, and blinked the business a little, by not extending his inquiries to two other subjects, which have a principal influence on the state and number of the poor, and these are—The condition of the country livings of 100l. a year and upwards, and—of the endowed schools.

The true secret to make the poor less burthen some, is to bring about some change in the public manners: and to bring the church back to its primitive principles, *will* change the public manners for the better. It may be a bold word, but the sin of a numerous and disorderly poor (a great part of it at least) lies at the door of the church.—Let inquiry be made

whether livings that are a competent provision for the pastor, have a parsonage-house upon them—whether the minister reside—if not, whether he substitutes a proper person, with such an income as will furnish him the comforts and decencies of his station—enable him to be independent—to maintain hospitality, and be charitable. Merely doing *the duty* (so called, as if it comprehended every thing) is doing nothing. It is the eloquence of a virtuous conduct and good example, which constitutes the value of the institution. Without this, it is mockery and profanation.

There are schools now in this county, endowed to the amount of 2, 3, and 400l. a year, of which the masters have contrived to make sinecures, depriving the poorer people of all education, and driving the richer to the necessity of sending their children to schools at distant places, with great inconvenience and expence. That men, after being 15 or 20 years in this laborious employment, should have a handsome retreat, is very fitting, and provision should be made for it: but for them to procure their ease by demolishing the schools, is abominable, and calls loudly for redress.

Perhaps, Gentlemen, it might not be too much to say, that by instituting inquiries, in Mr. Gilbert's manner, *on the two last mentioned articles*, and promoting such effectual remedies as the Parliament may think proper to apply, you will do your constituents the most essential service that it is in your power to render them.

Oct. 1786.

FREEHOLDER.

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

AN EPISTOLARY ANSWER TO SOPHIA B—'s INQUIRY ON THE CHOICE OF CHARACTERS.

IT might seem a presumption in me (were I not a married man, and experienced in wedlock) to give my

opinion on so delicate a subject as is the choice of a partner for life. In every situation whatever, whether

poor

poor or rich, the grand foundation upon which we ought to settle our minds should be on the consequences which must follow such an engagement, viz. misery or happiness; likewise upon the disposition of the object we mean to engage with, and how far his sentiments may correspond with our own; whether he seems possessed with that never-failing art of joining gentleness with severity, and humanity with prudence; whether also his reason seems to have got the better of passion, and how far his conversation bears resemblance to his internal mind. All these duly considered, I think it will be no hard matter to decide the contest.

I think you say you have a good fortune of your own, independent of any expectancy either from one admirer or the other; as such, I cannot suppose fortune has any claim in your pretensions. Happiness seems to be the grand point in view, and how far the qualifications of your lovers may conduce to increase it, shall be next considered.

Your first admirer is a young gentleman of reputable family, &c. neither too much of a fool, nor yet too much of a philosopher; and from this argument I deem him *entre les Deux*. I fear, Madam, that pretended philosophy of his will not make you happy; it seems but as a mask to hide some secret failings which his want of true genius is incapable of announcing, and thus, under the cloak of pretended assiduity to your personal accomplishments, he plays the lover in disguise, no new trick of fashion. I am also apprehensive he acts as some other lovers do, who, meeting by chance, cast at each other a few unmeaning glances; and, because they are unhappy when separated, think they will be more happy when together. This is oft the case with those who get married in a private manner, and find, alas! when too late, that they were but *loving* to be *miserable*. Altho' good family connections may

appear laudable in point of *politesse*, yet I cannot think them essentially advantageous in point of happiness. What can be expected from an immature youth, but little experienced in that sensibility of heart which must necessarily flow from a grateful mind, raised from poverty to affluence, and susceptible of the finest acknowledgements! The principles upon which a lover who makes assiduity his only claim to a woman's affections, must, I think, be more conformable to the dictates of self-interest and convenience than to any motives of honour or integrity.

If matrimony is best for the enjoyment of social life, every finer feeling which can wake the soul to sympathy must be best adapted for that purpose, and of which your last admirer seems to be possessed. He has, by your own account, every accomplishment which must endear him to society; a possessor of all the polite arts, and every other endowment which can render personal accomplishments of value. Fine taste and good nature to a sensible woman must be far superior to any preferment which may offer itself to a disinterested mind; and I cannot think you so destitute of moral sense as to suspect that you do not accord with me in my opinion. The modest diffidence with which this gentleman wishes to encroach upon your affections, seems to distinguish his feelings as too sincere to give offence, or too delicate to intrude upon civility and good manners. On this score I think you may very prudently receive the address of such a lover. What with his cheerful disposition, refinement of abilities, and other personal distinctions, I think I may venture to determine for you; such a character, experience tells me, must be well worthy your regard and encouragement. Poverty, Madam, is no crime! and in my opinion, an attachment founded upon honest and grateful principles counterbalances every other mark of flattering dignity, which may lay claim

claim to a woman's tender sentiments. This seems to be the one and only motive to effect happiness and peace of mind, both of which I wish you

most sincerely in possession of.

I am, Madam,

your well-wisher,

York.

BENEDICT.

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

A PHILOSOPHICAL QUERY.

ABOUT three weeks ago I was in a room with several other persons, when a shower of rain and hail was driven by the velocity of the wind against the windows, which were presently covered on the inside with dew, though before quite dry: I have many times seen a shower, when driven obliquely against the

windows, produce the same effect, and shall be glad to see the opinion of some of your philosophical correspondents on this phenomenon, conveyed through the channel of your Magazine, as I have never yet seen it investigated.

NAWTONIENSIS.

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

A SALE BY AUCTION OF FURNITURE FOR THE MIND.

AN ALLEGORY.

AS I was sat in my great chair the other night, after reading Lucian's Auction of Lives, with the wit of which I was not a little diverted, in the midst of a train of thought I insensibly fell asleep, when Fancy presented to me the following vision.

Methought there was a general auction proclaimed, a large room chosen, and an artificial auctioneer presented himself to sell Furniture for the Mind of every sort.

The first thing he exposed to sale was VICE, but the company being well furnished with that commodity, none was bought.

He then put up VIRTUE, and after having, according to custom, enlarged upon it's excellencies, immediately a confused murmur ran thro' the room. Every one admired the beauties of it, and recommended it to his friend, as exceedingly useful and necessary; but still I was surprized that, amidst such general admiration, no-body bid for it. At last a feeble squeaking voice offered a large price; I inquired who it was, and found it to be an old sinner of fourscore. As

no-body bid more he carried it off; but as his person was so exceedingly ill and weak, it was not likely he lived to make use of it.

MODESTY came next; and I was pleased to see a young officer purchase it, and immediately retire with a becoming blush upon his countenance.

An Atheist set up a loud laugh at RELIGION appearing next, but bid for it, because, as he said, he was resolved to expose the phantom to the world. As the auctioneer delivered her to him, seeing him surprized at her extraordinary beauty, he assured him, that a few hours serious conversation and intimate acquaintance with her, would make him relinquish his ill opinion, and fix him one of her great admirers.

At the sight of HEATHEN MORALITY, which was next put up, all the company seemed to admire her size, her majestic port, and an air of solemn grandeur that seemed settled in her countenance; she looked with great dignity, and appeared to view the world with a contempt, which yet

yet methought did not appear real. However, so generally was she admired, that many bid largely for her; but one man I observed seemed resolved upon the purchase. Upon inquiry who he was, I was informed he went by the name of Philosopher Square; he at last obtained her, and went eagerly to grasp his prize, as he thought, when hold!—*Frustra comprehensa manus, effugit imago*—she eluded his grasp, and discovered herself to be nothing but an airy phantom.

Our auctioneer immediately produced CHRISTIAN MORALITY; and if the company were delighted with the sight of the above-mentioned phantom, with this angelic appearance they were ravished; love, compassion, mercy, and a thousand beauties, bloomed on her looks, and beamed from every heaven-formed feature. While we were taken up in admiring this heavenly maid, the auctioneer presented her to the company voluntarily, with an assurance that the Great God of heaven and earth had sent that glorious being, to inform our minds, to rectify our passions, and to make us capable of an eternity of happiness.

After many which I have forgot, PHILOSOPHY was proposed to sale; she had an agreeable aspect, and seemed worth obtaining. A serious, grave man, bought her, and went to take her, when, to the great surprize of us all, she slipped from him, and fled with incredible swiftness. The purchaser, unwilling to lose his prize, pursued, and we soon lost sight of them; but the auctioneer assured us it would be impossible for him to overtake, or even long to keep her in sight.

Upon this he offered REAL WISDOM. A modest-looking youth seemed greatly enamoured of her, and obtained her: upon receiving her, she presented him with a label, in which was this inscription:

—Not to know at large of things remote,
From use obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom: what is more is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence;
And renders us, in things that more concern,
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.

Many other things of this sort were disposed of, but here unluckily I nodded, and dropped my Lucian out of my hand, and the fall of it awoke me.

THE ORIGIN OF WRITING.

TO write, or, in other words, to exhibit thoughts to the eye, was early attempted in Egypt by hieroglyphics. But these were not confined to Egypt; figures composed of painted feathers were used in Mexico to express ideas, and by such figures Montezuma received intelligence of the Spanish invasion. In Peru, the only arithmetical figures known were knots of various colours, which served to cast up accounts. The second step naturally in the progress of writing is to represent each word by a mark, termed a letter, which is the Chinese way of writing: they have about 11,000 of these marks or letters in common use, and in matters of sci-

ence they employ to the number of 60,000. Our way is far more easy and commodious; instead of marks or letters for words, which are infinite, we represent, by marks or letters, the articulate sounds that compose words. These sounds exceed not thirty in number, and consequently the same number of marks or letters are sufficient for writing. This was at once to step from hieroglyphics, the most imperfect mode of writing, to letters representing sounds, the most perfect; for there is no probability that the Chinese mode was ever practised in this part of the world. With us, learning to read is so easy as to be acquired in childhood; we are ready
for

for the sciences as soon as the mind is ripe for them. The Chinese mode, on the contrary, is an unsurmountable obstacle to knowledge; because, it being the work of a life-time to read with ease, no time remains for studying the sciences. Our case was in some measure the same at the restoration of learning; it required an age to be familiarized with the Greek and Latin tongues, and too little time remained for gathering knowledge out of their books.

The Chinese stand upon a more equal footing with respect to arts; for these may be acquired by imitation or oral instruction, without books. The art of writing with letters representing sounds is, of all inventions, the most important and the least obvious. The way of writing in China makes so naturally the second step in the progress of the art, that our good fortune in stumbling upon a way so much more perfect cannot be sufficiently admired, when to it we are indebted for our superiority in litera-

ture above the Chinese. Their way of writing is a fatal obstruction to science; for it is so revitted by inveterate practice, that the difficulty would not be greater to make them change their language than their letters. Hieroglyphics were a sort of writing so miserably imperfect, as to make every improvement welcome; but, as the Chinese make a tolerable shift with their own letters, however cumbersome to those who know better, they never dream of any improvement. Hence it may be averred with great certainty, that, in China, the sciences, though still in infancy, will for ever continue so. The art of writing was known in Greece when Homer composed his two Epics; for he gives somewhere a hint of it. It was at that time, probably, in its infancy, and used only for recording laws, religious precepts, or other short works. Cyphers, invented in Indostan, were brought into France from Arabia, about the end of the tenth century.

B O N M O T.

A QUACK, who affected an unlucky phrase, at every turn cried—'So much the better!' Visiting a patient almost in the agony of death, he asked how he slept that night. 'Not a wink, Sir.'—'So much the better!' cries the Doctor. He then enquired how his fever was: 'O Lord!' says the patient, 'I burn as if I were on fire.'—'So much

'the better,' quoth the Quack. 'How does your cough?'—'I spit up my lungs,' replied the sick man. 'So much the better still,' answers the Quack. 'Ah! dear Doctor,' quoth the expiring patient, 'what a pity it is that a man should go out of the world with all these fine symptoms!'

A N O T H E R.

A Young fellow was extolling a lady's beauty very highly, and one of his companions allowed she had beauty, except that she had a

bad set of teeth. 'Very true,' said the first, 'but she is a fine woman *in spite of her teeth.*'

A N O T H E R.

AS a country gentleman was reading a newspaper in a coffee-house, he said to a friend who sat near him—'I have been looking some time to see what the ministry are about, but

'I cannot find where those articles are put, not being used to the London papers.'—'Look among the robberies!' replied the other.

P O E T R Y.

P O E T R Y.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

S O L I L O Q U Y.

THE Moon has gain'd the zenith of her pow'r,

Attendant Planets wing their solemn round,
An awful silence speaks the midnight hour,
My rising soul is big with thoughts profound.

Yon lofty spires reflect a pale beam,
A glimm'ring blaze illumines their dusky heads,
The thick'ning mist mounts slowly from the stream,

The herd contented prefs their mossy beds.
Primæval darkness seems to reign around,
E'en on the tongue the voice of Wonder dies,
While now yon blazing orbs are whirling round,

Swift as an arrow darting thro' the skies.
Now Contemplation's happy sons explore
The works of Nature, stretch'd from pole to pole ;

Mount on the wings of Thought, and boldly soar
Where mighty fires and worlds unnumber'd roll.

Immense the scene, beyond conception grand!
Stupendous emblems of the Deity !

What adoration can requite the hand,
Th' Almighty maker of those worlds and me !

Teeming with gratitude and heart-felt joy,
Thanksgiving songs with cheerful voice I'll raise ;

His boundless mercies shall my theme employ,

And each new thought contribute to his praise.

On him relying for Salvation's balm,
In sweet tranquillity I'll spend the day ;
And when the trumpet sounds the dread alarm,

To realms of bliss securely wing my way.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

O D E to H E A L T H.

BE thou my guest, fair Daughter of the skies,

Whose blooming face can greater joys bestow
Than all the flaming treasures that arise
From the refulgent bosom of Peru.

An humble suppliant at thy shrine I'm laid,
For who thy smiles celestial can withstand ?

Bring with thy rosy lips the balmy aid—
My drooping heart asks thy enliv'ning hand.

Content I'll dwell on yon bleak mountain's side,

Or hid within the deepest shade below ;

So thou but watch the circling purple tide,
Breathe thy perfume, and bid my bosom glow.

Vol. I. No. 10.

Depriv'd of thee, the splendor of a throne,
With all the charms of royalty, are fled ;
All sunk beneath the Monarch's languid frown,

In vain the di'dem sparkles on his head.

No Harmony in sounds, no sweets in spring,
No varying pleasures as the seasons roll,
No banquet to the mind the Muses bring,
Till thou arise, the sun-shine of the soul.

Come then, gay Goddess, leave thy bright abode,

Since thou canst give of all our joys the best ;
I'll ask no treasures of this earthly globe,
Let me but on thy downy pinions rest. T.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

The RAMBLE of NATURE.

DAME NATURE once, by Frolic led,
Forsook her native straw-built shed,

Her hills, and verdant greens,
To see the Town—for passing Fame
Had told her wonders of the same,
And gaily drew the scenes.

Arriv'd—astonish'd she appear'd !
The sights she saw, the sounds she heard

Were wondrous strange, she found—
She call'd on Modesty—but she,
With her sweet friend, Simplicity,
Had gone a diff'rent round.

As there, unknown, the pensive stray'd,
She Fashion met—fantastic maid !—

And, throwing forms aside,
She told her family and name,
Her bus'ness there, from whence she came,
And begg'd she'd be her guide.

Says Fashion—' Yes—but first, my dear,
' To form your shape, and dress your hair ;

' I'll lead you to the Graces ;
' And then your faithful guide I'll be,

' Each curiosity to see,
' In all the public places.'—

The masque, the op'ra, ball, and play,
In circles most polite by day,

Each various charm was try'd :
But NATURE, sick at Folly's scenes,

Sigh'd for her native homely greens,
And, parting, thus she cry'd—

' Oh ! race, to every beauty blind.

' What fascination cheats the mind !

' What more than magic had's !

' What ! leave my lawns, by Flora dress'd,

' My groves, where Peace has built her nest,
' My grottos, and my glades !

' Forego to hear the tutor'd note,

' My Philomela's tuneful throat,

' Whose note mellifluous flows !

' Can ART, with all her faint perfume,

' Or brightest colours, e'er presume

' To emulate my rose ?

R r

But

'But since so far from me she strays,
'As (in the ton of present days)
'I feel a just disdain:
'Genius and Taste with me shall rove
'To seek sweet LASCHELIES' shady grove,
'And there we'll fix our reign.'

L I F E.

AS the pure snow, by rustling winds
when driv'n,

Sweet soft'ning gift of an indulgent Heav'n;
And as the timid doe, whose swift alarm,
All unoffending, hath the pow'r to charm,
Is INFANCY.

As the fair spring in op'ning blossoms gay,
As a bright rising sun portends the day;
As the kind earth by gentle dews carefs'd,
So by the gifts of education blest,
Is YOUTH.

As the tall cedar o'er the lesser trees,
As the proud rivers more than fountains
please,
As the full sheaf rewarding labour past,
Blest by the sun, nor hurt by noxious blast,
Is MANHOOD.

As the descending regent of the day,
With milder radiance makes the heav'n's gay;
So in the eve of life well-spent, we find,
The mind instructive, and the soul resign'd,
To death in AGE.

S O N N E T.

AROUND the spacious landscape rove,
The Naiads haunt the Tritons' bed,
Search every grot, and every grove,
Where Art and Nature beauties shed;

Whate'er is rich, whate'er is rare,
Whate'er is worthiest to be known,
Collect from sea, and earth, and air,
From fossil, plant, or precious stone.

While wonders then with wonders vie,
And latent miracles dispense;
While this attracts the raptur'd eye,
And that allures the ravish'd sense:

Attentive, while the busy sage
Delighted marks the boundless store,
Exulting, swells the learned page
With secrets unobserv'd before:

O come in all thy native grace,
Maria come, and blest the view,
And every former beauteous trace
Shall vanish like the morning dew.

ACON and **LEONILLA**,
A BROTHER and SISTER, each blind of
one eye, and both handsome.

ACON's right eye is of its sight bereft,
And **LEONILLA** too has lost her left;
Yet do their beauties all beholders strike,
Both boast celestial charms, and both alike.

Sweet pair! t'improve your beauties let me
try—

Youth, give your sister your remaining eye;
And trust me, **Acon**, what I say is true—
She shall be **Venus** then—and **Cupid**, you.

E P I G R A M

ON A LADY SLEEPING.

WHEN, for the world's repose, my
Celia sleeps,
See, Cupid hovers o'er the mind, and weeps.
Well mayst thou weep, fond boy; thy power
dies;
Thou hast no DARTS, when Celia has no
EYES.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

R E B U S,

BY SOMEBODY.

ONE fourth of the emblem of innocence
take,
Two fifths of above, and one fifth of a snake;
Connect them together, and quickly you'll see
What Ovid was much better vers'd in than
me,
What Chloë inspires with the dart of her eyes,
And in spite of old Reason will make me her
prize.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

Æ N I G M A.

FLY ye who fear a lawless tyrant's sway;
Hear my commands, and dread to dis-
obey,
Lest from my throne my fatal shafts I throw,
And lay you trembling in the dust below;
For oftentimes, when none have seem'd to
fear,
I've overcome them in unequal war,
Brought dread and terror to my utmost
bound,
And spread on heaps a slaughter'd crew
around.

Know ye, who wish to scan my mighty
name,
I stand enrolled in the book of fame:
Not for my money, but for arts and war:
Thousands I kill, and none in pow'r I spare.
Most cruel deeds! perhaps some say, and
frown;

But stop, rash man—compare them with
thy own.

I am not Human—hence these things I do,
And, mov'd by instinct, free from error too,
Free, since by passions Nature gave, I'm
sway'd,

Deny'd kind Reason or Religion's aid;
Yet on my species these fell wars I thun:
To kill my brethren I have not begun.
Hear then thy case—nor scorn to learn of me:
The noblest passions all unite in thee,

And

And yet such slaughters, to thy great disgrace,
Thou act'st upon thy own—the Human Race.

But why digression? since no ill I know,
Let me enjoy myself, nor learn to bow.—
Tho' thou, O man, renown'd for arts and war,

May'st boast thy actions, I exceed them far.
In Arts a specimen I quickly draw,
Which not all Human skill can ever do.

In Architecture daily I abound;
I plan, I draw and build, with skill profound.
Know this—I often raise myself a throne;
The tools, materials, and the art my own.
And scorning too what'er another gave,
I often form myself—the place of rest—my Grave;

In which such rules and symmetry appear,
Few dare with them their petty works compare.

Such is my art—which no addition needs;
Then let me turn to trace my valiant deeds,
Describe my realms, my bulwarks, (happy fate)

My pow'r as Monarch, and my regal state.—
My throne exalted often takes its place
Above the dwellings of the human race,
By numerous steps ascended, where is found
The finest curtains ever wrought, around.
Beneath my feet a well-wove carpet's spread,
And a rich canopy shines o'er my head.
Here high in state I sit—my will my law,
My aspect terror, and my actions woe.
For a dread frown (unknown to smiles) I wear,

And all my bus'ness murders, wreck, and war.

Of wide extent my bounds thro' earth and air,

But chief on earth to mortals I appear.

There first in certain place, where prospects smile,

(Like some great Chief of a sea-beaten isle)

I rule as Lord and King.—My realms all dread,

Mark'd by unnumber'd of the hapless dead.

Within these guileful parts, this horrid plain,

I sit, and watch who dare a foot to gain,

And, whoso'er fate throws upon my bounds,

War is their doom, and death their fate—or wounds.

As some fierce Canibals along the shore
Keep constant watch, and view the ocean o'er;

No sooner find (when tempests vex the main)
A wreck new stranded on the sandy plain,
Than down they rush upon the helpless prize,
Plunder and kill, regardless of the cries:
Thus I—for soon as any captive are,
My throne deserting, I commence a war;
When, deaf to mercy and the suff'ers' cries,
Death I inflict, and conqu'ring gain the prize.

Such are my deeds on earth—yet, unconfin'd,

Sometimes I wanton in the air and wind.
From lofty tow'rs I throw myself at ease,
And soft alighteth where my fancies please.

In my light movements thro' the buxom air,
(Upborne by Nature's kind peculiar care)

I by deception to the human eye,
Seem oft without the aid of wings to fly.

And thus in whirls, and many a devious round,

I play in Æther far above the ground.

Tho' I am absolute within my sphere,
Yet some there are whom I've a right to fear;

Who, like myself, deal vengeance without bounds,

Inflict dire hardships oft with mortal wounds;
Banish me ruin'd from my natal home,

On distant ground and unknown parts to roam.

Their pow'r I dread—for well I know 'tis vain

T'attempt relief by dint of arms to gain:

Hence by submission and by crafty art

I try to touch the feelings of the heart.

Whene'er annoy'd by these, with war I've done,

I humbly quit my elevated throne,

And, lowly bowing to superior sway,

I fold my arms, and unopposing lay;

Pleading for mercy to the tender sense,

In the fine language of mute eloquence.

Sometimes I may prevail, yet seldom live

To find that mercy which I never give;

But in deep anguish, or consuming woe,

I'm doom'd unpitied to the shades below.

K—EDISROOM.

ANOTHER.

FROM North to South, from East to West,

My brilliant name's by all confess.

The priest and poet claim my aid,

Their works are by my pow'r display'd:

I sometimes treat of battles fought,

I bring to light each lab'ring thought;

And tho', alas! I'm oft abus'd,

Yet by the learned am excus'd.

In short, my charms unrival'd fear—

Then let the wits my name explore.

York.

T.

ANSWERS to the FIRST ÆNIGMA,

Inserted in our last.

THE charming SIDDONS, whom you
praise, unnam'd,

For learning, eloquence, and virtue fam'd,

Has doubtless prov'd an honour to our age,

And rais'd the credit of the British STAGE.

York.

N. H. R.

THE STAGE at Rome with glory oft
was crown'd,
And SIDDONS makes its British fame re-
nown'd.

Keighley.

J. W.

ANSWERS to the SECOND ÆNIGMA,

Inserted in our last.

YOUR trite Ænigma, I believe,
Will prove to be our grandam EVE;
For Adam was her spouse and mother,
Which can't be said of any other.

W. BBARCROFT.

WHEN Adam did this world possess,
No help-mate for him there was found,
Till God his maker deign'd to bless,
And laid him sleeping on the ground:
Then took a rib out of his side,
And of it Woman he did make;
So by those mean he did provide
A help-mate for our Father's sake.

That woman Adam called EVE,
And took her then to be his Wife;
Of all the things he cou'd receive,
That was the best that crown'd his life.

Keighley.

J. W.

ANSWERS to BOTH ÆNIGMAS,

Inserted in our last.

ADAM and EVE one common father had,
And Adam he was call'd the son of God.
Adam a mother had, whose name was earth;
Had Eve? From Adam then she took her
birth.

This happy pair in Eden first were wed,
No anxious cares disturb'd the marriage bed:
Had innocence reign'd down to this our age,
No Tragedy had e'er come on the STAGE.
Fulford. T. P.—N.

THE STAGE has merit then! O shame
to tell!
(The sport of wicked men, and laugh of hell)
Which ne'er was known while EVE remain-
ed free, [agree.
For innocence and vice in ONE could ne'er

MONTHLY OCCURRENCES.

LONDON, *October 2.*

THIS day the Reverend Mr. Gilbert, Secretary to the Rt. Hon. W. Eden, his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris, arrived at the Marquis of Carmarthen's office with the treaty of navigation and commerce between his Majesty and the Most Christian King, signed at Versailles on the 26th of last month, by Mr. Eden, his Majesty's Plenipotentiary, and by the Plenipotentiary of his Most Christian Majesty. *Gaz.*

The article in the French treaty, which allows the free importation of cambricks at a duty of 5s. per piece only, can never be too much commended, if it is taken only in a moral point of view; for, if a contraband trade be a political crime, the prohibition of that article criminated almost every gentleman and lady in the kingdom; and as to the linen-draper, there was no possibility of their escaping the ignominy, and frequently the punishment which is now attached to smuggling. The duty on

that article is with great propriety fixed so low, that it will not be worth any person's trouble to smuggle it.

The free importation of English iron ware and Manchester goods into France, will likewise be an immense profit to this country; for thro' that medium those articles will force their way thro' all Europe. If the Spital-Fields weavers would immediately turn their views to the cotton manufactory, it would find employ for thousands who are now pining in want.

The importation of French wines will lower the price of that article, which is now become one of the necessities of life; by that means the consumption will be encreased, and the revenue greatly augmented, while the total prohibition of manufactured silk into either kingdom is truly political. Upon the whole, the terms of the treaty are such as hold out the most flattering advantage of mutual happiness to both countries, and it must be the fault of both if those advantages are not rendered permanent.

The convention between Great-Bri-
tain

tain and Spain, which is now fully ratified and compleated, respects wholly the regulation of the trade in that part of America called the Musquito Shore, where a much larger tract of land is assigned by the Catholic King for the English to cut logwood, than in any former peace.

October 4. The Minister has determined, and will move in Parliament soon after it meets, to reduce the public interest of money to four and a half per cent.

We hear that Government will take into their hands the management of the poor; it will be an early subject of consideration at the meeting of Parliament. Several plans have been already given in to administration, one of which is to establish cottages on waste lands nearest to the respective parishes, and to employ such as are able in cultivation. It is imagined that the poor will be better maintained with one third of the sum now levied than they are at present.

Oct. 7. It is said that by the late regulations in the Excise Office and obliging the officers to change stations, a single house in the distillery branch in Bristol, which formerly paid 100*l.* a week duty, now actually pays 700*l.*

The *Gazette de Sante*, published in France by authority, and under the sanction of the College of Physicians, has, within these few days, made public an infallible cure against all scrophulous disorders, commonly called King's Evil, we therefore think it our duty towards mankind to make it known; it consists in the following: R. common aqua vitæ, or brandy, 20 ounces of volatile alkali concrete, and Gentian root, otherwise called felwort or balmody, of each one drachm and a half. Let these infuse in the liquor for the space of twenty-four hours before you use it, and let it remain on the root, as it will get strength the more it is in that situation. The dose is fasting, before dinner and supper, at each time a table spoonful of the mixture,

Oct. 9. A letter from the Hague, dated Sept. 27, says, "A report is this moment circulated, that his Most Christian Majesty has sent a Minister Extraordinary to Berlin, for the purpose of engaging that Court not to interfere in our domestic disagreements. The frontiers of French Flanders are lined with troops, who have orders to hold themselves in readiness for marching on the shortest notice.

Oct. 11. A letter from Amsterdam says, "The commotions in the seven united provinces are come to a serious crisis; the voice of the rabble becomes louder and louder daily against the Stadtholder. The number of French Emissaries that swarm through the States is incredible; these people, to a man, encourage every method the fury of the rabble can suggest, to decry the authority of the Captain-General. The sober and more thinking part of the citizens are regretting in silence the delusive rage of their infatuated countrymen, who are the abettors of a French faction in their country.

It is certainly true, and for the honour of Scotland, that a Mr. Brisbane has every reason to suppose he has discovered the longitude; by the meekest accident he has found, that by any observation, night or day, to determine the latitude, by the operation of a few figures, he can with undoubted certainty ascertain the longitude. The Board have had several meetings with him upon it.

Oct. 13. Letters from Charles-Town, South-Carolina, mention, that the Spaniards had lately taken great pains to distress the American commerce, by directing their guarda costas to seize on all ships carrying thirteen stripes, which may navigate within a certain distance of their coasts, and be laden with flour, rice, &c.—Two vessels from New-York, with cargoes of provisions, had, according to these advices, been taken near the Havannah, and the people found

found on board of them thrown into prison.

Two clergymen, who have been Chaplains to the American Congress, are daily expected in England. They are to be consecrated, agreeable to a late Act of Parliament, and are to return to the continent with full powers to ordain the inferior clergy in their new dioceses; and, in case of death, the surviving Bishop will have the power to consecrate a successor to the vacant see.

Oct. 14. Mr. Cauffe, near Fareham, in Hampshire, has made one of the greatest discoveries, with respect to manufactures, that has been known in Europe for many years. It is a method of making cast iron more valuable than any that is imported; from 10s. it becomes worth more than 20l. per ton. It is done by using coal instead of charcoal, and the operation takes but five hours. Experiments have been made before Lord Howe, and various persons properly skilled to judge of the performance, and to their entire satisfaction.—It is asserted that the Carron Company have agreed to give the above gentleman 4000l. a year for liberty to use his method, for which he has already obtained the King's patent.

Oct. 15. We hear from New-York, that the Indians in the back settlements have attacked a fortress with cannon, and have committed the most violent depredations. The war-hoop, on the assault of the fort, was one of the loudest ever heard. News of this alarming event was immediately dispatched to Congress.

Oct. 17. By authentic accounts from Gibraltar, we are sorry to learn that the brave veteran, Sir G. Eliott, has been in a very declining state for some time past. When the last advices came away, the Governor had not been out of his room for near three weeks.

A few nights ago some villains broke open the house of a *clergyman* on Blackheath, and entirely stripped

the *study*, which contained the following articles: A *cremona*, a violin in a broken leather case, a large quantity of fiddle-strings, two bows, and sundry *music* books.

Oct. 19. Letters from Holland absolutely affirm the amicable arrangement of the intestine divisions in the united provinces to be in a fair way of speedily taking place, owing to the good offices of the courts of London, Vienna, and Berlin.

Oct. 21. A letter from Halifax, in Nova Scotia, dated Aug. 17, says, "The States are sick of their independence, and every publication teems with deplorable accounts of a ruined commerce, loss of credit, and a want of union through the confederacy. If Great Britain is steady, preserves her laws, and treats them with respect to the plantation trade as she does other foreigners, a civil war must take place, which will bring on a revolution, and probably establish that kind of government, which may prove more beneficial to the commercial interests of Great Britain than their actual dependence."

Oct. 23. Such has been the effect of the new commercial treaties, that our merchants are buying goods, on speculation, to an incredible amount. One gentleman has laid out 70,000l. in cotton, and another 90,000l. Manchester fine goods and Birmingham ware are also purchasing to a prodigious amount.

We have the satisfaction to learn, that his Majesty's ministers have the utmost confidence of being able to settle an amicable convention with Portugal, by which we shall have their wines at two-thirds of the present duty.

Oct. 25. The Commissioners for reducing the national debt have nearly bought 300,000l. of the three per cents. although they only began this excellent plan on the 2d of August; and by the end of this month they will have reduced the public debt to the amount of about 330,000l. and
in

in a few days, 250,000*l.* the second quarter of the annual surplus of a million, will be issued from the Exchequer to the Bank, to be laid out in the same manner as the first quarter; to which will be added the dividends on such stock as was bought previous to shutting of the books for the Michaelmas dividends on the reduced Three per Cents. and the Old South-Sea Annuities; to which will be also added, any of the Exchequer Life Annuities which have fallen in.

The sinking fund has a surplus this quarter, after having satisfied all the claims thereon, of 1,167,000*l.*

The Parliament is not to meet till the second week in January; and the 17th of the same month is fixed for the meeting of the Irish Parliament.

Oct. 27. Advices are received from Algiers, that the Orpheus frigate, Capt. Cambell, had arrived there with the crew of the Algerine cruizer lately destroyed by the Portuguese under the guns of Gibraltar; the rupture which was expected, in consequence of that transaction, has been timely prevented by the Governor of Gibraltar having paid the Dey of Algiers 16,000 hard dollars, as a compensation for his loss.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has appointed Col. G. Hotham, Henry Lyte, Esq; Col. S. Hulse, and Col. G. Lake, trustees for the management of his revenues; and has been graciously pleased to execute a deed of trust, authorising them to appropriate 30,000*l.* per ann. to the liquidation of his debts.

It is asserted that a proposal will be made to Parliament, by Administration, for a loan of 200,000*l.* for the use of a distinguished personage, on condition of 30,000*l.* per annum being received out of his revenue, until the above sum be repaid.

Oct. 28. A few days ago the *Duc d'Orleans* sent a courier and some grooms from France, with directions to purchase the remainder of the Prince of Wales's coach-horses. His

Highness, from the late sale, retained eight coach-horses only, and these are now disposed of to the French Prince, who, without treating for a price, paid 800 guineas for them.

YORK, *October 2.*

THIS day at the Guildhall, Mr. Henry Sotheran and Mr. Joseph Halfpenny were chosen Common Councilmen for Bootham ward, in the room of Mr. Thomas Hartley and Mr. James Suttell, who had paid the fine on being excused serving the office of Sheriff. At the same time Mr. Richard Driffild was chosen a Common Councilman for Walmgate ward, in the room of Mr. William Clarke, one of the present Sheriffs.

A legacy of 100*l.* left by the late Mr. T. Lupton of this city, to the Lunatic Asylum, is paid into the bank of Mess. Crompton and Co. by Mr. Mortimer.

Oct. 4. A few days ago was caught in Hornsea Meer, by Mr. Jos. Turner of Hull, a pike that weighed 33 lb. and measured 4 feet 8 inches in length. It afforded the gentlemen very great diversion, and is thought to be the finest fish ever taken in this country.

Oct. 7. This day Dr. Hunter received by the north post the sum of 20*l.* to be applied to the use of the Lunatic Asylum, from an anonymous correspondent.

Oct. 8. This day the Lord Archbishop ordained 11 Priests and 11 Deacons in his chapel at Bishopthorpe.

Oct. 10. John Markland, Esq; is appointed Mayor of Leeds for the ensuing year.

Oct. 15. This day were two remarkable chistnings at Hindley chappel, near Wigan, Lancashire. The children and sponsors were as follows.—One grandfather, one grandmother, two fathers, two mothers, two godfathers, two godmothers, two husbands, two wives, two sons and one daughter, one father-in-law, one mother-

mother-in-law, two brothers-in-law, and one son-in-law, a brother and sister, an uncle and nephew, and all but six persons.

OA. 20. This morning a person who had the appearance of a farmer came into the castle to the turnkey, and said he wanted to give a little money among the felons. On being asked how much he had to give, he took out a handful of gold and silver, and gave five guineas, desiring it might be distributed amongst the most necessitous. Being asked what gentleman had sent it, he answered, it was his own gift. Being pressed upon to tell his name, he refused, said he was in a hurry, and bid good morning.—He travelled on foot, his shoes and stockings being very dusty.

OA. 26. This day a man, (by dress and description the same as above) knocked at the door of the county gaol in Nottingham; on the turnkey opening it, he asked for the felon prisoners, having something to give them; on being shewed where they were, he gave them each a guinea, (being ten in number). On the person opening the gaol door to let him out, he gave him only sixpence; from thence he went down to the town gaol, found there only one man prisoner, gave him five shillings, on conversing with him finding he had a wife, he generously gave him a guinea more.—A woman also appearing at the bars, he gave her twelve shillings.

The above extraordinary person is supposed to be the same who visited Carlisle on the 4th inst. on which day he went into the gaol, and being, at his request, shewn the felons, he distributed a guinea to each of the men,

and half a guinea to each of the women. Having parted with near thirty guineas, he left them, positively refusing to accept three cheers which they offered in return for his bounty. On leaving the gaol, he gave the turnkey a shilling.—On his departure out of prison, he immediately took the road to Longtown, and near Wertherton bridge he met with two female beggars, the one much advanced in years, the other middle-aged; to the former he gave four guineas, to the latter two guineas. On passing West to Carlisle, he observed some recruits, one of whom wanted a sleeve to his coat, and was very naked; to him he gave a guinea, desiring him at the same time not to drink it, but lay it out in necessaries: this injunction he also gave the prisoners in the castle.

MARRIAGES.

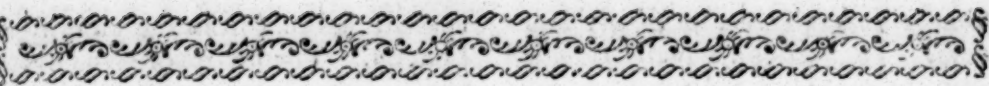
MR. Addison of Halifax, to Miss Elizabeth Atkinson of Bradley-Mill, near Huddersfield—Mr. Valey of Leeds to Miss Richardson of Abberford—Mr. Terry, Attorney at Law, to Miss Hewett, both of Pocklington—Jonas Brown, jun. Esq; of Hull, to Miss Simpson of Wakefield—Mr. Heblethwaite to Miss Rhodes, both of Leeds. Mr. Bird, perfumer, to Miss Waugh, both of York — — — — Brookes, Esq; to Miss Wood, both of Cottingham—Mr. T. Baxter of London, to Miss Webster of York—Mr. Hodgkinson of London, to Miss Gibson of York.

DEATHS.

AT the German Spa, Miss Danby, sister to William Danby, Esq; of Swinton—In York, Mrs. Trafford, relict of the late H. Trafford, Esq; of Trafford, Lancashire—Mr. Bingley, one of the Common Councilmen of the Corporation of Doncaster—Mrs. Wilson of Barnsley—Mr. Lucas of Leeds—W. Rockes, Esq; of Esholt—At Wheatley, near Doncaster, the youngest daughter of Sir G. Cooke, Bart.—At York, Mrs. Doughty.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editors have received several communications not sufficiently correct for publication, which they would have particularly noticed in the present acknowledgment, had they not been prevented by want of room. They therefore hope this answer will be considered as sufficient by every correspondent whose pieces do not appear in this number.



THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE,

For NOVEMBER, 1786.

THE TRIFLER, No. X.

Ἐμοὶ τίλιν
Δωρήδον, ἐκ αἰτηδόν, εἰσεχέριστε. SOPHOC. Œdip. Tyr. 391.

*This motley trifle, from the gay and grave,
The generous world unask'd, unlook'd for, gave.* F.

IN this month's lucubration I shall have little to do except transcribing for the publisher. It would be ungrateful not to attend sometimes to the application of my friends. Tho' I have not been honoured with the contributions of many, eminent either for their learning or their rank, the few, nevertheless, who have noticed my labours, deserve my attention. Nor ought I to complain of neglect. Had I been noticed by more, I could not have returned the compliment; but of only twelve papers in a year, few only can be appropriated to the assistance of strangers; and, as I shall have no opportunity of obliging my friends for some time hence, many of the letters already received I am compelled to defer, and some totally to exclude. But, as I am confident the following letters will afford greater matter of entertainment to my reader than I could have given him, I shall make no apology for their insertion.

To the TRIFLER.

SIR,

I HAVE read your numbers with singular satisfaction, and, as I flatter
VOL. I. No. II.

myself that a succinct account of my own adventures will not be found repugnant to the plan you have adopted, I shall make no apology for troubling you with the subsequent memoirs.— Were I to trace my genealogy to the sixteenth or seventeenth century, you would find me descended from a family of rank and title in this country, for the arms of my ancestors may be seen at the heralds office. But as four or five generations have glided into oblivion since the extinction of my progenitors' title, it would be difficult to draw the line of my descent with unquestionable precision; besides, whatever honour might accrue from such an establishment, it may be fairly questioned, whether a single drop of their noble blood be compressed within my veins. I shall, therefore, Mr. Trifler, inform you, that I owe my existence to those who were more noted for their industry and honesty, than for the feats of arms, or eloquence of speech. Thus sprung from parents whose lives were dignified with the radical principles of Christianity, and whose characters were un sullied by venality, I received an education less exceptionable than
R r what

what is generally the lot of my superiors. Yet, though equally secluded from the circles of the great and vulgar, where vice riots with impunity, and virtue meets with no reward, I cannot boast of having derived any peculiar advantage from the mode adopted by my parents. The principles they assiduously inculcated were strictly conformable to reason and religion; but, while they endeavoured to allure me to virtue, they suppressed my desire of acquiring a knowledge of the world, and kept me ignorant of what I ought to have been early acquainted with. Thus, under their immediate attention, I imbibed a notion of moral rectitude, but learnt nothing of the manners of mankind; so that, when ushered into society, instead of meeting with others as artless and sincere as myself, I was surprized by their duplicity, and duped by their artifice. My heart, having never been acquainted with deception, was under no apprehension of being deceived, and, till experience had taught me better, I considered as trivial mistakes what were the effects of habitual turpitude. Hence finding myself egregiously mistaken in my opinions of mankind, I began to suspect the intentions of every one with whom I had occasional connections; and, if I found them actuated by a principle of honour, I then imagined it was more owing to a closer inspection on my part, than a natural disposition in them to be just. Thus, from the folly of considering all others as being actuated by honour and integrity, I rushed to that of supposing them entirely stimulated by vicious or interested motives; and, as I could not find any pleasure in the social intercourse of those in whom no confidence could be placed, I had recourse to the study of letters; a fund that affords infinite amusement to an inquisitive mind; and, in order to pursue the bend of my inclination, without being interrupted by the impertinent intrusions of the superficial enquirer, I retired to a little but con-

venient habitation in the vicinity of London. The metropolis you know, Mr. Trifler, is the world in epitome. A man may live there without being known, and yet be acquainted with the whole universe. In this situation I remained some time as a spectator of men and manners; independent of all, and intimate with none, my attention was always employed, and, as I could with pleasure turn from one object to another, it was seldom that any thing disgusted me; sometimes I have drawn my pen and levelled my satire at the foibles of others, and frequently had the pleasure of seeing the most sensible part blush, while the more insignificant grinned and jumped about like monkeys at a raree-show. And pray, Mr. Trifler, what are the three-fourths of mankind but a more intelligent species of the monkey-breed? They have their tails, so have monkeys; they have their teeth, and play with a stick, and so can monkeys; but perhaps you will say they can speak, and monkeys cannot. True, Mr. Trifler, they can so; but what advantage is that, since they always speak without any meaning; I have heard them make the most solemn promises without ever thinking of performing them; and damn their own souls a hundred times a-day, without being sensible that they had one. If such wretches as these can talk at random on such serious affairs, pray, Mr. Trifler, is it likely that they should speak more consistently on trivial occasions? I presume you will reply in the negative. Who then, possessed of the least reflection, would be obliged to pass his days among so contemptible a part of the human race? I would rather be the poorest mendicant on earth, than ranked with them; and suffer the most indignant reproofs, than be caressed by the richest coxcomb. But, lest I should make too long a digression from the plan I intended to pursue, I shall conclude; and, if you accept of this little sketch of myself, I shall at a future time trouble you
with

with a continuation. In the mean-while I am, Sir, yours, &c.

TIMOTHY THOUGHTFUL.

Lady Pamicle presents her compliments to the *Trifler*, and is sorry to find her vindication of card-money, as a necessary addition to the common allowance of pin-money, has been refused admission. The *Trifler* may depend upon it, the next letter she sends him shall not be rejected.

The *Trifler* returns his respectful compliments to *Lady Pamicle*; and assures her Ladyship, that the letter she makes mention of has not been received, or he would have taken care to give her Ladyship no reason to complain of neglect. The communications of the fair-sex will always be attended to with particular distinction.

To the TRIFLER.

Dear Mr. TRIFLER,

I Congratulate you upon the approaching success which your periodical department seems to promise. It is with no small concern that I observe you have devoted few of your lucubrations to the female part of the creation. For my own part, I seriously believe that our sex will in time arrogate to themselves every foible which human nature is capable of admitting; of consequence, Sir, greater watch should be kept over their actions and morals. Your predecessors have not thought it beneath them to be a corrector of the follies of women. The Spectator busied himself in examining and (sometimes indeed too ludicrously) exposing the most minute particulars of their dress, conversation and morals, from the first Duchesses that sparkle in jewels at St. James's, to the lowest wench that cleans dishes in the scullery. And I very well remember that Doctor — (I forget his name) a writer in the "Adven-

turer," told me one evening at tea, that he used frequently to visit the kitchens of great families, in the character of a *ribband-pedlar*, in order to see the manners and customs of the lower orders of our sex. If this *trifle* be worth your acceptance, as, from the frequent demonstrations of your esteem and reverence for our sex I have every reason to think it will, I may trouble you in future, perhaps, with something more important. In the mean-time, believe me to be your well-wisher,

ISABELLA PRUDENCE.

DEAR SIR,

IT is with the sincerest wishes for your success that I have read your very entertaining lucubrations for the last six months. As I observe you do not utterly refuse the contributions of a friend now and then, there will be no objection, I hope, to my request of delivering to you the present distracted state of my mind. I have, Sir, for some time been enamoured of a beautiful young girl; but every attempt that I have made to be introduced into her company has proved abortive. Her family and her connections are much against me. Her father is no other than the keeper of a paltry pot-house, where indeed I should almost be ashamed to be seen. A coffee-house stands opposite her window. I visit and revisit it to little purpose. If I can now and then get a glance of her person by a casual removal of her window-curtain, it is more than I expect. I have made her sensible of my passion; but she rejects it with a frown. In this dilemma, what am I to do? You, Mr. Trifler, as a man of experience and judgment in the world, have perhaps heard of a similar case with my own. Perhaps you can teach me how to procure my *Gelissa's* favour (for so she is named), or to cool the ardour of my passion. My intentions are conformable to the strictest rules of honour and integrity. Pray,

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Sir,

Sir, take compassion on my weakness, and communicate to me as soon as possible the most speedy method of putting an end to my troubles in an

honourable way. I remain, with all possible esteem and respect, your most sincere friend, and obedient servant,
SIMIUS DANGLEWELL.

SUBSTANCE OF THE CELEBRATED CAUSE BETWEEN MISS MARY MELLISH AND MISS ELIZABETH RANKIN;

THE FORMER A NATURAL DAUGHTER, AND THE LATTER NIECE OF THE LATE CHARLES MELLISH, ESQ.

ON Saturday, Nov. 11, about nine o'clock in the morning, Mr. Erskine, as leading counsel, opened with great ability, to the court and the jury, the state of the case in behalf of Miss Mellish, the plaintiff. In the course of a speech, which lasted more than two hours, the learned counsel took a more minute and circumstantial review of the former proceedings in this affair than either our limits, or the necessity of the case would justify us in following him; and as a considerable part of what he said tended to lay down a body of evidence respecting the intentions of Mr. Mellish, which afterwards was rejected by the court, we think ourselves equally obliged to omit that part of his speech, though very ably enforced, and elegantly delivered. The points necessary for the information of our readers were, that in the year 1774 Mr. Mellish had executed a will in favour of his daughter, which was afterwards cancelled by a subsequent will of the 6th of April, 1780, making his cousin, Mrs. Pitt, heiress to his estates, and was again revived by a codicil of March 12, 1781. The evidence he was ready to produce would make it appear that Mr. Mellish dying on the 14th of July, 1780, Miss Rankin, who was then in the house, went to the bureau, in company with Mr. Clarke, who by the codicil was appointed executor to the will, as she and Miss Mellish were joint-executrices. On opening the bureau, (in the absence of Miss Mellish) they found amongst his bank notes, and other valuable papers, a cover, on

which was written, *This is my will and codicil, Charles Mellish.* The will inclosed was that of the year 1774. He then stated a variety of letters to shew that Mr. Mellish had *intended* to revive this will, and had cancelled the will of 1780, by destroying the counterpart in his own possession, the other part being previously transmitted to his banker, Mr. Abel Smith, near the Mansion-house. He also read letters and notes in the hand-writing of the deceased, in which he uniformly mentioned, that should Mrs. Pitt refuse the will, (which she did by letter) then his former will of 1774 was to stand good, a copy of which was in the hand of a gentleman in Red-Lion Square. With all those circumstances in favour of his client, he compared the meaning and tendency of the codicil, which he contended could only accord with the will of 1774. Some of the trustees to that will being dead, others were appointed in their place, and all other arrangements made in exact correspondence with the former, and in open contradiction to the latter cancelled will. He then with much earnestness and energy adverted to the fraudulent practices by which his client was villainously deprived, not only of that property which the affection of her father had naturally conferred on her, but also of the means of establishing by that testimony which would be most legal and conclusive, the justice of that title under which she now appealed to the laws of her country.—Miss Rankin, by fraudulently breaking open the bureau before the arrival of Miss Mellish, had availed her-

self of the opportunity to withdraw real papers and substitute false ones; and afterwards by sealing up the bureau, as if nothing had happened, took the most artful precautions to conceal the villainy, of which she was so evidently guilty. By afterwards obtaining possession of the estates under this cancelled will of eighty, she obtained the means of fighting her adversary with her own weapons; and, what was still more fatal to the cause of his client, she had got the controul of those whose personal testimony could alone evince the clearness of title, by converting into her creatures and dependents the subscribing witnesses to the will of eighty, whose relaxed integrity was unhappily too susceptible of conversion to her purposes. Before time and frequent application had made way for the influence of corruption, those witnesses had given such evidence at the assizes at Nottingham as produced a verdict in favour of his client, which was afterwards set aside by a trial in the Common Pleas, but which he hoped to see again established in the event of the present. In the process of the trial, he was aware of the difficulties he was to encounter; but he implor'd the jury to carry in their minds the lamentable situation of the young lady in whose behalf he addressed them. If she was not in possession of full and indisputable testimony, it was because the frauds of her adversary had put them out of her reach, and because the situation of her rival gave her those means of corruption, of which she too successfully availed herself. But allowing for this disadvantage, which their conscience and their feelings must admit, he was in possession of such strong corroborating evidence as could not fail of conviction; and however unaccompanied by the sanction of common legal forms, would have the more honest, and, in his mind, desirable effect of satisfying their consciences. He had already apprised them that the depredations

of the defendant had set him in a great measure afloat; and whilst involved in the ocean of contradictions, and struggling with the adverse winds of injustice and corruption, he would set up the *intentions* of the testator as a land-mark which the jury were never to lose sight of; and which, by steadily observing, would lead them ultimately into the channel of truth and justice, where the suffering plaintiff would find redress at last.

Besides Mr. Erskine, Mr. Garrow and Mr. Darrel appeared for the plaintiff.—On the part of the defendant were Mr. Serjeant Adair, (the Recorder) Serjeant Grosse, Serjeant Bolton, and Mr. Scott.

The codicil of March 12, 1781, and the execution of the will, 1774, were admitted on both sides. The object of the plaintiff, in order to revive the will of 1774, was to prove, that there were two parts of the will of 1780 executed, and the will vouch'd by the cancellation of one, which, in law, must unequivocally destroy both.

For this purpose Mr. Clarke was called, who swore to the circumstance of Miss Rankin opening the bureau, and the codicil, together with the will of 1774, as also a schedule, notes, &c. in one part, and in another the will of 1780 in its cancelled state, having the subscribers' names torn off; all of which, with *fac simile*, were produced in court.

The next witness was John Urton, one of the subscribers to the will. He was tenant to the deceased, and sent for by him on the 6th of April; accordingly, on coming to his house he found him at his desk, accompanied by three other neighbours, Bingham, Burkit, and Quivil, and two papers lying before him. The deceased ask'd him to sign the papers, and, on the witness asking him what they were, the deceased replied, *No matter, John, you see 'tis my hand-writing.* The witness then seeing his signature, as well as those of his three neighbours, signed the instrument, and afterwards another.

another. The other witnesses did not sign in his presence, nor did the testator; but he observed that Burkit's name was scratched across, from a mistaken idea of the deceased that he was an incompetent witness, having been once found guilty of manslaughter. On his cross-examination he would not confess that on any former trial he had sworn that he signed one instrument only; but, in reference to Mr. Gurney's notes, it was proved that he had sworn so at Nottingham.

Mr. Serjeant Adair then addressed the court, and objected to the witness being admitted in proof of the will, as from his own evidence it appeared that the form of the statute of Cha. II. for the prevention of frauds was not complied with, as it was there enjoined, that, in order to make a will valid, it must be signed by the testator and three witnesses, in the presence of each other. In support of this objection, he recited several cases in point, where the judges had been of this opinion; and, in the devise of lands, they uniformly agreed that the statute of frauds must be diligently complied with.

The judges, Ashurst and Buller, who presided on the bench, reminded him, that, by the late decisions of Lord Mansfield, the acknowledgment of the testator was sufficient, tho' he did not sign in the presence of the witnesses.

Mr. Erskine then explained, that, from the urgency of his case, he was under the necessity of departing from the customary forms of evidence, and rest his remaining proofs of the will being executed, together with a counterpart in written testimony, on the strongest grounds of probability. Human evidence, from the well-known, tho' deplorable profligacy of some men, was extremely fallible, but written testimony was permanent, and not liable to change, either from accident or corruption. It was impossible, in the clearest cases, for a jury to reduce their certainty to all the

exactness of mathematical calculation; but, after taking all the circumstances into their consideration, and weighing all the force of probability on one side, against the want of credibility on the other, they were, from the balance of circumstances, to see on which side the scale of truth preponderated, and deliver a verdict in conformity to their conviction and their consciences. He was then proceeding to corroborate his evidence by written documents and other testimony, when he was interrupted by Mr. Serjeant Adair, who contended, that in every rule of law the present proceeding would be found inadmissible. There was no point, either in written or common law, so clear and incontrovertible, as that no instrument, purporting a devise of lands, should be admitted to be proved by circumstances or inference, or indeed in any other way than the oaths of the subscribers themselves, whenever they could be produced. This was in many instances provided for, but more especially by the statute of frauds passed for the security of landed property.

Mr. Scott proceeded to follow him in argument, when the court observ'd that it was needless to argue a point which was so well established. There was only one case, Judge Ashurst observed, in which other testimony was allowed, and that was only in the extreme profligacy of human nature, when three men could be found wicked enough wholly to deny the signatures they had affixed. Under such circumstances, evidences may be allowed to prove the contrary.

Mr. Erskine, after struggling for some time to have the testimony which he offered admitted to go to the jury, was forced to acquiesce in the decision of the court, and rest his case solely on the will of 1774.

This gave a new turn to the trial, and threw the *onus probandi* on the defendant, as far as regarded the will of 1780.

Mr.

Mr. Serjeant Adair then (after opening to the jury the nature of the evidence he intended to adduce) produced Bingham and Quivil, two of the subscribing witnesses to the will, who both proved its execution according to the statute of frauds, and swore positively that they had signed but one will, and that Urton, the other witness, had done no more. On their cross-examination, attempts were made to make them acknowledge entering declarations at other times; but it was difficult to draw from them explicit answers, and their recollection seemed perfectly obedient to the purposes for which they appeared. The testimony of Burkit, the other witness to the will, was read from Mr. Gurney's notes, as taken at the assizes at Nottingham, which went to the same purport as the former two; declaring that there was only one instrument, but otherwise abounding in contradictions, to which his extreme deafness was supposed, in a great measure, to contribute.

Against the credibility of their testimony were called Beller and Holland, who swore to in conversation, which Quivil declared that there were two wills, and that he signed them. On the cross-examination it appeared, that Beller was subpoenaed to the last trial in the Common Pleas, and was never called to give his testimony, though Quivil had sworn previously the same as he did now.

Urton was again produced, and gave the same testimony as before, still persisting that there were two wills, and denying that he ever mentioned that he had Mr. Clarke's promise of a stewardship, if the said Miss Mellish succeeded in the lawsuit, that he had money in Mr. Clarke's hands, or that he wanted Bingham to say there were two wills, though those facts were sworn to by Quivil and Bingham.

The next witness was Thomas Taylor, who had been servant to Mr. Clarke, and who deposed, that in the

latter end of April, or beginning of May, (subsequent to the will of 1780 being sent to Mr. Smith's, the banker) he saw a paper in his master's bureau which he opened, on seeing "will and testament of Charles Mellish" superscribed, and having read it, found the date to be April 6th, and recollected the number and order of the subscribers' names, with all of whose hand-writing he was perfectly acquainted. He also said, that he believed his master had left it there for him to read, though he never ventured to tell him he had done so. It appeared from Mr. Gurney's notes, that in the last trial in the Common Pleas, he swore that there was no writing between the bottom of the will and subscribers' names, though, in fact, there must always be a statement that "the will was duly executed, &c. &c." And that being asked where the names were subscribed, he pointed to a part of the paper about five inches from the top.

Mr. Brown, a shoemaker of Nottingham, as also Mrs. and Miss Brown, deposed, that they heard Taylor say to Mr. Brown, after the trial in the Common Pleas, that "he had sworn to have seen his master's will; and that *right* or *wrong*, he would swear to it again." After which Mr. B. immediately made a minute. — Mr. B. also swore, that Clarke (who had been very openly accused in court of the most infamous practices, in suborning and training those witnesses, &c.) had told him, that "the damn'd bitch, Miss Rankin, had begun with him, and that he would play her a game she little thought of."

Mr. Erskine, after this, with the consent of the defendant's counsel, produced a variety of letters, notes, memorandums, &c. wherein Mr. Mellish frequently mentioned the will of eighty, and its *counterpart*; that he described where they both were, and that one of them was in his own hand-writing.

The evidence being then closed,
Serjeant

Serjeant Adair called the attention of the jury to the litigation now before them, and the manner in which it had been conducted, at an expence highly distressing, if not absolutely ruinous to both the parties. In conducting the business, he must allow that no pains or ingenuity was wanting on the part of the plaintiff, who had changed her courts, changed her juries, changed her counsel, and judges. In the change of the counsel, there was no one who witnessed the extraordinary zeal, singular ingenuity, and powerful eloquence of his learned friend during the trial, but must give her credit for her choice; but unfortunately for all her efforts, there was one change which she could not effect, and that was in her witnesses; which were indeed the only persons she could find audacious enough to insult the understanding of a court of justice, by such bare-faced perjury. His client had, on the other hand, been more consistent in her proceedings, and had recourse to less variations. Conscious of the rectitude of her cause, she was not afraid still to entrust it in his hands by whom she had formerly succeeded; and though he was not possessed of those splendid talents which adorned his learned friend; though he knew not how to disguise justice, and dress out falsehood in the gaudy trappings of tinsel oratory, he trusted that his poor faculties were sufficient to convey plain truth, in that plain language which but belonged to it, and in that perhaps the cause would not suffer which had that for its basis, which, when unadorned, is adorned the most.

He then went over the different evidence which appeared before them, shewing the inconsistency of Urton's evidence, and uniformity of the witnesses on the opposite side. A conversation had indeed been stated, but under such circumstances as had not sufficient credibility to impeach the veracity of his witnesses, who had sworn the same words on the last trial,

though the counsel on the other side did not think proper to examine Baker, who was in court at the time of the trial. A circumstance which could be accounted for on no other principle, but that the witness had not then been sufficiently prepared by the infamous Mr. Clarke, his active instructor. But at length to press their ruinous cause, Mr. Taylor, who in the teeth of probability, and in defiance of reason was impudent enough to assert, that he had read his master's will, and more, that he had no doubt but his master left it there for that purpose: this was an assertion so repugnant to the real character of Mr. Mellish, who of all men was the most cautious and mysterious in arrangement of his affairs, that it could not for a moment be believed by the most credulous. With this he controverted the respectable testimony of Mr. Brown, and went afterwards into an able discussion of the inferences deducible from the written testimony adduced, which he had the more readily admitted, as he was convinced of its making directly for the cause of his client. He admitted that the testator intended to have made a counterpart to the will of 1780, and by that intention accounted for the declarations in his letters, being always accustomed to speak of that as done, which he intended to do. But that a counterpart had never been executed, was sufficiently clear in evidence; and he trusted, that by a verdict for his client this night, they would at length put an end to this long and ruinous litigation. It did not, he observed, belong to them now to consider what was the title of Miss Mellish, which she derived from Mrs. Pitt. All they had to decide on was the existence or cancellation of the will of 1780.

Mr. Erskine, though evidently exhausted by the exertions he already made, and the length of the trial, entered into a very accurate and able reply to the speech of the learned Ser-

jeant

jeant. He disclaimed any wish to address the feelings of the jury, and renounced all pretensions to talents that varnish fraud. He was happy to think, that while he looked down upon such arts, his cause did not stand in need of them. If his client had changed her court, she was forced to it by the motion of the learned Serjeant himself; if she had changed her counsel, it was because she could not avail herself in the Common Pleas (to which he did not belong) of those services to which she was so undeservingly partial. But when he heard it triumphantly boasted that she could not change her witnesses, he was much surprized to find more than half the learned Serjeant's speech intended to prove that she *had* done so. He then contrasted the simple character of his witness, Urton, who alone had the virtue not to be corrupted with the villainy of the other witnesses, who sacrificed their honesty to the practices of Miss Rankin. He paid many compliments to the feelings of the learned Serjeant, the goodness of whose heart would not suffer him to add to the injuries already offered to Miss Mellish, by any animadversion on her conduct. Her sufferings had an advocate in his humane breast, and thro' the whole proceeding he shewed

himself conscious of its influence. He appealed to former trials for proofs of Bingham and Quivil's inconsistency, and defended the testimony of Taylor, while he exhibited the apparently disinterested testimony of Brown, the shoemaker, in the most ludicrous point of view. He dwelt much upon the written evidence, and urged with very great effect the correspondence between the codicil of 1781, and the will of 1786.

Judge Ashurst summed up the evidence, and after declaring that he should look on such evidence as that of Taylor extremely dangerous to be admitted, if coming from the most respectable and creditable character in this country, expressed his opinion that it was given under circumstances which added nothing to its credibility. On the whole, he said, the evidence of the subscribing witnesses was what alone could be relied on, and, in so judging, they had the number of them on one side, against one on the other.

After deliberating about fifteen minutes, the jury came to a verdict a little after one o'clock on Sunday morning, that "the testator executed but one will in 1780," by which verdict the plaintiff was nonsuited.

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A KISS.

AS to the origin of a Kiss, altho' I cannot find it on record, yet I am apt to think it was first the child of Love, before it was either applied to ceremony or worship, and verily believe, that Nature taught our first parents in the very garden of bliss, that the pressure of the lips was the direct road to happiness.

After the world grew populous and religious, mankind began to multiply; the sages that were to establish the form of the several worships of their deities, considered to employ the most excellent things in their

rites, and judging of the excellence of kissing by the pleasure it afforded from the fair, they admitted it into the most solemn actions of their devotions. Thus, some falling prostrate before their idols, kissed the ground or foot of the altar; others kissed the idols themselves, and Job informs us, that the worship of the sun was by kissing the hand to it. Bigoted Catholics have ever thought the greatest respect they could pay the saint, was by repeatedly kissing the image; while history assures us, that some have actually wore away the flairs to their

their shrines by the kisses they have zealously given them. There was a kiss called Holy, as at the feast of Jove, but being perverted from the Gods to mortals, it was afterwards abolished, and from the worship of Gods, it passed to the worship of potentates, by kissing the hand, the foot, nay thousands have thought themselves happy to reach the pontifical toe.

From hence it passed to the more common worship of each other, every man having now as great a veneration paid him by the usual practice of kissing the hand, as the bright sun had in the easterly nations in the days of yore. Kissing the very lips of men was a form of salutation in the old law; for when Jonathan and David met in the field where the royal prophet was hid, they met and kissed one another—this Judas perverted to a traiterous end, in betraying his friend and master—and even to this day kissing the cheek is considered as a friendly greeting by the men in France.

Besides all this, kisses have been experienced to have wonderful force, and produce strange effect—the kisses

of wives have oftentimes given courage to their husbands when they have been subdued, and made them rally and endeavour to overcome their conquerors; and a kiss from his mistress disarms the lover's soul of wrath, and brings it to the tranquil state of harmony and pleasure.

The oath is not complete till the book is kissed; and therefore it must be the kiss alone that makes the words of it sacred and inviolable; and the Persians and Turks use kissing the garments as a token of peace and submission. The kisses of the fair have always been valued at a high rate by mankind, which made Venus, when Cupid was lost, to proclaim that he who would bring him home should have three kisses of his mother, such kisses as would raise the very dead; and well might the poets suppose the kisses of Venus might do such feats, as many have died for a kiss, and numbers revived at kissing the fair one they adored, from which extatic bliss I hope none will be withheld, but those wretches who are insensible to the attractions of female charms.

A. F. R.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following curious poetical title-deed was granted by William the Conqueror to an ancestor of the present Lord Rawdon. It is copied *verbatim* from the original grant now in the possession of his Lordship's father, the Earl of Moira, who still possesses the estates in Yorkshire, on which he lately built a noble mansion

called Rawdon-Hall, in the West Riding.

The Editors will, it is hoped, afford it a place in their valuable repository, as it may be amusing to many, and shews (what is far from being generally known) the method in which our ancient Monarchs conveyed a grant of royal land to their favourites.

CONCESSUM AD PAULUM ROYDON.

*I William, King, the third yere of my reign,
Give to thee Paulyn Roydon, Hope and Hope-towne,
With all the bounds, both up and downe,
From heaven to yerthe, from yerthe to hel,
For thee and thyn, there to dwel,
As truly as this king right is myn;*

*For a cross-bowe and a barrow,
When I shal come to hunt on Yarrow.
And in token that this thing is sooth,
I bit the whyt wax with my tooth,
Before Meg, Maud, and Margery,
And my thurd sonne, Henry.*

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

THE COLD STONE.

"IT is a cold day for thee, my girl, to be sitting upon a cold stone," says Sir William D—, as he went out of his house, to a poor woman who sat weeping upon the steps of it.—"Alas Sir (said she) my heart is as cold as the stone;" but the old Baronet's was as warm as the sun, and the answer of this poor creature affected it. 'And what are thy distresses' (said he)?—"I came, Sir (said she) but yesterday in the waggon from the country, in order to get a service in town, and went to the house of an aunt, who had, last year, promised to get me a place; but I found she was dead, and her husband had married again! He was indeed disposed to receive me with kindness; but the woman, finding I was a relation of his first wife, flew into a violent passion, and drove me out of doors. It was now night, and I endeavoured to find my way back to the inn, but in vain, having forgot the name of it. So as I was walking about inquiring for a lodging, two men, with long staves, told me they would soon find me one, and carried me, with some violence, to a place called the Round-House, where, under the pretence of letting me go, they got all the little money I had brought with me. Here I remained all night in the utmost distress, and the next morning I was carried before

a justice of the peace as a common prostitute; and, God knows, I am as innocent of prostitution as the babe that sucks at the mother's breast. The justice heard my story and dismissed me; but my money was all gone, my bundle of cloaths was purloined from me, and there was nothing left for me but to beg my way back to my own village. This I was determined to do; when, finding myself faint with fatigue, fasting, and sorrow, I sat me down upon this stone to repose, and, as I fear, to die. I have indeed a brother (said she) somewhere in London, but in such a wide place, it is not possible for me to find him."

Sir William immediately knocked at his door, ordered the housekeeper to attend him, and bid her take all possible care of the poor woman; she obeyed her master's commands, took her into her room, and administered every necessary consolation. The poor afflicted creature thought herself in heaven, but, as she sat taking a little broth, a servant entered, and no sooner had her eyes met his, than she fell from the chair. This was her brother. The good old Knight, finding her story true, took her into his service, where she has every reason to bless the warm heart of her master, and the cold stone at his door.

THE TATTLER'S ADVENTURE.

SOME time ago I was engaged with a coach full of friends to take a journey as far as the Land's End. We were very well pleased with one another the first day, every one en-

deavouring to recommend himself by his good humour and complaisance to the rest of the company. This good correspondence did not last long; one of our party was soured the very first

evening by a plate of butter which had not been melted to his mind, and which spoiled his temper to such a degree that he continued upon the fret to the end of our journey. A second fell off from his good humour the next morning, for no other reason that I could imagine, but because I chanced to step into the coach before him, and place myself on the shady side. This, however, was but my own private guess, for he did not mention a word of it, nor indeed any thing else, for three days following. The rest of our company held out very near half the way, when, of a sudden, Mr. Sprightly fell asleep; and, instead of endeavouring to divert us, as he had hitherto done, carried himself with an unconcerned, careless, and drowsy behaviour, till we came to our last stage. There were three of us who still held up our heads, and did all we could to make our journey agreeable; but, to my shame be it spoken, about three miles on this side Exeter, I was taken with an unaccountable fit of fullness, that hung upon me for above threescore miles; whether it were for want of respect, or from an accidental tread upon my foot, or from a foolish maid's calling me "The old gentleman," I cannot tell. In short, there was but one who kept his good humour to the Land's End.

There was another coach that went along with us, in which I likewise observed that there were many secret jealousies, heart-burnings, and animosities; for when we joined companies at night, I could not but take notice that the passengers neglected their own company, and studied how to make themselves esteemed by us, who were altogether strangers to them; till at length they grew so well acquainted with us, that they liked us as little as they did one another. When I reflect upon this journey, I often fancy it to be a picture of human life, in respect to the several friendships, contracts, and alliances,

that are made and dissolved in the several periods of it. The most delightful and most lasting engagements are generally those which pass between man and woman; and yet upon what trifles are they weakened, or entirely broken! Sometimes the parties fly asunder, even in the midst of courtship; and sometimes grow cool in the very honey-month. Some separate before the first child, and some after the fifth; others continue good till thirty, and others till forty; while some few, whose souls are of a happier make, and better fitted to one another, travel on together to the end of their journey in a continual intercourse of kind offices and mutual endearments.

When we therefore choose our companions for life, if we hope to keep both them and ourselves in good humour to the last stage of it, we must be extremely careful in the choice we make, as well as in the conduct on our own part. When the persons to whom we join ourselves can stand an examination, and bear the scrutiny, when they mend upon our acquaintance with them, and discover new beauties the more we search into their characters, our love will naturally rise in proportion to their perfections.

But because there are very few possessed of such accomplishments of body and mind, we ought to look after those qualifications, both in ourselves and others, which are indispensibly necessary towards this happy union, and which are in the power of every one to acquire, or at least to cultivate and improve. These, in my opinion, are cheerfulness and constancy. A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity; and render deformity itself agreeable.

Constancy is natural to persons of even tempers and uniform dispositions, and may be acquired by those
of

of the greatest fickleness, violence, and passion, who consider seriously the terms of union upon which they come together, the mutual interest in which they are engaged, with all motives that ought to incite their tenderness and compassion towards those who have their dependance upon them, and are embarked with them for life in the same state of happiness or misery. Constancy, when it grows in the mind upon considerations of this nature, becomes a moral virtue, and a kind of good nature that is not subject to any change of health, age, fortune, or any of those accidents which are apt to unsettle the best dispositions that are founded rather in constitution than in reason. Where such a constancy as this is wanting, the most enflamed passion may fall away into coldness and indifference, and the most melting tenderness degenerate into hatred and aversion. I shall conclude this paper with a story that is very well known in the North of England.

Some years ago, a packet boat that had several passengers on board was cast away upon a rock, and in so great danger of sinking, that all who were in it endeavoured to save themselves as well as they could, though only those who could swim well had a bare possibility of doing it. Among the passengers there were two women of fashion, who seeing themselves in such a disconsolate condition, begged of their husbands not to leave them. One of them chose rather to die with his wife than to forsake her; the

other, though he was moved with the utmost compassion for his wife, told her, that for the good of their children it was better one of them should live, than both perish. By a great piece of good luck, next to a miracle, when one of our good men had taken the last and long farewell in order to save himself, and the other held in his arms the person that was dearer to him than life, the ship was preserved. It is with a secret sorrow and vexation of mind that I must tell the sequel of the story, and let my reader know, that this faithful pair, who were ready to have died in each others arms, about three years after their escape, upon some trifling disgust, grew a coldness at first, and at length fell out to such a degree that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other couple lived together in an uninterrupted friendship and felicity; and what was remarkable, the husband whom the shipwreck had like to have separated from his wife, died a few months after her, not being able to survive the loss of her.

I must confess, there is something in the changeableness and inconstancy of human nature that very often both dejects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at present, I tremble to think what I may be. While I find this principle in me, how can I assure myself that I shall be always true to my God, my friend, or myself? In short, without constancy there is neither love, friendship, or virtue in the world.

From MEMOIRS of the LITERARY and PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY at MANCHESTER.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE IMAGINATION AND PASSIONS UPON THE UNDERSTANDING.

[BY THE REV. THOMAS BARNES, D. D.]

A SENTIMENT was advanced in conversation several evenings ago, in this place, which, to some Gentlemen, appeared strange, or rather false. The respect I owe to

this Society, and above all, to truth, obliges me to endeavour to defend a point, which appears to me to be not only just but very important.

In

In the conversation before alluded to, it had been asserted, "That an energy, imparted to one power of the human mind, will often communicate a degree of energy to the rest, and thus assist and quicken their operation."

In proof of this, it was maintained, "That in many cases, the vigour of Imagination will give correspondent vigour to the Judgment," and "That a degree of warmth and sensibility will be greatly favourable to the clearness as well as the celerity of the perceptions of the understanding."

This sentiment will, probably, alarm those who have implicitly received what is so generally asserted, "That pure and simple truth has nothing to do with imagination, feeling, or passions; and, that he will bid the fairest for successful inquiry into any subject who can divest his mind most entirely of all affections, and bring it into a state of absolute indifference and apathy."

It is not uncommon to hear the imagination condemned as a criminal of the most dangerous nature, whose province is, at the best, only to amuse, who is a sworn enemy to truth, and whom Reason wishes to banish as far as possible from her throne. How often have we known what was very dull, for want of some seasonings of imagination, supposed to be, for that reason, very deep? Whilst on the other hand, what was enlivened by the animation of an active fancy, was censured as flimsy and irrational? As if a brilliant imagination could not possibly become the companion and assistant of the purest understanding!—That it *may*, is the point which this paper attempts to prove.

In supporting this hypothesis, I beg leave to hazard a description of the human mind, which some may not very readily admit. In judging of the mental powers, it does not appear to me philosophically just to describe the soul as consisting of several distinct and discordant faculties, of

which, some are commissioned perpetually to oppose and contradict the others. The proper idea of human nature seems to be, "That it is one uncompounded essence, continually in motion, and receiving different denominations, according to the different modes and circumstances of its movement." Instead of considering the understanding, memory, passions, and will, as distinct and opposite powers, or, as unconnected tenants under the same roof, would it not be more just to consider them all as modes of the mind itself, and as each of them bearing the common nature and character of the whole united spirit? We should then consider the mind itself as judging, remembering, feeling, willing. And this idea would be exactly consonant to many facts and phenomena of human nature, which will be hereafter mentioned.

However the common representation of human nature, as consisting of several contending powers, may have been figuratively adopted, in order to solve some appearances, such as, the experience of conflicting passions, or of opposite tendencies in the soul, yet it is not founded in philosophical truth, and, if not properly guarded, by being always considered merely as a figure, it may lead to falsehood and absurdity.

The full elucidation of all those positions would swell this paper to a length far beyond the limits wisely appointed for our communications, which, being intended only as subsidiary to conversation, should rather contain hints than a regular composition of finished and artificial sentences. I may add, this subject would have received its best illustration and support from morals and religion. But, as these would lead me too much into a professional line, I shall endeavour to draw the arguments from those lower subjects of taste, criticism, and polite literature, by which, it appears to me, to be unanswerably supported.

The

The points we undertake to defend are these: "That the imagination and passions may, within proper limits, be of the utmost service in giving strength and clearness to the understanding. And, that this arises, —from the nature and office of the imagination,—and from the principle before-mentioned, that the energy of one power may be communicated to the rest with the greatest advantage."

It is owing to the narrowness of our faculties that we do not comprehend the substance of the human mind. Of its operations, however, we can speak with certainty. I represent it to myself as one uniform and simple essence, liable to be moved or affected by the various objects round it, or, by the flow of ideas continually passing before it—and, according to the state and temperament of the whole indivisible mass, judging, feeling, willing, acting. Hence, it will follow, that it will judge, and feel, and act, not according to the impulse of some distinct and unconnected faculty, but according to the state and disposition of the whole mind.

And, is it not true in fact, that men do thus judge, and feel, and act; not according to the movement of a single power, but according to the general character and complexion of the heart? The poet has beautifully illustrated and enforced this sentiment.

— "The difference is as great between

"The optics seeing, as the objects seen.

"All manners take a tincture from our own;

"Or come discoloured, though our passions shewn.

"Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,

"Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes."

Pope.

Do not all politicians judge upon every article of news according to their prepossessions? Is it not of equal importance, in education, to give a proper bias to the heart, as to furnish proper ideas for the head, in order to produce rectitude of mind? Hence,

the sanctity of error. Hence, the different manner in which you judge of the same actions in a friend and in an enemy. Hence, all the advantages of manner, of oratory, of address. And hence, all that fascination of the graces, upon which, if a noble author has said true, so much depends. In all these cases, the understanding acts, not as a single insulated principle, but as taking its tinge and impression from the feelings, the imagination, and the heart.

This fact will probably not be contested. But it will be said, "That these passions are the sources of all our errors, and that if we could entirely lay aside imagination and affection, we should judge upon every subject more impartially, and therefore, more truly."

Allowing, that truth is ever one and the same, yet if, as the foregoing facts evince, the same truth will appear very differently to different minds, and to the same mind at different times; if the disposition and frame of mind be a kind of medium, through which the same object shall appear amazingly diversified, most amiable to one, most disgusting to another: then it should seem to follow, that what is most desirable to a right judgment, is, not that the mind be divested of all its affections, that the imagination be laid asleep, and that the understanding alone be employed in the contemplation. To me, all this appears to be neither necessary nor possible; but, that the whole united mind, considered as comprehending all its various powers, shall be in a proper state for the investigation and reception of truth, and, that the imagination and passions shall be of such a temperament as to assist the judgment in its determination. This is not a state of absolute inaction; but of action suited to their proper nature and office, in subordination to the higher powers of reasoning and judgment.

If the understanding were that pure and simple principle which many represent it to be, entirely distinct from all the passions, and able to judge best of every truth when most separate from their influence, we shall not, surely, observe so much diversity of judgment, such amazing variety of opinions, upon almost every subject of human life. Wherever it is possible for human affections, interests, or feelings to insinuate themselves, we find a tinge of their nature in the judgment. If we suppose the mind itself to judge, according to its nature and character, we shall immediately perceive that its sentence must be coloured and diversified—that the judgment will fashion itself to the state of the heart—and that, in almost every instance, a false taste or feeling will lead to false opinions, whether in poetry, painting, music, criticism,

oratory, or art in general. Is there not an almost universal conformity between the feelings and the judgment? Even vice itself, in the paroxysms of temptation, for a moment seduces the understanding, and blinds the reason. At that moment, the sinner promises himself impunity and enjoyment. Nor is it, till the temptation is past, that the mind sees again the deformity and danger of vicious conduct.

But, it will be asked, Are not the passions, then, the causes of our wrong judgments? Most certainly they are. But, upon the same principle that wrong passions lead to wrong judgments, right passions would lead to true. If the mind were properly affected, it would judge properly.

[To be concluded in our next.]

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

O N B E G G A R Y.

*Tho' Begging is an honest trade
Which wealthy knaves despise,
Yet rich men may be Beggars made,
And we that beg may rise.
The greatest King may be betray'd,
And lose his sov'reign power,
But we that stoop to ask our bread
Can never fall much lower.*

IT is no uncommon thing to find that, when a man has got a little money, he begins to esteem himself above the lower class of his fellow-creatures, and puff himself up with his independency, as he calls it. This self-sufficiency is merely owing to a want of proper reflection on the state of each individual as well as on his own, and which, in point of validity, is nearly on a par, viz. jolly companions every one. As the best and most judicious way of coming at a great man's integrity and honesty is not to pry into the book of his flatterers, but his creditors, and by how many more crosses we find in the lat-

ter than the former he ought to be esteemed, so, in like manner, proportionally the more benefit the poor man is of to society, the more he ought to be countenanced and respected. If therefore we esteem the thing in proportion to its value, I will undertake to prove that the poor man's industry is as respectable as the rich man's independence, and that all mankind are alike Beggars, tho' under different situations and disguises, either supported by affluence or poverty; and also that each degree in character is but a higher or lower step towards Beggary, moving in a different sphere of action. I will beg leave,





F. G. Smith. Sculp.

THE RHINOCEROS.

leave, since every one begs your favours as well as myself, to say every man, poor or rich, is a Beggar, and will include them under the following heads :

The Proud Beggar,
The Mean Beggar,
The Gentleman Beggar, and the
Resolute Beggar.

The *Proud Beggar* is he, who, under the mask of selfish presumption, begs heartily for some good place in office, wherein he may signalize his own personal accomplishments, and puff off the self-opiniated consequence he has of his own merit; begs favours in a modest manner, but conceals his pride under the cloak of mock-honesty and down-right integrity; boasts of an extensive pedigree of family-virtues, but would not be known to ask a gratuity, lest his high pride should be hurt by a refusal. And thus he acts the *Proud Beggar*.

The *Mean Beggar* is he who begs pitifully for a few pence, not ashamed to ask in the open-streets, covered with rags and all besmear'd with dirt; he asks a gift from every one indiscriminately, and if he can but get a daily subsistence, thinks more on the present than the future tense; one who will lie and swear to gain a groat, nor grudge to insult an Alderman, if accused of dishonesty: rolled up in filth, like a congealed snow-ball, he will melt into any dirty action, provided he is but paid for it; a scurvy knave and dung-hill bred in every low-lived action that may bring him gain. Thus he *meanly* acts the Beggar.

The *Gentleman Beggar* is a man of some distinction, who for an election vote will crouch to every ill-bred

cobler or mechanic, bribe his wife, or weedle any way so that he does but secure the point in question; a courtier too, who begs pensions and places under Government, and will not hesitate to beg some thousands a-year. The Divine is also of this denomination, earnestly soliciting a good living; the soldier, a commission; the tradesman, a patent; and each one something for himself; so that whether a man begs in a fine coat or tattered garment, a black gown or a red one, it is, notwithstanding, Beggary. The Mifcreant who begs the donation of a single farthing, or the Proud Sturdy Beggar, who begs for hundreds, is no way different as a Beggar, any farther than that the one does it mechanically, the other artificially—an equal Beggar in his method.

The *Resolute Beggar* is he who seems to insist upon being served, bullies you into a fear of his resentment if not assisted, and regards not a personal insult, either given or received. He speaks flat what he thinks, and makes a merit of his insolence; one who pays no kind of deference to any character, but boldly asserts he must and will be noticed. Thus he acts the Beggar supported by his impudence.

The comparison of one character with another will, I think, stand nearly upon an equal balance; and, as such, I think it will be no bad simile to compare the state of *Beggary* to a *Ladder*, where, by an accession of convenient methods, as so many steps to the top of it, every man strives to climb to his own interest and preferment.

Your's most respectfully,
 YORK. A BEGGAR.

NATURAL HISTORY. N^o. VII.

[EMBELLISHED WITH AN ENGRAVING OF THE RHINOCEROS.]

THE RHINOCEROS
HAS a body pretty near as large as an elephant, but he has legs much shorter, and he has a horn on his snout or nose which sufficiently
 VOL. I. No. II.

distinguishes him from all other animals. The head is of a long make, having a hollow between the forehead and the horn; and the snout seems designed to turn up the earth, in order
 T t der

der to find out the roots of plants. It is very pliable, and ends in a point, which it can turn upwards, downwards, or sideways. The nostrils are placed on each side of it, and the lower lip is almost square, and flattish forwards, with the corners appearing on the sides of a lively flesh colour. The eyes are small, and placed pretty forward on each side of the head, and it has large ears in proportion, which stand erect on the top of the head. The whole animal is covered with a thick rough chapped skin of an ash colour, with plaits and folds in all such parts as are necessary to allow the creature motion, falling one over another backwards. But these plaits may be better seen in the figure than described by words. It has no knobs all over its body, as expressed in some figures, except on the hinder quarters, which receive its weight when the animal first lies down, and there the knobs on the skin are very large.

The tail has a few black hairs at its end, and there are also a few scattered hairs on the ears; but on the other parts there is none. The back is hollow, and the belly sinks down pretty much. The feet are round behind, and the hoofs are forward, which are divided into three parts on each foot; but they have two little hoofs on the hinder part of the foot, as we see in cows, deer, and sheep.

A Rhinoceros was seen in London, whose horns were very short, and in every thing else agreed with the above description; however some authors of credit affirm, that these horns sometimes grow to the length of three feet. It is uncertain whether the Rhinoceros is a ruminating animal or not; but the negative is most probable.

The horn is different from all other animals we are acquainted with, and is not hollow on the inside but solid. He rolls himself in the dirt like a hog, and the old ones are so strong they will toss up a large bull, as was seen in the amphitheatre at Rome.

The above species of Rhinoceroses

are chiefly to be met with in the East Indies; but there is another kind with two horns, which are natives of Africa, and may be seen in plenty at the Cape of Good Hope. The colour of the skin of these is of a dark brown, approaching nearly to black, and is without hair. The skin is all covered with scars and scratches like those of an elephant, and it is so tough and thick that it is hard to be pierced even with a pointed knife. The snout resembles that of a hog, but is more pointed at the end. The horn on the nose is of a greyish brown, and is a little crooked, and turns up towards the head. It is shaped like a ploughshare, and is of different sizes according to the age of the animal; but never exceeds two feet. He has another on his forehead in a right line with that on the nose, which is of a yellowish colour, and a palm in length when the Rhinoceros is young, and never exceeds six inches when he is old. This second horn hinders the animal from doing all the mischief he otherwise might, because it serves in some measure to break the stroke of the other.

The legs are much shorter in proportion to that of the elephant, and the eyes are so small that he can see nothing but what is directly before him, for this reason when he pursues his prey he always runs in a right line, overturning whatever lies in his way, for scarce any thing will stop his progress, or make him turn aside. With the horn on his nose he roots up trees, and lifts up the stones which oppose its passage, casting them at a great distance behind him. When he is in a rage he makes furrows in the ground, and throws a great deal of earth over his head. He grunts like a hog, and may be heard at a great distance when he is in pursuit of his prey.

He very rarely attacks mankind, unless he is provoked, or meets with a person with a red garment. When he attacks a man he lays hold of the middle

middle of his body, and throws him over his head with such force that he is almost killed with the fall; this done he comes and licks him, and his tongue is so rough and hard that it brings off the flesh from the bones. He likewise serves other animals in the same manner after he has killed them. When he is seen running along it is pretty easy to avoid him, because he cannot turn about very readily, so that when he is about eight or ten feet distant, a man needs only go one side, and then he will be out of his sight. This Mr. Kolben affirms from his own experience, and adds that he has escaped in this manner several times.

This animal does not feed upon grass, but upon shrubs, thistles, and roots; however those that are tame will feed upon hay, fruits, pulse, and almost every thing else that is given them, except flesh and fish. One of their keepers has affirmed, that they will eat sixty pounds of hay in a day, and twenty of bread, and that they will drink fourteen buckets of water. They are very fond of the smoke of tobacco, and take a great pleasure in having it blown into their nostrils. In those countries where they breed they will devour the boughs of trees though they are never so full of thorns; and sometimes indeed they will draw blood, but that does not cause them to leave off. In Abyssinia they not only eat the flesh of these animals, but they use them to work in the same manner as elephants do in other countries. They are there fond of marshes, and rank grass, which they will eat like oxen. Some say they are very fond of the water, and will dive like ducks, and others that they will travel one hundred and fifty miles in a day, which does not seem very probable.

The horn of a female Rhinoceros that was at Paris was nine inches long, and the space between the horn and the ears measured fourteen inches; and from the horn to the end of the

muzzle was nine inches. The horn was of a whitish colour below, but towards the end was of a blackish brown, or of the same colour with the skin. It was not exactly round, but very thick, hard, and crooked, turning towards the back. That of the male Rhinoceros is more long and thick than that of the female, being sometimes two feet long from the root, and about a foot in diameter. It is as hard as iron, and sharper than that of the female. However the horns are not always of the same colour, for they are sometimes black, sometimes ash-coloured, and sometimes white; and likewise their size differs according to their age. Middleton relates, that when he was at Bombay he saw several of these horns that were longer than those he had seen elsewhere. One of these was composed of three little horns which proceeded from the same root, the longest of which was eighteen inches, the second twelve, and the third eight, but these were brought from other countries.

The flesh of this animal is eaten by the Dutch at the Cape of Good Hope, and is in high esteem. It has been usually said, that the horn of a Rhinoceros will fall in pieces when poison is poured therein. At the Cape they have cups made of the horn, which are mounted in gold or silver. When wine is poured therein it will rise, ferment, and seem to boil, but when mixed with poison it cleaves in two; which experiment has been seen by thousands of people. The inhabitants of these parts will not believe those who affirm that a Rhinoceros has but one horn; likewise there are many people in other parts that cannot be persuaded there is a race of these animals with two.

There is little said by authors of the medicinal virtues of the parts of a Rhinoceros; only that the horn is a great antidote against poison, but this opinion seems to be settled on no solid foundation.

CONJUGAL LOVE.

A MORAL STORY.

"Two bodies, but one soul."

WHEN two minds are thus engaged by the ties of reciprocal sincerity, each alternately receives and communicates a transport that is inconceivable to all but those that are in this situation; from hence arises that heart-ennobling solicitude for one another's welfare, that tender sympathy that alleviates affliction, and that participated pleasure that heightens prosperity and joy itself. This is a full completion of the blessings of humanity! for if reason and society are the characteristics which distinguish us from other animals, an excellence in these two privileges of man, which centres in wedlock, must raise us in happiness above the rest of our species. It is here that the noblest passions of which the human soul is susceptible join together, virtuous love and friendship; the one supplying it with a constant rapture, and the other regulating it by the rules of reason. I would not be understood to speak here of those unnatural and disproportionable matches that are daily made upon worldly views, where interest or lust are the only motives; I mean that such only enjoy the blessing who are conducted by Hymen through his own realms of innocence and sincerity.

There lived at Genoa a young Nobleman named Marini, who had a large estate in the island of Corsica, whither he went every five or six years to regulate his affairs. At the age of five and twenty he was married to a beautiful lady, the daughter of a Venetian senator, called Monimia, who had refused the greatest matches in Italy, to prefer the fortunate Marini. As their marriage was founded upon a mutual esteem, their passion increased instead of diminishing by enjoyment, till they became an example of conjugal duty to all

that knew them. They had lived many years in this uninterrupted felicity, when Marini was obliged to make a voyage into Corsica, which was then disturbed by a rebellious insurrection, in order to secure his patrimony, by encouraging his dependents to stand firm in defence of their country. But the greatest affliction, which afforded all the rest, was his being necessitated to part for a while from Monimia, who being then very big with child was incapacitated to go with him as usual. When the fatal time of parting was come, they embraced with the utmost grief, and the warmest prayers to heaven for one another's safety. As soon as this afflicted scene was over, Marini embarked, and having a fair wind, arrived safe at Bastia in a few hours. The success of the rebels being stopped, and the affairs of the island a little settled again, our lover began to prepare for his return to Genoa; but as he was walking one day by the harbour where the ships of burden lay, he heard two sailors who were just arrived, talking of the death of a Genoese Nobleman's wife then absent from the Republic. This casual circumstance greatly alarmed him, and excited his curiosity to listen farther to their conversation, when, after a little pause, he heard one of them mention the name of his dear Monimia; at these words his surprize and affliction was so great that he had not power to follow the mariners to satisfy his doubt, but instantly swooned away, and when he recovered, found himself surrounded by his own servants lamenting over him. At the same time that this happened to Marini, something of the same nature equally distressed Monimia; for an imperfect account came to Genoa by the captain of a Venetian vessel, that a gentleman

tleman, named Marini, had been surprized near Bastia by a remaining party of rebels, and that he and all his attendants were killed.

These two accounts involved our unfortunate pair in the greatest distress: they immediately took shipping in order to be convinced of what they so much dreaded to know; the one for Corsica, the other for Genoa. They were both sailed when a violent storm arose which drove their vessel upon a little island in the Mediterranean. Marini's ship landed first, where while the rest of the crew were refreshing themselves, the inconsolable widower, as he thought himself, wandered with one servant only into a little wood that was near the sea shore to give a loose to his immoderate grief. Soon after the Genoese ship landed too, and the same motive

led Monimia with one of her maids to the wood where her husband was, lamenting his unfortunate condition. They had not been there long before they heard each other's complaint, and drew near mutually to see if there was any wretch living equally miserable with themselves. But how great was the astonishment of both, when they met in a little path and saw each other! The immoderate joy was such, and the transition from one extreme to the other so instantaneous, that all the power they had was to fall into each other's arms, where they expired in a few minutes after. Their bodies were conveyed to Italy, and were interred with all the solemnity and magnificence due to their quality and eminent virtues.

JULIA.

HINTS CONCERNING THE MEASLES.

AS the measles are now very frequent in these parts, we think it our duty to offer a few hints respecting this epidemic disease, particularly to those who are at a distance from medical assistance.

The measles, like the small-pox, are of foreign extraction, and are supposed to have been introduced about the same time with them; but at what period they made their appearance on the continent of Europe, or in this island, is not yet fairly ascertained; however we are now almost certain that they existed in the eastern countries before they appeared here; it is therefore probable that they have been imported to Europe from that part of the globe. Like the small-pox, hooping-cough, &c. there can hardly be an instance produced of their attacking the same person more than once. The measles are most epidemic in the spring, and generally go off as the summer advances. It generally attacks children, and especially those who live in the same house.

The measles is an eruptive fever, attended with a general inflammation. In some constitutions the measles give symptoms of its approach many days before it discovers itself, by a frequent and dry cough, such as commonly attend a slight cold, without any other complaint; though for the most part by shiverings, attended with alternate heat, which is accompanied with sneezing, swelling of the eye-lids, and a constant sleepiness, a thin humour often distils from the eyes and nose; these last symptoms is the distinguishing characteristic of this disease from most other eruptive fevers; the tongue is white and foul, but not very dry. The heat and fever increase every hour, with a severe cough, vehement sickness, thirst, loss of appetite, sometimes attended with a vomiting, and often with a sneezing, with greenish stools; but this last symptom happens mostly to infants, and that during the time of dentition. The symptoms generally grow more violent until the fourth day, when there appears upon the face

face small eruptions, like flea-bites, which soon flow together in large spots; on the breast they are broad and red, seldom rising above the surface of the skin, but may be easily felt by pressing gently with the finger; they gradually extend from the face to the breast, and downwards to the thighs and legs, but are not so distinct pimples in the trunk and extremities as in the face, but are equally as red. The symptoms do not abate in this disease when the eruption appears, as they do in the small-pox; the vomiting seldom continues after, but the cough and fever generally is more violent. The difficulty of breathing, the weakness and defluxion from the eyes, constant drowsiness, and loss of appetite, continue after the eruption. The eruptions generally disappear about the fourth or sixth day from their first appearance, they begin to turn dry and scaly upon the face first, and go gradually off as they came on, about the eighth or ninth day; the whole body sometimes has the appearance as if sprinkled over with bran. Those who die in the measles generally perish on the ninth day by a suffocation. The dangerous symptoms of this disease are a great and sudden loss of strength, coldness of the extremities, restlessness, continual cough, a looseness, great difficulty in breathing or swallowing, paleness of the eruptions, and sometimes purple spots, delirium, convulsions, and sometimes profuse sweats, especially in persons advanced in years. As the measles disappear and terminate sooner than the small-pox, the vulgar generally think they are struck in before their time, though they have really run through their natural course, for which reason they often have recourse to warm cordials, which are highly improper, and often bring on direful symptoms. Such as die in the measles generally die about the ninth day, and are certainly removed by a

violent peripneumony, or inflammation of the lungs.

The patient ought to be treated much the same as in the small-pox, only not exposed to the cold air, but need not be confined to bed; decoctions of barley-water, with liquorice, and marshmallows may be drank for ordinary drink; and infusions made of linseed and elder flowers, sweetened with honey or sugar-candy, may be used for a change; if the patient is costive, a little manna may be given, or tamarinds infused in boiled water. With respect to medicines, nature ought to be particularly attended to, as indeed it ought to be in every other disease. If the fever is very high, with an inflammation or redness in the eyes, with a laborious difficult breathing, with a great thirst, and fullness of the pulse, bleeding largely for adults, and the same, or by leeches for infants, is absolutely necessary, with the warm bath, as deep as can be done conveniently, if to the neck, is necessary, and often attended with remarkable good effects, in all inflammatory fevers, especially of the eruptive kind, to continue in it for some minutes, at least bathing the feet and legs in warm water every night.

If there be an inclination to vomit, it ought to be encouraged by drinking camomile tea, or by giving a gentle vomit of a few grains of ipecacuanha, or a tea-spoonful or two of antimonial wine to infants, and increase in proportion to the age. The patient may hold his head over the steam of hot water, and receive it into his lungs from the mouth of a teapot or an inhaler; every inspiration like this is an excellent remedy in any cough, provided it is not attended with a spitting of blood. The patient may likewise take frequently a little spermaceti and sugar-candy pounded together, and dissolve it gradually in the mouth, or a table-spoonful of the following linctus for an adult,

adult, and a tea-spoonful for an infant, every time the cough is troublesome: take of good fresh sweet oil and syrup of marshmallows, of each equal parts, mixed together with a little of the juice of a boiled lemon to acidulate it a little, provided it is more agreeable.

All these things may be done at any time of the disease, if the symptoms appear inflammatory. If the measles suddenly disappear, with a weak slow pulse, paleness of the face, with an universal languor, the patient ought to be supported by cordials, such as wine, or strong wine-whey, blisters applied to the back, breast, or extremities, and warm cataplasms, with mustard and vinegar, to the soles of the feet; the same treatment as recommended in such circumstances as in the small-pox. When they attack weak relaxed habits, or hysteric low-spirited women, Huxham's tincture of the bark is in this case of the most eminent service, as it answers both as a cordial and antiseptic, especially where purple spots, or other putrid symptoms appear, and to drink wine and water, acidulated with the sweet spirit of vitriol, or where that cannot be got, the juice of lemons or oranges; but indeed, any preparation of the bark, either in the substance or decoction, is absolutely necessary. In case of great restlessness, an adult may take from twenty to fifty drops of liquid laudanum every night at bed-time. From two to twelve drops of the same may be given to a child from the birth to twelve or fourteen years old; begin with a small dose and increase occasionally; but if the syrup of poppies is preferred, a tea-spoonful or two may be given occasionally. The

bowels ought to be kept open with glysters of gruel or milk, sugar, and a little oil. I have often given James's powders to adults, as directed in the printed directions, and to infants the following: take of James's powder six grains, sal prunella one scruple, white sugar one drachm, rub them well together, and give them two, three, or four grains of this every five or six hours, the dose may be increased or diminished according to its effects; if the fever runs high, these may be given after bleeding in any state of the disease. Two or three doses of physic is necessary after the disease is going off, as in the small-pox. If a violent purging comes on after the measles, a small dose of rhubarb may be given every other day in the morning, and the laudanum as above, at bed-time; if the fever continues with the purging, bleeding will often relieve when nothing else prevails. If the fever continues after the measles goes off, without the purging, bleeding is necessary, and the powders above-mentioned, with the linctus for the cough. Patients recovering in the measles, ought to be cautious of not exposing themselves too soon to the cold air, and eat what is light, and easy of digestion, butter-milk, or milk-whey, and barley-water, is a proper drink. If a cough and difficulty of breathing, with a hectic fever, and other consumptive symptoms come on, small bleedings, especially if the blood is fizy, frequently repeated, a vegetable diet, and milk, as above recommended, with change of air, and riding on horseback, abstaining from all animal food, perpetual blisters, or issues, will likewise be necessary.

W. T.

THE TREACHEROUS BROTHERS.

A N A P O L O G U E.

ONE of the kings of Persia had a son hideously deformed, but endowed with the most exalted virtues. His father, however, beheld him with

abhorrence, and bestowed all his favour and confidence upon the rest of his children, whose merits were altogether external. A war broke out, when

when very great murmurs arose among the troops at the incapacity of his sons who were entrusted with the command. On this the young prince, who possessed in valour what he wanted in beauty, cried aloud to his adherents, "Courage my friends! By fighting, we shall only risque our lives; by flying, we shall risque at once the army and the kingdom." He accordingly marched against the enemy, and returned triumphant. The king, now convinced of his fault, declared him his heir; a circumstance which so highly exasperated the bro-

thers, that they attempted to poison him. The gallant youth, however, aware of their intentions, thus addressed himself to them: "What can you hope from my death?—If the eagle existed not, would the owl be the king of birds?"—No sooner did the king hear of their guilt, than he ordered them to be put to death; and on the intercession of their brother for mercy to them, he said, "*Ten poor men, my son, may sleep upon one dunghill, but two kings cannot sit upon one throne.*"

THE PAINTER.

AN ALLEGORY.

A PAINTER, Fame tells us, having acquired a peculiar skill in delineating female figures, determin'd no longer to use the pencil but in the service of the sex. Long had not this resolution been formed, however, when it afforded cause for regret. The few who were handsome, became friends, but the many who were ugly, became enemies, to the unfortunate Painter.

"Reader, dost thou perceive the allegory?" "Not clearly," you add. Then know that this Painter is TRUTH; that the handsome are they who, endowed with prudence, listen to the dictates of that unerring monitor; and that the ugly are the foolish and vicious, who carp at every thing, even TRUTH, when opposed to their own wayward humours, caprices, and habits.

MAXIMS ON BUSINESS AND THE WORLD.

INattention to the present business, be it what it will; the doing one thing, and thinking at the same time of another; or the attempting to do two things at once; are the never-failing signs of a little frivolous mind.

A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance, should not think of being a man of business. The weakest man in the world can avail himself of the passion of the wisest. The inattentive man cannot know the business, and consequently cannot do it. And he who cannot command his countenance, may e'en as well tell his thoughts as shew them.

Distrust all those who love you extremely upon a very slight acquaintance, and without any visible reason.

Be upon your guard, too, against those who confess, as their weaknesses, all the cardinal virtues.

In your friendships, and in your enmities, let your confidence and your hostilities have certain bounds: make not the former dangerous, nor the latter irreconcilable. There are strange vicissitudes in business.

Spirit is now a very fashionable word: to act with spirit, to speak with spirit, means only, to act rashly, and to talk indiscreetly. An able man shews his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

It is always right to detect a fraud, and to perceive a folly; but it is often wrong to expose either.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

FOR the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

The LUNATIC.

A Coxcomby youth, with a lounging intent,
To *Bedlam*, that scene of strange oddities,
went,
The gallery he rang'd, and he peep'd in
each cell,
While his tongue was the clapper to sound
Folly's bell;
At length as a grate he look'd thorough, he
saw
A wretch in a blanket, squat-seated on straw;
Down-bent were his eyes, and all-clotted his
hair,
And his looks, garb and manner spoke
gloomy despair:—
“What brought you here, friend, to this
damnable sty?”—
The Lunatic sigh'd, but vouchsaf'd no re-
ply:
“I ask, friend, what brought you to this
curst spot?”—
Again sigh'd the Madman, but answer'd
him not:
“What sulky! oh, rat you, if that be the
case,
(Cries the Fop with a laugh, and affected
grimace)
“Sulk on and be d——n'd,”—and spat
full in his face:
The Madman on this rais'd his eyes, with a
look
That *Pity* far more than *Resentment* bespoke;
He smil'd, shook his head, and just wiping
his beard,
Th' unfeeling young Coxcomb had wantonly
smear'd,
“I'm here, Sir, because it was Heaven's
high will
“To take from me *That* which *You* now
use so ill.”

FOR the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

ON WINTER.

NOW chilling Boreas skims across the
plain,
And with a freezing grasp congeals the air,
Which to the earth he sends with boist'rous
gale
In piercing hailstones, else in sheets of snow.
With hollow blasts he rushes thro' the trees,
And from their branches rends the trembling
leaf,
Leaving no shelter for the feather'd choir,
Who us'd to cheer the morning with their
song.
With icy chain he binds the bubbling spring
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That lately trickled down the mossy bank,
Where fragrant flowers rais'd their dappled
heads,
And fill'd the gentle Zephyrs with their
balm:

The larger streams that wind along the plain,
And proudly bear down ev'ry force that dare
Attempt to turn them in their rapid course,
By this grim Tyrant of the North are stop'd.
No more the curling wave yields to the
breeze,

Which fondly play'd upon its limpid stream,
And gently lann'd the Naiades as they swam,
Pressing the waters to their lovely breasts;
For now, congeal'd into an icy rock,
It feels no breeze, nor Naiades fond embrace.
Thus all's lock'd fast by his inclement hand,
The hills and lawns are cover'd o'er with
snow,

And nought but gloomy silence fills the air;
Save at a distance, where, with healthful
toil,

The Farmer's clatt'ring flail sounds o'er the
plain,

And the poor herd, of verdure now depriv'd,
Low o'er the field, by cold and hunger prest;
And here and there a group of wrangling
boys,

Who on the river's frozen surface play;
The boldest first attempts the polish'd slide,
A second follows with collected force
And arch design to strike the other's heel,
And send him headlong e'er he reach the end.
But rais'd on steel the skater glides along,
Swift as the wind, with many a graceful turn
And curious balance on the polish'd skates.
Thus active Youth defies the Winter's rage,
Being cheer'd and warm'd with manly ex-
ercise;

Whilst tott'ring Age, by many Winters prest,
Shrinks at each blast, and huddles o'er the
hearth,

Where glowing embers send their friendly
rays:

Yet all too weak to thaw their frozen nerves,
Or aid the sanguine currents in their course.
But those, alas! who ne'er knew Fortune's
smiles,

And now bereft of every support,
Must doubly feel the rigour of the storm,
And fall (ah! wretched) by the icy spear,
Now rais'd, and threat'ning wide-extended
woe.

Haste, gentle Pity, fairest, “heav'n born
maid,”

Fly to each mansion where the Wealthy dwell;
With meek-ey'd Charity inspire each breast,
And softly say, Heav'n wills them to be
kind.

U u

Their

Their bounteous hand may yield a precious
store
Of timely aid to Poverty's fell gripe,
And rescue hundreds, who may yet survive
To see the fragrant beauties of the Spring
Burst thro' the frozen prisons of the Earth,
Crown'd with rich Plenty, and ten thousand
sweets.

YORK.

J. H.

SEEING LIFE.

AS yet a youth, and unbetray'd,
I fought the rural throng,
The purling stream, the cooling shade,
Inspir'd my artless song.
How happy then each moment past,
No envy, passion, strife,
Till Folly's cloud my mind o'ercast,
And whisper'd thus—See life!
Adieu the grove! adieu the plain!
Adieu the purling stream!
No more your charms can entertain,
No more must be my theme:
The town a diff'rent scene will prove,
Where pleasures always rise:
Where bucks and bloods, and wine and love,
Fill up the span of life.
Hark! Comus calls to midnight joys,
Where Circe fills her cup;
This thought alone each wind employs,
Kill time and keep it up.
For this the cit his counter quits,
And lonesome leaves his wife,
With sots and noisy wou'd-be wits,
For what?—for—seeing life.
Yet ah! how vain this strange desire!
How vague the joys they share!
The bowl enfeebles nature's fire,
And folly brings forth care.
A thousand ills attendant wait,
The pistol, sword, or knife,
And all the hours of future fate
Are kill'd by seeing life.
Adieu the town! such joys I leave
To spendthrifts, knaves, and cheats;
For decent mirth can ne'er deceive,
And prudence has more sweets.
The grove, the shade, I'll seek again,
And choose an artless wife,
Content to grace my cot shall deign:
Adieu to seeing life.

The FOX and the CAT.—A FABLE.

THE fox and the cat, as they travel'd
one day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way:
'Tis great, says the fox, to make justice
our guide!
How godlike is mercy! grimalkin reply'd.
Whilst thus they proceeded,—a wolf from
the wood,
Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,

Rush'd forth—as he saw the dull shepherd
asleep,
And seiz'd for his support an innocent sheep.
In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat,
When mutton's at hand, says the wolf, I
must eat.

Grimalkin's astonish'd—The fox stood
aghast,
To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.
'What a wretch, says the cat,—'tis the
vilest of brutes:

Does he feed upon flesh, when there's herbage
and roots?

Cries the fox—while our oaks give us acorns
so good,

What a tyrant is this, to spill innocent
blood?

Well, onward they march'd, and they moraliz'd still,

Till they came where some poultry pick'd
chaff by a mill:

Sly reynard survey'd them with gluttonous
eyes,

And made (spite of morals) a pullet his
prize.

A mouse too, that chanc'd from her covert
to stray,

The greedy grimalkin secur'd as her prey.

A spider that fat in her web on the wall,
Perceiv'd the poor victims, and pity'd their
fall;

She cry'd—of such murders how guiltless
am I!

So ran to regale on a new taken fly.

M O R A L.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom we blame,
But tax not ourselves, tho' we practise the
same.

* For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

Æ N I G M A,

*Written, as is suspected, by a LADY, but must
be considered by the Editors as sent from No-
body; and if Somebody does not give an
answer to it in your next, Nobody will be
offended.*

NO matter when or where I first had birth,
For many ages I have dwelt on earth;
Tho' I am little, yet my power is great,
My heart is black, but free from all deceit;
"My dwelling's oft among the wandering
Jews,

And yet, for you, my heart forms brighter
views;"

Submissive to your will, I never stray,
But all your dictates punctually obey;
Yet in return you cut me to the heart
With many a wound, unfeeling of the smart.
YORK.

For

FOR the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

Æ N I G M A.

IN Eastern climes, where ancient Nilus
laves

The neighb'ring plains with its nutritious
waves,

I first appear'd on earth, and there began
To execute my vengeance upon man,
Whom I oppress'd with wide-destroying
hand,

Nor cou'd all earthly help my pow'r with-
stand :

Six letters form my name, but, what is
strange,

In losing two I suffer little change ;

The difference only this, when six I had, }
Where'er my quick-destroying hand I laid, }
The mortal wretch was well, was sick, }
was dead.

Possess'd of only four, I cannot kill,
Yet I remain man's sore tormentor still ;
And what's most strange, that I've two let-
ters less,

Yet I in Syllables receive increase.

Let this suffice, I dare not tell you more—
Guess the six letters, and you'll know the
four.

FREEMAN.

A N O T H E R.

THE fashion is, to foreigners you give
Respect and favour free ; not to merit,

Nor to long servitude : hence, I assume

A foreign character, as well I may :

For here, spontaneously I did not rise,

To serve the various purposes of life :

Yet in my native soil thus first I rose.

But, of my infant state, I've nought to boast,
Except of injuries receiv'd from man ;

For when to full maturity I grew,
Up by the roots he tore,—and cast me down
Into a dismal pit—a wat'ry grave.

And now you'd think my sorrows at an end,
Since not immortal, like the human race.

Short time the peaceful grave (th' asylum kind
Of earth's inhabitants) my parts conceal'd :
Torn thence by force, and scatter'd o'er the
plain ;

But, soon collected : woes on woes t' endure,
My bones they crush, my skin in pieces tear :

Thus the first stage of my existence ends.
And now the fair espouse my cause, hence I

For better days look forward—through their
hand

I pass, transform'd, and to such lengths in-
creas'd,

That, tho' not infinite, I, like the sea,

Might gird the coast of Britain round.

An artist takes me, and with nicest skill

Gives me the form I bear.

My name within the sacred pages stands

Recorded more than once.—I serve you all,
Till worn with age or constant use, and then

You cast me forth, regardless of my fate.

Another artist, for the sake of gain,

With operations, dreadful to relate,

Restores my form, and gives me back my
name.

Tell it, ye learned, for this thin disguise

Was ne'er suppos'd to hide me from your
eyes.

FULFORD.

T. P.—N.

A N O T H E R.

IF to the whole of what you do

You put a final end,

Cut the last letter off, then know

The name of ANN, your friend.

YORK.

A. A.

FOR the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

NOBODY'S ANSWER to SOMEBODY'S
REBUS.

NOBODY is angry that you shou'd suppose
Your lines so transparent shou'd tease
him ;

He is not so easily led by the nose,

Tho' your lines were, perhaps, meant to
please him.

Had he never known *Ovid*, he'd ne'er thought
to prove

How your *fifths* and your *fourths* shou'd
unite ;

Had he never known *Chloe*, he'd never
known LOVE,

Or the raptures *her eyes* can excite.

You shall see't in less time,

And in just as good rhyme ;

The secret's all here—wou'd you know it ?

Take a quarter of Lamb,

With two thirds of a Ham,

And *three quarters* of an hour will shew it.

ANSWER to the SAME.

ONE fourth of a *lamb* is an L, Sir, I
guess,

And the letters OV are two fifths of above,

One fifth of a *snake* is an E I confess ;

Consequently the Rebus is nothing but
LOVE :

A dangerous passion, to many a snare,

And frequently hid in a kind of disguise :

But you may escape it, Sir, without much
care,

Since shewn so conspicuous in *Chloe's*
bright eyes.

NOTOWN.

NOBODY.

ANSWER to the SAME.

IN the soft art of LOVE I believe 'tis agreed

That *Ovid* all others did ever exceed ;

And when with this charm *Chloe's* eyes too
inspire,

Then Reason gives place to the amorous fire.

YORK.

R. C.

U u 2

ANSWER

ANSWER to SOMEBODY'S REBUS.

AS an emblem of innocence, what can compare
With the head of the Fly, so spotless and fair?
But what you can mean by—ABOVE—my
young Spark,
Not I, but mankind are all left in the dark.
Three-fourths of a Dove you had much better use,
And the tail of the Snake trample under your shoes:

Then *Clebe* may pity, and grant you the favor,
But playing the reptile you never can have her.
Great *Ovid*, your master, were he standing by,
Would blush for his pupil and Art Amandi.

BOROUGHBRIDGE.

L'AMOUR.

ANSWER to the FIRST ÆNIGMA.

Inserted in our last.

THE Poet who in trifles can excel,
Will doubtless treat of nobler themes as well;

And he who can from humble objects raise
Soft flowing numbers and harmonious lays,
Might from sublimer subjects, sure, rehearse
Heroic actions in immortal verse:

For here the curious mind but faintly views
The out-lines of your nice descriptive muse;
Tho' latent sparks invisibly do shine,
With clouded splendor in each pleasing line.

So when a sullen gloom obscures the day,
And clouds obstruct the sun's resplendent ray,
Yet as those clouds are vary'd by the winds,
We see, through ev'ry op'ning breach, it shines.—

Check not the muse—proceed as you've begun,

For all confess your SPIDER well hath spun.
YORK. PHILOMERITUS.

ANSWER to the SAME.

YOUR curious Ænigma, tho' artfully dress'd
In smooth-flowing verses and mystic disguise,

With study and much hesitation I guess'd—
'Tis the diligent SPIDER, sagacious and wise.
NAWTONIENSIS.

ANSWER to the SAME.

S kilfull Ænigmatist, I've presum'd your
myst'ry to explore,
Princes do high exalted sit, possess'd of regal pow'r;

I n sumptuous robes tho' they be deck'd, and
mount the splendid throne,
Does not the Spider higher sit?—its feat and
works its own.

E ach foe he'll scourge who dares approach,
till Kate (he can't abide her).

R emorseless drives him from his throne—
thus treated is the SPIDER.

MELYSHEL.

ANSWER to the SECOND ÆNIGMA.

THE TYPOGRAPHIC Art illustrious
shines,

Like gems extracted from the hidden mines.
Each dawning Day proclaims its mighty
worth,

And hails the epoch which announc'd its
birth.

Forbear to wound its universal fame

In hobbling rhimes, which scarce deserve a
name.

YORK.

Z.

ANSWERS to the REBUS, and both the ÆNIGMAS.

'T WAS LOVE first gave the moral law,
That glass reveals to us our woe:
'Twas love that form'd Redemption's plan,
The same that finish'd it for man:

May we receive it ere our life doth ebb,
Else all our works are but a SPIDER's web.
May we the sacred LETTERS all believe,
And the free gift with thankful hearts receive.

FULFORD.

T. P.—N.

I KE as the SPIDER spreads his web,
I T inshare the giddy, frisky fly,
So LOVE inframes with flattering WORDS
The thoughtless, simple, beardless boy.

Apton-Under-Line.

J. M.

MONTHLY OCCURRENCES.

LONDON, Nov. 1.

YESTERDAY evening at Six
died, at her house in Cavendish
Square, her Royal Highness Princess
Amelia-Sophia Leonora, aunt to his
present Majesty, second daughter and
last surviving issue of his late Majesty
George II. and his Queen Caroline.
Her Royal Highness was in her 76th
year, being born June 10, 1711, was

never married, and has lived many
years past in a retired manner.

Her Royal Highness had a singular
predilection that she should die in the
month of October. It was the month
that her father and brother died. His
late Majesty died October 31, 1700,
and the late Duke of Cumberland died
Oct. 31, 1763, being the same day of
month that her Highness died.

Her

Her Royal Highness's munificence and extensive charities will not only endear her memory, but make her loss regretted with the truest pangs of affliction.

Her Highness died immensely rich, her royal father, the late King, having left her 100,000 l. at his death, and the Duke of Cumberland a very considerable sum. Her annual income from Government, independent of these sums, was, besides, much beyond her expenditure. By her Highness's death his Majesty gains 12,000 l. per annum, which was paid to her out of the civil list.

The following is the substance of her late Royal Highness the Princess Amelia's will. She has left to the two sons of the Prince of Hesse 20,000 l. each. To the Prince himself all the service of plate only. Her house and furniture in Cavendish-Square are to be sold, and divided between the two Lady Waldgraves. To her establishment she has left in general their former annuities for life. To a young Lady who has been but a short time in her service, she has bequeathed 1000 l. and a paper was found in her Royal Highness's pocket, dated the last of September, requesting that for this Lady's kind attentions during her late illness, she might have a present of 1000 l. more. The two trustees, Lord Pelham and Lord Bessborough, are to have 1000 l. each. The house and estate at Gunnersbury are to be sold, and the money divided into several small legacies, which it is impossible to recollect from a cursory account of the will. Her only charities are to the parishes of Mary-la-Bonne and Ealing. To the former 300 l. to the latter 500 l. It appears from the will, that her Royal Highness has not died possessed of more (her plate excepted) than 110,000 l.

Nov. 3. They write from Paris, that the Bastille is ordered to be demolished. The Hotel de la Force is to be enlarged, and to have secret

apartments for those who are now detained in the gloomy castle of Charles V.

Nov. 5. A few days ago, as one of Mr. Palmer's Bath coaches was coming to town, it was stopped by a highwayman at Gunnersbury-Lane, who who was shot dead by the guard on the spot. There were found on him three watches, 25 guineas, and some silver.

Nov. 7. The ground on which the Duke of Bridgewater's house stands in Cleveland-Row, St. James's, was a few days since purchased by the King. The house is shortly to be pulled down, and a stately palace erected in its room for his Royal Highness the Duke of York.

Nov. 10. A letter from Carron, dated October 18, says, "A model is lately come down to the iron foundry here, for the casting of a number of iron furnaces of a very singular construction, for the purpose of heating cannon shot; they are after an improved model of those which were invented by General Eliott at Gibraltar, and used there during the siege. It is said that all the British garrisons abroad are to be provided with a certain number of these dreadful implements."

Nov. 12. The King of France has issued out an order, whereby all the sheets of music, that shall be published in future, are to be stamped, and liable to a duty like our news-papers. This is a tax, which, though not very considerable, might be useful in this country, especially as it would not fall on the poor. It was suggested to Mr. Pitt about a year ago.

Nov. 16. By private letters received yesterday evening by the Dutch mails, we hear that it is at last agreed to appoint a meeting of several deputies on the part of the Prince of Orange, their Noble Mightinesses the States of Holland, and other members of the union, for the purpose of forwarding the reconciliation of all parties. The mediating powers are, though

though not publicly acknowledged, the Kings of France and Prussia.

Nov. 17. A circumstance has lately happened at Naples which makes a noise on the continent: an eminent physician in that metropolis one evening called up all his domestics, and informed them he had provided for them all in his will; after which he took his last farewell, telling them, that, though he felt himself in as good a state of health as he could wish, he was certain that the next morning, precisely at ten o'clock, an apoplectic stroke would occasion his dissolution, which the event verified in every particular.

Nov. 19. A French dentist has published a precaution, which we think may be of great service among us. It is, that the use of acids, for the purpose of whitening the teeth, is extremely pernicious; and though they may be dulcified by spirit of wine, this operation does not abate their dissolving power, which he proves by the following experiment: put a tooth in a sufficient quantity of spirit of salt, and it will dissolve in 24 hours; and what is more remarkable, the crown of the tooth, which is the most solid part of it, perishes sooner than the rest, and is reduced to a kind of jelly.

Two medals, of exquisite workmanship and design, are to be executed in London and Paris this winter, to commemorate the Treaty of Commerce and Navigation concluded between the long-hostile people of the British and French dominions. There are to be 500 in gold and 2000 in silver struck in each, and the dies then broken.

One of the King's messengers, dispatched by the Right Hon. William Eden, is arrived at Whitehall, with the Most Christian King's ratification of the Treaty of Navigation and Commerce, signed the 26th of September last, which was exchanged with Mr. Eden, against his Majesty's ratification, on the 10th inst. at Fon-

tainbleau, by his Most Christian Majesty's Commissary and Plenipotentiary. *Gaz.*

Nov. 20. Congress have made an act, by which a very heavy penalty is to be inflicted on any person who gives or accepts a challenge throughout the American States. The act likewise punishes the seconds in such a transaction with imprisonment.

It is a fact, that when the King of France presented the Treaty of Commerce, ratified on his part, to Mr. Eden, he said, "This, I hope, Sir, will be the means of preventing a renewal of war in Europe during my life." And it is equally true, that on the same occasion, the Queen of France presented Mrs. Eden with some pieces of tapestry of at least 5000*l.* value.

Nov. 22. Lieutenant-General Rainsford, who was sent out during the course of last war to supersede Sir William Draper at Port-Mahon, we hear, is speedily to embark for Gibraltar as governor of that fortress.

Nov. 24. A letter from Gibraltar says, that the thirteen stripes are no more to be seen flying in the Mediterranean, nor can the Americans any longer screen themselves under the British flag with impunity; for at present the Algerines overhawl strictly every ship they meet with, let her be under what colours she may; and if a proper pass is not produced, such ship is sure of being taken, and every one found on board, without distinction, sent into slavery.

Nov. 27. The change of mourning for her late Royal Highness the Princess Amelia took place yesterday; and on Sunday the 3d of December the mourning ceases.

Nov. 29. It is with regret we inform the public, that yesterday the Lord Chief Justice of the court of King's Bench resigned his appointment, his health being so much impaired as to render him incapable of performing any longer the duties it required.

His

His Lordship will be succeeded by Sir Lloyd Kenyon, the present master of the rolls, who is to be created a peer; but by what title we have not been informed.

PARTICULARS

Respecting Mr. Bowes and Lady Strathmore.

The outrage committed by Mr. Bowes on the person of his wife, Lady Strathmore, will certainly be followed by an outlawry. They were separated by the Courts, and Mr. Bowes was bound over for one twelvemonth, his sureties being the Duke of Norfolk and John Lee, Esq. That he might not involve them in his outrage, he waited till the twelvemonth was expired, and he seized her just before the question of final separation came on in Doctors Commons.

Lady Strathmore some time since contrived to write a letter to Lord Mansfield, intimating a suspicion of her being forcibly carried off, and intreating that no respect might be paid to any future letters that she might be constrained to write. In consequence of which, when Mr. Bowes seized her Ladyship, Lord Mansfield dispatched two tipstiffs to the North to rescue her, and warrants were also granted for the apprehending all the parties concerned in this daring attack on her Ladyship's person.

On her Ladyship's arrival in London she appeared in the Court of King's Bench, and immediately on the arrival of the judges, Mr. Law, her counsel, moved, that she might exhibit articles of the peace against her husband, Mr. Bowes. The articles were then read, which stated a series of cruelties, from the time of carrying her off, till her rescue from him. The articles were exhibited against Mr. Bowes, Lucas, (the constable) a Mr. Francis Peacock, and several others.

The manner in which Lady Strathmore was rescued from Mr. Bowes, we are informed is as follows: After he had got her Ladyship to Stretlam castle, on the alarm given by Lord Mansfield's tipstiff, he conveyed her out of a back window, sewed up in a blanket, laid her across a horse, and carried her to a friend's house a few miles from thence, where she was confined in a dark room. From thence he conveyed her on horseback to Durham, where he took chaise to Newcastle, and there changed horses, but would not tell where he was going. Being followed by one of his servants, who informed him that the country was alarmed, he turned back to Newcastle, and took fresh horses to Durham, but before he got there, was again informed he would certainly be stopped if he endeavoured to go into Durham; upon which he ordered the chaise to

go by a road on one side of the town, and got within two miles of Darlington. Being there informed by one of his servants he was pursued, he mounted the servant's horse, and took a bye road with Lady Strathmore behind him, but was soon overtaken. He threatened to shoot the constable if he offered to come near him; the constable, however, knocked him down, and rescued the Lady.—Mr. Bowes was conveyed to Darlington, where he was attended by a surgeon, on account of the wounds he had received. On Wednesday afternoon Lord Mansfield's people arrived there, and demanded him; on being refused admittance they broke open the door.—He had several times threatened Lady Strathmore, that if she made any disturbance on the road he would blow her brains out.

By the articles it appeared, that at the time of carrying her Ladyship off, the parties were all armed. That on the journey, Mr. B. several times presented a pistol to her head, to compel her to sign a paper to stop the proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court, and to acknowledge herself his wife; both which she positively refused; and Mr. Bowes several times beat her on the face and body, in a very violent manner. That on the journey, when she called out for assistance, Mr. B. thrust a handkerchief into her mouth, and threatened to shoot her. That at Stretlam castle, Mr. B. again required her to acknowledge her being his wife, with a loaded pistol; and on refusal, told her to say her last prayers, and then violently beat her; but made no indecent attempt whatsoever on her person.—That once, at one Mr. Bowes's, an attorney, where she was conveyed, Mr. B. with a red-hot poker, threatened, if she would not comply and acknowledge herself his wife, he would send for a mad doctor and a strait waistcoat, and confine her.—That he declared if he had not succeeded in carrying Lady S. off in the manner he had done, he would have broke open her house by night for the purpose.—Her Ladyship having sworn to these, and many other circumstances of cruelty, and signed the articles, an attachment was immediately granted against Mr. Bowes; and, on Mr. Law's motion, also against Mr. Peacock, and the others concerned in the violent mode of carrying her Ladyship off.

YORK, November 2.

THIS day, at a meeting of the corporation of Doncaster, the sum of 50 l. was agreed to be given as an annual donation for the support of Sunday-schools in that town.

Nov. 5. We are sorry to hear that the ship *Whale Fisher*, of Hull, was left

left on the Greenland seas, fast in the ice, with all the crew on board, when the last ships left the country, and there is every reason to fear they would be obliged to remain there during the winter.—Another ship, belonging to the port of London, was left in the country, and has not yet been heard of; but it is imagined she has been carried by the crew, who were mutinous, to some part of America.

Nov. 8. This day Sir T. Slingsby's huntsman took a tooth out of a horse's mouth which weighed 9 ounces, was 5 inches long, and 7 inches in circumference.

Nov. 14. A man who exactly answers the description of the person who lately left sums of money to be distributed among the felons in Carlisle, York, and Nottingham gaols, a few days ago visited that of Derby, pulled out a handful of money, and left five guineas to be given to the felons there.

William Osborne, Esq; is sworn into the office of Mayor, and Francis Bine, Esq; Sheriff, for the town and county of the town of Kingston upon Hull, for the year ensuing.

Nov. 20. We hear from Selby, that on the 25th ult. in honour of King Crispin, a large company of the Gentle Craft assembled about eleven in the forenoon, accompanied by the tanners and curriers of that place, and went in grand procession through the streets, headed by the King and Queen on horseback, attended by a noble train, with colours flying, a band of music playing, bells ringing, and firing of cannon.

Nov. 23. This day the Sheriffs of this city, Mr. William Clark and Mr. R. Kitson, went in procession on horseback through the principal streets, preceded by the city's band of music, and attended by a respectable company of gentlemen and tradesmen, and caused the usual proclamation to be made.—Elegant entertainments were provided on the occasion by the Sheriffs, for the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, &c.

Nov. 25. A Sunday-school has lately been established at Helmsley by subscription, to which upwards of 70 poor children have already been admitted.

Nov. 28. At a special sessions held at Halifax a few days ago, six people were convicted of being drunk, and two barbers were also convicted for exercising their business on Sundays.

BIRTH.

LADY of Arthur-Lemuel Shulldham, Esq; of a son.

MARRIAGES.

ROBERT Royds, Esq; of Eastrop, to Miss Langley of Wykeham-Abbey, near York.—Mr. T. Close of Leeds, to Miss Clegg of Oldham.—Mr. Powell of Pontefract, to Mrs. Robinson of York.—At Ripon, T. Nicholls, Esq; to Mrs. Place, widow of the late Dean of Middleham.

DEATHS.

JOHAN Raper, Esq; of Aberford.—The Rev. R. Tillard, M. A.—Miss Rhodes of Halifax.—Mrs. Coupland of Leeds.—Mr. Ward of Newhall, near Otley.—Mrs. Barnett of Easingwold.—At Scarborough, Mrs. Paul, Lady of W. Paul, Esq.—Mr. Battie of Hemsworth, near Pontefract.—The Rev. Mr. Kershaw, upwards of 40 years Vicar of Leeds parish.—Mr. Billam, many years an eminent surgeon in Leeds.—Mr. Hawkins of Water-Poppleton, near York.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Poem on the Folly of Breeding Birds, is unavoidably postponed till our next, on account of the extreme length of the cause between Miss Mellish and Miss Rankin.

The Philosophical Query was unfortunately mislaid, but shall appear in our next.

The same promise may suffice for the Doric Pillar in Memory of the late Sir G. Savile.

Cato's Answer is erroneous.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of various favours, which shall be attended to with the utmost punctuality.

THE
YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE,

For DECEMBER, 1786.

From LETTERS ON EGYPT, by M. SAVORY. *Just published.*

A N I N T R I G U E

WHICH HAPPENED AT ROSETTA, BETWEEN AN EUROPEAN AND A
YOUNG GIRL, A NATIVE OF GEORGIA.

OLD Hassan, a very jealous Turk, had married a Georgian girl of sixteen; she was never suffered to be out of sight; but is there any barrier against love? This Seignior, who was very rich, possessed some beautiful estates in the environs of Rosetta. At a quarter of a league's distance from the town he had a magnificent garden, where he permitted young Gemilé (for that was her name) to go in the evenings to take the air, attended by several slaves of both sexes. The men kept the gate, and stood sentry round the walls. The women followed her into the garden. There she walked pensively under the orange bowers. The murmur of waters, the freshness of the verdure, the tender accents of the turtle doves which inhabit these hallowed groves, only added food to her melancholy. She gathered fruit and ate it without taste, she plucked a flower, and smelt it without enjoyment. The pleasures she partook of with her women, only served to whet her desires. One evening as she was passing along the river to go to her garden, covered with her veil, and surrounded by her slaves, she perceived an European who had lately arrived at Rosetta. His dress,

so different from that of the Turks, made her remark him. The bloom of youth still glowing on his cheeks, not yet made tawny by the sun, caught her attention. She passed him slowly, and let her fan drop to have a pretence for stopping a moment. She met his eyes, and his looks penetrated to the very bottom of her soul. The air, the shape, every feature, every attitude of the stranger, remained imprinted on her memory. The impossibility of speaking to him, the dread of seeing him no more, gave her the most lively feelings of her bondage; and a growing desire, from the constraint in which she lived, became at once an impetuous passion. Scarcely had she entered the shady grove, before she stole away from the troublesome crowd, and taking aside one of her women, in whom she placed the greatest confidence, "Did you observe, said she, the young stranger? what vivacity is there in his eyes! what looks he darted towards me! O my friend, O my dear Zetfé! go and find him. Tell him to come to-morrow under the orange-trees that line the garden, near the wood of date-trees, where the wall is lowest. Tell him that I wish to see him,

him, to converse with him; only let him take care to elude the vigilance of my mercilefs keepers." The message was punctually conveyed. The European promised without reflection, but was prevented by the dangers to which he would be exposed. The slave, disguised like a merchant, finds him a second time, and enquires why he had broke his word. He made several excuses, and fixed a distant day of rendezvous, that he might consider of the measure. Reflection prevailed over desire. The sight of a place prepared for impaling some unhappy wretch alive, froze his courage. He did not keep his assignation. Zetfé returns a third time, after some sharp reproaches tells him of her mistress's passion for him, and of the horror in which she held old Hassan. She extolled the charms, the beauty, and painted the ill fortune of a young woman torn from her parents, and sold to a barbarian. The young man seduced by this portrait, vowed that he would be the next day under the shade, an hour after sun-set.

The beautiful Gemilé still full of confidence, tho' hitherto deceived, had gone into the bath. Her black locks, which formed a contrast to the fairness of her complexion, were just washed with rose water, and flowing in tresses to her very feet. She was perfumed with precious essences. A girdle richly embroidered displayed her shape, and fastened her light dress, which, without being made to project artificially, assumed the exact form of her body, and defined all its contours. She had thrown off her veil and mantle; an India handkerchief adorned with pearls, crowned her head. All-brilliant as she was with the graces of youth, she still feared she was not handsome enough; she waited with anxiety, now quickening her pace, then suddenly stopped short, and lying down to roll amongst the flowers. She started at the least noise, and cast her eyes towards the country. The sun was set, the stars

began to shine. Night, so beautiful in this climate, night, whose delicious coolness repairs the exhausted strength, and restores the soul to its full energy, had spread her veil over all nature, and thickened her shades on the bower which concealed the amorous Gemilé. Each breath of wind which shook the leaves, alternately extinguished and revived fear and hope in her fluttering heart. Uncertainty, the torment of passionate lovers, made her experience at once a thousand miseries.

The moment of her returning to the town was come, and she found herself deceived for the third time. Rage takes place of tender sentiments. She breathes nothing but revenge, and is on the point of commanding the death of her deceiver; but endowed as she was with more sensibility than vanity, hope and desire soon got the better of her resentment. "No, said she, he shall not die; go, my dear Zetfé, go and be the bearer of peaceful tidings. Dissipate his fears, paint to him my love, and let him come and taste its value."

Zetfé returns to the European, calms his apprehensions, gives him a lively representation of the tenderness of her mistress, and the good fortune which was offered him. The imprudent youth, unable to resist such a seducing picture, made fresh promises; but scarcely was he alone before the idea of an ignominious death made him violate his vows. Patience may be exhausted. That of Gemilé continued long. For nine months did she solicit a man whom she had only seen for a moment. She pleaded in his behalf who merited no excuses. To these fruitless attempts she added fresh ones, and could not prevail on herself to lose the fruit of so much labour. One evening that she had been pouring forth bitter tears, one evening that she had forgot herself under the shade, with thinking on him she loved, and whose image

was perpetually before her eyes, old Hassan, tired of waiting for her, used her ill. The charm was broken. She retired furiously to her apartment. Despairing Love transported her to vengeance, but mitigated, whilst it pronounced the sentence: "Hearken, said she to her faithful Zetfé, go to-morrow at sun-rise, find this perfidious European, and convey to him my last words: stranger, I have seen thee; I thought thee possessed of sensibility, and my heart wished to belong to thee. For nine months thou hast betrayed my hopes. Thou makest a sport of perjury. Take heed, thy life is in my hands, and I am irritated. On Thursday, Hassan sets out for Faoué, he returns late, I shall pass the day in the country. Come and receive thy pardon at my feet, or a slave shall bring me thy head. I have sworn it by the prophet; Gemilé will be satisfied, or revenged."

Zetfé faithfully repeats the words of her mistress, and the European deliberates no longer. That death appeared preferable to him at least, which promised pleasures; he made a present to the slave, conjured her to calm the rage of Gemilé, and assured her that he would not fail to be at the place of rendezvous a little after sunset. He was not however without uneasiness. Is it a snare laid for him? May she not be disposed to punish so many breaches of promise? Does a Turkish woman know the pleasure of pardoning? Can wounded pride ever be brought to relent? The day arrives. His anxiety augments. A thousand ideas run counter in his

mind. A thousand sentiments distract his soul. No matter, he must go. The image of a beautiful woman who is waiting for him, sets him on fire, and hides the danger from his eyes. He arms himself at the approach of night, crosses the fields of rice, steals along the wood of date-trees, and reaches the wall that separates him from his fair Georgian. His heart beats; he looks whether any body sees him; he springs upon the wall, and descends into the garden. At the sight of him, two women rise up and seem frightened. He remains motionless. One of them, it was Gemilé, stretches out her hand, and encourages him. He approaches her, and makes a profound bow, she tenderly raises him, makes a sign, and her slave retires. "Stranger, says she to him, why hast thou so long deceived me? Thou didst not love me then?" "Pardon, beautiful Gemilé, fear alone has hitherto restrained me; but I come to throw myself at your feet, to repair my misconduct." She attempts to renew her approaches; they expire on her lips. She takes the young man by the hand, which trembles in her's, and leads him, "nothing loth," under a thick bower of orange-trees. The foliage was silvered over by the moon; the grass was covered with flowers. The delicious odour of the plants conveyed voluptuously into all the senses. The gauze and silk she wore, scarcely concealed the charms of Gemilé. The moments were precious; and history says that the two lovers knew how to make the most of them.

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

F A S H I O N.

AN ALLEGORY.

FASHION was the daughter of Fancy, the offspring of Wit and Judgment, who were descended from the Gods; she naturally possessed the virtues of her ancestors, but with

them blended such wild ideas and romantic notions, that Fancy gave her up to the entire guidance of Extravagance, with whom she lived till arrived at the age of maturity, when

Extravagance gave her to Folly, by whom she has had two children, Absurdity and Vice, who, aided by Levity and Custom, keep up a continual war with Virtue and Common Sense. However amiable to the eye of Knowledge the latter warriors may appear, even when aided by Modesty and Reason, they are far from being sufficiently powerful to stop the roads which Fashion's party are constantly making into Society; strengthened by Grandeur, and led by Impudence, they march in triumph through the world; modest Merit shrinks from the baleful view, or, roused by Fortitude, brandishes against them the pen of Satire, till overcome by the snares of Absurdity and Impudence, she flies to the dreary mansions of Solitude, in the lonesome vale of Obscurity, and there for ever bu-

ries in oblivion those inestimable talents which might have blessed the Church, adorned the State, or dignified the Law. Fashion and Folly, thus united, preside over the world with unlimited sway; Vanity and Wickedness, with all their followers, enlist under their banner, and it is the sad observation of Pity, that Knowledge, Understanding, and the softer virtues, oft sink overpowered by their superior numbers. But as Fashion is ever changing, Hope thinks in some still moments Reflection may persuade her to return again to the long-lost rules of pure Fancy and enlightened Judgment, and leave her present residence with Pride in the palace of Profusion and Exuberance, to visit the mansions of Peace in Wisdom's lonely vale.

DIFFIDA.

THE TRIFLER, No. XI.

*Sive opus in mores, in luxum, in prandia regum,
Dicere res grandes nostro dat musa poetæ.*

PERSIUS.

*Yet shall the Muse to lofty strains aspire,
When Vice provokes, and Satire strings the lyre;
Whether she choose in gayer mood to sport,
And paint the lux'ry of a shameless Court;
Or, gravely zealous, point th' instructive page
To form the morals, and to mend the age.*

F.

IT is a general complaint among the moralists of almost every age and nation, that, by the depraved state of mankind, they have been deprived of those innocent enjoyments, and those excellent blessings, which were so deservedly appreciated by their uncorrupted ancestors. But perhaps this complaint is somewhat too general. The mind of man is, by nature, volatile and inconstant; it is prone to amusement, and impatient of restriction; it has the instability of a meteor, as well as its effulgence. To confine its exertions by systematic rules, to stifle its prejudices by studied argument, to conciliate its affection by dictatorial austerity, or to bound its views by exemplary rectitude, is a task which the

narrow influence that one man enjoys over his neighbour has rarely been able to accomplish. Yet to this end many works have been written, and many lives have been spent. Books of morality have been multiplied without number. Declamation and sophistry have exhausted themselves in the attempt. Arts and sciences have been called in, and mathematical demonstration found necessary to assist the process. Philosophy has contributed to the undertaking through the media of a Newton, a Locke, a Bacon, and a Boyle. With the same laudable motive of reforming the morals of mankind, a mode of putting vice to shame, by ridiculing and sarcastically exposing its absurdity, was more successfully

successfully introduced. It is found by experience that the utmost rigour will fail, where a gentler and less serious usage has produced the desired effect.

The two Roman satirists, Horace and Juvenal, afford us excellent models of the lively and the austere satire. The gaiety and luxury of the Augustan court, into which Horace was initiated by the common patron of learning, Mæcenas, was readily embraced by one who had been always a follower of the Epicurean philosophy. A man of gallantry, he disdained the practice of affectation and singularity to recommend his abilities. Young too as he was at his first ingress into high life, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to withstand the temptations that were repeatedly presented to him in courts, at once so voluptuous and enlightened as were those of Augustus and one or two of his successors. It is no wonder then that he chose the familiar and the elegant style in preference to the serious and dogmatic. These are the characteristic features of Juvenal and Persius. The former, though he flourished nearly a century and a half after Horace, was a great admirer, but no considerable imitator, of him. He was indeed advanced in life before he began to write; it is reported, that his first essay was not composed till the fortieth year of his age. To one who had surveyed the various stages of life with a fastidious perspicacity, and had turned away with contempt at the luxury which he could not taste, or the honours which he could not participate, the world must appear in a different degree of degeneracy to what it did to his courtly and applauded predecessor. The serious and the morose species of satire presented itself to him as the most efficacious method of putting vice to shame, and immorality to the blush. He began his task with eagerness and confidence. His writings are a mixture of Horace and Persius; but he is oftener gross and obscene with the

latter, than witty and humorous with the former. At wit indeed he rarely aims; and, when he does, is still more rarely successful. When he soars to the figurative and the sublime, the pinions of an eagle are unequal to his flight. He has caught much of the fire and animation which so conspicuously glow through the few satires of Persius; and what tends particularly to recommend him to notice, is the wonderful improvement he has made upon Persius in perspicuity. It is the want of this that hath rendered the admirable works of the bard of Volaterræ to be so little read. The perpetual terror of displeasing the most cruel monarch that ever swayed the rod of empire, diffused itself not less into the literary than the political world. Persius, when he evidently intended to satirize the unbounded lust and inhuman cruelty of Nero, endeavoured to avoid the suspicions of that Emperor, by the harshness of his style, and the ambiguity of his sentiments. But this scheme, though it might satisfy his temporary aim, was not likely to procure him the suffrage of posterity; nor can any apology whatever be offered adequate to the licentiousness and obscenity of some passages in his writings. They have given a sanction to succeeding writers to be immoral and indelicate, where they should have been serious and sublime. His satires are in general written conformable to the dignity and severity of the Stoic philosophy; but the style is too harsh perfectly to please, and he becomes every day more and more obsolete, notwithstanding the elaborate vindications of his advocate, Casaubon. Persius will instruct rather than please. Juvenal will reform those by his asperity whom he animates by his sublimity. Horace has exemplified his own maxims in his own writings. He has happily united the gift of pleasing with the power of instruction. To the manly and the elevated he has added the familiar and the insinuating.

It

It may be questioned which species of satire is the most conducive to accomplish its end of reforming the morals of mankind. To those who have formed themselves after the model of the poet of Aquinam, much deference is due; but it is probable that more veneration will be paid to their abilities than compliance to their precepts. With the votaries of Venusium all is sweetness, all is courtesy. While we read, they insensibly sooth us into a settled fondness for virtue, rather than a turbulent detestation of vice. The venerable and austere majesty of Juvenal will deter many from his presence; those who wish to partake of his bounty will be warded off by his manner of bestowing it. The open and amiable condescension of Horace will entice strangers to participate the emanation of his all-bounteous, all-captivating eloquence. Before he enlightens the understandings, or reforms the hearts of his visitors, he takes care to court and conciliate their affections. Notwithstanding, however, the blunt manner of Juvenal seems to be more suited to the homely rudeness of the British constitution. But, if my opinion were to be asked concerning the efficacy of the Horatian or Juvenalian satire, I should not hesitate to give my vote in favour of the former. But whether it be immediately owing to the opposite choice that the British nation has arrived at so great a degree of perfection in the satirical departments of literature, I shall neither pretend to determine, or inquire. Be this as it may, it is certain that none of our modern continental neighbours can put themselves in competition with the Drydens, the Popes, the Youngs, and the Churchills, of our own country. Perhaps France has produced fewer satirists than almost any nation which pretends to the same literary honours. Boileau, Reignier, and Voltaire, are the chief that have succeeded in this kind of writing. It has been said of the former, that he is the only modern who has happily blended the

curiosa facilitas of Horace with the *vix indignatio* of Juvenal. But there is a monotony in the French cadence which does not please a good ear, accustomed to the harmony of English versification, and which is the chief reason that the French Poets have succeeded so poorly in their invocations to the Muses. To the Italians satire has been indebted for no considerable improvement. Notwithstanding few people have made such repeated attempts at the serious and jocose, yet they have seldom succeeded. The few, out of such a number, that have excelled, are Dante and Ariosto in the former, and Berni and Casa in the latter. It is remarkable what a groupe of minor satirists have appeared among this effeminate people; but one Pope, or one Oldham, of our own, is worth all the Aretines, the Mauros, and the Bentivoglios, of the Italian bench.

It must be long (if ever) before we can see the inevitable Don Quixote of Cervantes put on a level with any other modern production. This single writer has alone stamped an honour on the Spanish nation, which gives it the precedence to all others in satirical composition. The best imitations that I recollect of him, are the Catholicon of Spain, the Moriae Encomium of Erasmus, the Advertisements from Parnassus of Boccalini, the Tale of a Tub by Swift, and the Memoirs of Scriblerus by Arbuthnot and his associates.

If we turn to our country, we shall find it replete with all the multifarious productions of genius and learning. The first English satirist, to whom any encomiums can be paid, was Sir Thomas Wyatt, of Allington castle in Kent. He was a great favourite of Henry VIII. and beheaded in the reign of Queen Mary for taking up arms, in conjunction with the Duke of Suffolk and Sir Peter Carew, against the Roman Catholic interest. The satires of Hall abound with much wit and modesty. "His writings (says Mons. Bayle) are filled with fine thoughts,

thoughts, excellent morality, and a great deal of piety." His *Virgide-marium* were published before he had passed his twenty-third year; wherein he says mistakenly,

I first adventure, follow me who list,

And be the *second* English satirist.

His versification is much more smooth and harmonious than that of Donne, his cotemporary. But this is no considerable addition to his merit, as it would have been almost impossible to produce any thing more harsh and unpoetical than the satires of Dr. Donne. The whole of Hall's works have been published in five volumes folio; which may be compared to a large garden abounding with fine fruit, but overrun with weeds and thistles. The excellence to which Dryden hath wrought his *Mac Flecnoe*, and his *Abfalom* and *Achitophel*, makes us lament that this father of English poetry should have wasted so much of his time in composing wretched dramas for a subsistence. The neglect and indifference which were shewn to this venerable bard must never be mentioned in the republic of letters but with horror and regret; nor indeed can those, who pretend to decry the selfishness of their predecessors, pride themselves on a more liberal or generous spirit, as long as the fate of a Chatterton is enrolled among the memorials of a Dryden, an Otway, a Butler, or a Savage.

It has been observed of the satires of Young, that they abound with too much wit, and that the reader is often cloyed, before he can go through a single satire. This censure will admit of a very considerable limitation. Few, I will venture to assert, have taken up this admirable work, but will confess to have found themselves improved by the perusal. It is indeed the only fault that can be alledged against him, that he is too epigrammatic. But let it repress the severity of criticism to observe, that this is the fault of an Ovid, a Seneca, and a Cowley! That *good-nature*, which Young has recommended and observ-

ed throughout the most poignant of his satires, is almost sufficient to entitle him to respect independent of his happy versification and beautiful sentiments.

Were it not repugnant to my plan, I would willingly refer the reader for a highly-finished character of Pope to the excellent Essay above noticed. Let it then suffice to observe, that, of all this poet's writings, there is nothing which entitles him more to the claim of immortality than the character of *Sporus*, in the epistle to *Arbuthnot*. It was intended for the dissolute Lord H——y, and is at once bitter, poignant, and animated; but I believe it has been said, that the portrait partakes rather too much of the caricatura.

This antipathy which subsisted between Johnson and Churchill has greatly contributed to hasten the writings of the latter to an unmerited oblivion. If such an opinion be worth noticing, I think an elegant and correct edition of his Poems would revive his merit, and secure his reputation. These two eccentric geniuses may be resembled to the versatile Horace and the stern Juvenal.

Notwithstanding the authority of these illustrious models, Satire seems to be now considerably on her decline. She has long since passed her zenith, and the few votaries that remain of her are only the outcasts and reptiles of genius. The popularity of writings of this nature, and the repute they are held in, makes us lament that they should be so much neglected. I cannot, however, omit this opportunity of noticing the ingenious and poignant writings penned by the author of the "*New Bath Guide*." The character of living merit must be drawn with trembling caution; I hope, nevertheless, to escape the charge of interested adulation, if I assert, that to his established reputation of a successful satirist, may be added the meritorious privilege of being almost the only modern who has written Latin verse with Augustan purity.

ADVICE

ADVICE TO UNMARRIED LADIES.

IF you have blue eyes—languish.
If black eyes—leer.

If you have a pretty foot and neat leg—wear short petticoats.

If you are in the least doubtful as to that point—let them be rather long.

If you have good teeth—don't forget to laugh now and then.

If you have bad ones—you must only simper.

If Nature has not been lavish in her ornaments—have recourse to Art.

If she has—be sure you disgrace it not with bear's grease, hog's lard, musk, cork rumps, &c.

While you are young—sit with your face to the light.

When you are a little advanced—sit with your back to the window.

If you have pretty hands and arms, play on the lute.

If they are rather clumsy—work tapestry.

If you have a bad voice—always speak in a low tone.

If you have the finest voice in the world—never speak in an high one.

If you dance well—dance but seldom.

If you dance ill—never dance at all.

If you sing well make no previous excuses.

If you sing indifferently—hesitate not a moment when you are asked; for few people are judges of singing, but every one is sensible of a desire to please.

If in conversation you think a person wrong—rather hint a difference

of opinion, than offer a contradiction.

If you find a person telling an absolute falsehood, let it pass over in silence—it is not worth your while to make any one your enemy by proving him a liar.

Never touch the fore place in any one's character—for be assured, whoever you are, you have a fore place in your own; and woman is a flower that may be blasted in a moment.

It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles—what a folly to make enemies by frowns.

When you have an opportunity to praise—do it with all your heart.

When you are forced to blame—appear, at least, to do it with reluctance.

If you are envious of another woman—never shew it but by allowing her every good quality and perfection except those she really possesses.

If you wish to let all the world know you are in love with a particular man—treat him with formality; and every one else with ease and freedom.

Make it a rule to please all—and never appear insensible to any desire of pleasing or obeying you, however awkwardly it may be executed.

If you are disposed to be pettish or insolent—it is better to exercise your ill humours on your dog, your cat, or your servant, than your friends.

If you would preserve esteem—be gentle.

If you would obtain power—be condescending.

If you would live happy—endeavour to promote the happiness of others.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

By inserting in your next Number the following QUERY, you will oblige

Your constant reader,

W. B.

WHAT is the reason that the air is always colder about the time of sun-rise and sun-set than it is either before, or after?

TO

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

The following narrative, which you may depend upon as strictly true, is so striking an instance of humanity, that I flatter myself you will not hesitate to give it a place in your Repository. I am, &c. F. G.

IN consequence of the late determination of Government to send some convicts to Botany Bay, with a design of establishing a colony in New South Wales, an order lately came down to the keeper of Norwich gaol to send such female convicts as were then in prison to Plymouth, to be in readiness to go upon that expedition. Three unhappy women, who had been a long while in the castle under sentence of transportation, were accordingly sent, and were committed to the care of Mr. Simpson, turnkey of the prison. One of these unfortunate females was the mother of an infant about five months old, a very fine babe, whom she had suckled from its birth. The father of the child was likewise a felon under a similar sentence, and has been in prison more than three years. He had repeatedly expressed a wish to be married to this woman, and though seldom permitted to see the child, he discovered a remarkable fondness for it; and that the mother's only comfort was derived from its smiles, was evident from her tender manner of nursing it. When the order came down for her removal, the man was much distressed, and very importunate to attend the woman, and application was made to the Minister to permit him to go, but so many similar applications having been made, this could not be complied with. The miserable woman therefore was obliged to go without the man, who offered to be her husband, that he might be her companion and protector during a long and melancholy voyage, and in a distant and unknown land. The child, however, was still her property, as the laws of England, which are distinguished by the spirit of humanity

which framed them, forbid so cruel an act as that of separating an infant from its mother's breast.

When Mr. Simpson arrived at Plymouth with his party, he found that they were to be put on board a hulk, which lies there till the ship which goes to the South Sea is ready to take them. He therefore took a boat, and went to the vessel to deliver up his prisoners. Some forms, which the gaoler of Norwich had not been apprized of, having been omitted, the Captain of the hulk at first refused to take them, and these miserable creatures were kept three hours in an open boat, before they were received into their new abode of wretchedness. And when they were admitted, the Captain finding that one of them had an infant, peremptorily refused to take it on board, saying, that he had no orders to take children; neither the intreaties of Mr. Simpson, nor the agonies of the poor wretch, could prevail upon the Captain even to permit the babe to remain till instructions could be received from the Minister. Simpson was therefore obliged to take the child, and the frantic mother was led to her cell, execrating the cruelty of the man under whose care she was now placed, and vowing to put an end to her life as soon as she could obtain the means. Shocked at the unparalleled brutality of the Captain, and his humanity not less affected by the agonies of the poor woman, and the situation of the helpless babe, he resolved still, if possible, to get it restored to her. No way was left but an immediate personal application to Lord Sydney; and having once before been with his Lordship on a business of humanity, he was encouraged to hope he should succeed.

succeed, could he but have an interview with him. He therefore immediately went back to Plymouth, and set off in the first coach to London, carrying the child all the way on his knee, and feeding it at the different inns he arrived at as well as he could.

When he came to London, he placed the child with a careful woman, and instantly posted to Lord Sydney's; neither his Lordship nor his Secretary were to be spoken to, at least this was told him when he addressed the person in waiting at the office; but humanity will not be restrained by forms; acting under the influence of a superior power, it moves forward unchecked by the fear of offending any earthly one. Mr. Simpson was denied admittance, but in vain, for he pressed forward into one of the offices, and told his story to one of the Secretaries, who attended very properly to it, and promised to do all in his power to promote the object of his humane petition, but feared it would be impossible for him to see Lord Sydney for several days; he begged, however, of this gentleman to prepare an order for the restoration of the child, and determined to wait in the hall for the chance of seeing his Lordship pass, that he might prevail on him to sign it. Fortunately, not long after, he saw Lord Sydney descend the stairs; he instantly ran to him; his Lordship very naturally shewed an unwillingness at first to attend to an application made to him in so strange and abrupt a manner, but Mr. Simpson immediately related the reason of his intrusion, and described as he felt, the exquisite misery he had lately been a witness to, expressing his fears, lest in the instant he was pleading for her, the unhappy woman, in the wildness of her despair, should have deprived herself of existence. Lord Sydney was greatly affected, and paid much attention to the particular circumstances of his narration, and instantly promised that the child should be restored, com-

mending, at the same time, Mr. Simpson's spirit and humanity. Encouraged by this, he made a further appeal to his Lordship's humanity in behalf of the father of the child, which proved equally successful; for his Lordship ordered, that he likewise should be sent to Plymouth to accompany the child and its mother, directing, at the same time, that they should be married before they went on board, and adding that he himself would pay the fees.

One of his Lordship's Secretaries wrote immediately to Plymouth, that that the woman might be informed of the success of Mr. Simpson's application; and he, after visiting the child, and giving directions that it might be taken care of in his absence, set off for Norwich, where he arrived on Wednesday afternoon, and communicated the glad tidings to the unhappy father of the child. The poor man, who is a fine healthy young fellow, seemed very grateful to Lord Sydney and to Mr. Simpson, was made very happy by this change of circumstances; and it is hoped he may, notwithstanding his past situation, turn out a useful individual of the community. He set off Friday night accompanied by Mr. Simpson, who, after the fatigues, anxieties, and vexation of his first journey to Plymouth, having travelled three days and nights without sleep, no doubt will be amply recompensed by the satisfaction he must experience, in having thus been the means of rescuing these unhappy people from a situation of distress scarcely to be equalled.

It is proper to observe, that Captain Phillips, who is to go out with the convicts to Botany Bay, is a man of very different disposition to the person alluded to in this narrative, but he, unfortunately, had no power to interfere.

The conclusion of the above relation cannot be more properly given, than in the words of Mr. Simpson himself,

self, who lately wrote the following letter to a gentleman in Bath.

"Dear Sir,

"It is with the utmost pleasure that I inform you of my safe arrival with my little charge at Plymouth: but it would take an abler pen than mine to describe the joy that the mother received her infant and her intended husband with. Suffice it to say, that their transports, that the tears which flowed from their eyes, with the innocent smiles of the babe, on sight of the mother, who had saved

her milk for it, drew the tears likewise from my eyes; and it was with the utmost regret that I parted with the child, after having travelled with it on my lap for upwards of 700 miles backwards and forwards. But the blessings I received at the different inns on the road, have amply paid me.

I am, with great respect,

Your humble servant.

J. SIMPSON."

Plymouth, Nov. 16, 1786.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF THE LATE CAPT. JAMES COOK.

WHEN it is considered how much of the globe has yet been unexplored, how slenderly we are informed of many parts of it, the importance of a more perfect knowledge, and the small expence which, in a national point of view, attended such researches; it will appear extraordinary, that the spirit of adventure has been so long, and to appearance so totally extinguished, that every advantage attending the discovery of new countries, every mercantile and national benefit arising from thence, have been produced by the industry and perseverance of individuals, unassisted by the State, and, in some instances, with every discouragement which could be thrown in the way of an adventurer.

Until within a few years past, it seemed as though the great names of Columbus, Gama, Magellan, Hawkins, Drake, Frobisher, Raleigh, and more who might be mentioned, would remain without any others to be placed in competition with them, or to dispute the palm due to those who have explored unknown countries, or carried civilization and the arts of life into regions where barbarism was only to be found. The kingdoms of Europe were contented with that portion of the globe which their ancestors had brought to their notice; and in con-

sequence of this sluggish inattention, made no efforts to extend their knowledge, to increase their commerce, or even to gratify a laudable curiosity.

At length, about the beginning of the present reign, soon after peace was restored to Europe, a design was formed to send out vessels for the purpose of discovering countries, of which till then we were totally ignorant, or with which we had but a slight acquaintance. Accordingly, in 1764, Commodore Byron made his first voyage, and was followed by Captain Wallis, Captain Carteret, and the late Captain Cook, whose melancholy catastrophe having excited a considerable degree of attention, we presume an account of his life will not be unacceptable to the majority of our readers.

James Cook was born at Marton, a village about four miles from Great Ayton, in the county of York, and christened there, as appears from the parish register, Nov. 3, 1728. His parents were in very narrow circumstances, and unable to bestow on him much education. His father, we are informed, is still living, and formerly used to be employed as a fisherman, and sometimes as a day-labourer. His son, the subject of our present consideration, divided his early life between the lowest duties in husbandry

and the little school-learning that could be afforded him. He afterwards lived with a grocer in that country; but not liking his situation, he bound himself to the master of a collier trading from Newcastle to London, with whom he might have continued, had not the want of seamen in the royal navy occasioned his removal into the service of his Sovereign before the expiration of his indentures.

The time which intervened between this and his being raised to be a commission-officer, was not passed in scenes of much importance, or in a manner to render it worthy of any detail. He soon acquired all the requisites which belonged to his profession, and deported himself so much to the satisfaction of his superiors, that he received a commission as Lieutenant, on the first day of April, 1760; and soon after gave a specimen of those abilities which recommended him to the commands which he executed so highly to his credit, that his name will go down to posterity as one of the most skilful navigators which this country hath produced.

In the year 1765, he was with Sir William Burnaby on the Jamaica station: and that officer having occasion to send dispatches to the Governor of Yucatan, relative to the logwood-cutters in the Bay of Honduras, Lieutenant Cook was selected for that employment; and he performed it in a manner which entitled him to the approbation of the Admiral. A relation of this voyage and journey was published in the year 1769, under the title of "Remarks on a Passage from the River Balise in the Bay of Honduras to Merida, the Capital of the Province of Yucatan in the Spanish West Indies, by Lieutenant Cook," in an 8vo pamphlet.

To a perfect knowledge of all the duties belonging to a sea-life, Mr. Cook had added a great skill in astronomy. In the year 1767 the Royal Society resolved, that it would be pro-

per to send persons into some part of the South Seas, to observe the Transit of the planet Venus over the Sun's disk; and by a memorial delivered to his Majesty they recommended the islands of Marquesas de Mendoza, or those of Rotterdam or Amsterdam, as the properest place then known, for making such observation. To this memorial a favourable answer was returned, and *The Endeavour*, a ship built for the coal-trade, was put in commission, and the command of her given to Lieutenant Cook. But before the vessel was ready to sail, Capt. Wallis returned from his voyage, and pointed out Otaheite as a place more proper for the purpose of the expedition than either of those mentioned by the Royal Society. This alteration was approved of, and our navigator was appointed by that learned body, with Mr. Charles Green, to observe the Transit.

On this occasion Lieutenant Cook was promoted to be Captain, and his commission bore date the 25th of May, 1768. He immediately hoisted the pennant, and took command of the ship, in which he sailed down the river on the 30th of July. In this voyage he was accompanied by Joseph Banks, Esq; and Dr. Solander. On the 13th of October he arrived at Rio de Janeiro, and on the 13th of April, 1769, came to Otaheite, where the Transit of Venus was observed in different parts of the island. He staid there until the 13th of July, after which he went in search of several islands, which he discovered. He then proceeded to New Zealand, and on the 10th of October, 1770, arrived at Batavia, with a vessel almost worn out, and the crew much fatigued, and very sickly. The repairs of the ship obliged him to continue at this unhealthy place until the 27th of December, in which time he lost many of his seamen and passengers, and more in the passage to the Cape of Good Hope, which place he reached on the 15th of March, 1771. On
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the 14th of April he left the Cape, and the 1st of May anchored at St. Helena, from whence he sailed on the 4th, and came to anchor in the Downs on the 12th of June, after having been absent almost three years, and in that time had experienced every danger to which a voyage of such length is incident, and in which he had made discoveries equal to those of all the navigators of his country, from the time of Columbus to the present time. The narrative of this expedition was written by Dr. Hawke, which, as the facts contained in it have not been denied, nor the excellence of the composition disputed, has certainly been treated with a degree of severity, which, when every thing is considered, must excite the astonishment of every reader of taste and sensibility.

Soon after Captain Cook's return to England, it was resolved to equip two ships to complete the discovery of the Southern hemisphere. It had long been a prevailing idea, that the unexplored part contained another continent, and Alexander Dalrymple, Esq; whose enterprising spirit has not met with the encouragement he deserved, had been very firmly persuaded of its existence. To ascertain the fact was the principle object of this expedition; and that nothing might be omitted that could tend to facilitate the enterprize, two ships were provided, furnished with every necessary which could promote the success of the undertaking. The first of these ships was called *The Resolution*, under the command of Captain Cook; the other, *The Adventure*, commanded by Captain Furneaux. Both of them sailed from Deptford on the 9th of April, 1772, and arrived at the Cape of Good Hope on the 30th of October. They departed from thence on the 22d of November, and from that time to the 17th of January, 1773, continued endeavouring to discover the continent, when they were obliged to relinquish

the design, observing the whole sea covered with ice from the direction of S. E. round by the south to west. They then proceeded into the South Seas, and made many other discoveries, and returned to the Cape of Good Hope on the 21st of March, 1774, and from thence to England on the 14th of July; having during three years and eighteen days (in which time the voyage was performed) lost but one man, by sickness, in Captain Cook's ship, (and that man was affected with consumptive symptoms before he came on board) although he had navigated throughout all the climates from fifty-two degrees north to seventy-one degrees south, with a company of an hundred and eighteen men.

The relation of this voyage was given to the public by Captain Cook himself, and by Mr. George Forster, son of Dr. Forster, who had been appointed by Government to accompany him for the purpose of making observations on such natural productions as might be found in the course of the navigation. That published by Captain Cook has generally been ascribed to a gentleman of great eminence in the literary world; but if the testimony of one Mr. Hodges who was on board the ship, and who made an extract from the journal in its rude uncorrected state may be relied on, there seems no reason to ascribe the merit of the work to any other person than the Captain himself.

The want of success which attended Captain Cook's attempt to discover a southern continent, did not discourage another plan being resolved on, which had been recommended some time before. This was no other than the finding out a north-west passage, which the fancy of some chimerical projectors had conceived to be a practicable scheme. The dangers which our navigator had twice braved and escaped from, would have exempted him from being solicited a third time to venture his person in unknown

known countries amongst desert islands, inhospitable climates, and in the midst of savages; but, on his opinion being asked concerning the person who would be most proper to execute this design, he once more relinquished the quiet and comforts of domestic life to engage in scenes of turbulence and confusion, of difficulty and danger. His intrepid spirit and inquisitive mind induced him again to offer his services; and they were accepted without any hesitation. The manner in which he had deported himself on former occasions left no room to suppose a fitter man could be selected. He prepared for his departure with the utmost alacrity, and actually sailed in the month of July, 1776.

A few months after his departure from England, notwithstanding he was then absent, the Royal Society voted him Sir Godfrey Copley's Gold Medal, as a reward for the account which he had transmitted to that body of the method taken to preserve the health of the crew of the ship; and Sir John Pringle, in an oration pronounced on the 30th of November, observed "how meritorious that person must appear, who had not only made the most extensive, but the most instructive voyages; who had not only discovered, but surveyed vast tracts of new coasts; who had dispelled the illusion of a *terra australis incognita*, and fixed the bounds of the habitable earth as well as those of the navigable ocean in the Southern hemisphere; but that, however ample a field for praise these circumstances would afford, it was a nobler motive that had promoted the Society to notice Captain Cook in the honourable manner which had occasioned his then address." After descanting on the means used on the voyage to preserve the lives of the sailors, he concluded his discourse in these terms: "Allow me then, Gentlemen, to deliver this medal with his unperished name engraven upon it, into the hands of one

who will be happy to receive that trust, and to hear that this respectable body never more cordially nor more meritoriously bestowed that faithful symbol of their esteem and affection. For if Rome decreed the Civic Crown to him who saved the life of a single citizen, what wreaths are due to that man, who, having himself saved many, perpetuates in your transactions the means by which Britain may now, on the most distant voyages, save numbers of her intrepid sons, her mariners; who, braving every danger, have so liberally contributed to the fame, to the opulence, and to the maritime empire of their country."

It will give pain to every sensible mind to reflect, that this honourable testimony to the merit of our gallant commander never came to his knowledge. While his friends were waiting with the most earnest solicitude for tidings concerning him, and the whole nation expressed an anxious impatience to be informed of his success, advice was received from Captain Clerke, in a letter dated at Kamskatca, the 8th day of June, 1779; from which and from other accounts we learn, "That Captain Cook, after he had passed the Cape of Good Hope, had continued his course along Van Dieman's Land, and New Zealand. He arrived happily in August 1777, at the island of Otaheite, where he landed Omiah, a native of the island, in perfect health. That since the last voyage of Captain Cook to that island, the Spaniards had been there twice, and stayed there some months, and their ships had left all sorts of birds and domestic animals, but only of the male species; so that they received the cows and the she-goats that Captain Cook brought with great pleasure. He left that island in the month of December following, and after having made several new discoveries in the South Sea, he arrived in the month of March, 1778, on the coasts of America, situated in the south of Kamskatca. A leak being discovered in Captain Cook's

Cook's ship, the *Resolution*, and finding a very stormy sea, he was obliged to anchor in a bay in that part of the coast. After having repaired his own ship, they both put to sea, and sailing along the coast, they at last distinctly discovered the Strait between Asia and America. The two parts of the world presented only, at that height of latitude, a low barren land, without any shelter, and a sea of a very middling depth. They continued their route till they perceived distinctly the American coast, extending to the north-east. He then thought himself arrived to the bounds of his wishes; but when he came to 70 degrees 45 minutes lat. and 198 degrees of long. (probably reckoning from Greenwich,) he met with impenetrable mountains of ice, which obliged him to turn towards the south. He cast anchor near the island Unalafchaka, whence his letter is dated. He fixes that island in 53, 55 lat. and 192, 30 long. consequently giving that island a more western and southern position than is in the New General Chart of Russia.

"As he then found himself to the east of Sandwich Island, which he had passed in his voyage, he reasonably thought he must meet with other islands; he therefore sailed again, in order to pass the autumn and winter in a more temperate climate. He actually discover'd divers other islands, which appeared to him extremely fertile, and where the inhabitants had raised stone walls upon the heights, for their defence. He cast anchor at one of these islands, named O-wy-he, in the gulph of Caracah-Coffa, and treated very amicably with the natives, who paid him almost divine honours. After he refreshed his people, one of whom only had died in the voyage, and two others had fallen sick, he was already got under sail, when a furious storm hurt his mizen-mast, which obliged him to return to the Gulph, to repair it. The islanders became every day more

bold, and most clearly demonstrated their inclination for theft, which went so far as to steal one of his boots.--Captain Cook, willing to seek justice for this robbery, went on shore with his Lieutenant, and ten or twelve of his crew. He advanced towards a large body of the inhabitants, who always paid him great respect, and accosted their Chief. Whilst the negotiation was carrying on, the insolence of one of the islanders, who was in the throng, obliged him to fire on him with his musket, loaded only with small-shot, which did not even penetrate the mat with which he was covered. The Indians began then to be enraged, and when the Lieutenant had at length fired and killed his man, the whole troop fell on the body; and soon as the sailors had discharged their pieces, they did not give them time to load again, but killed Captain Cook and four of his people, forcing the others, partly wounded, to make their escape, under the favour of the fire of their pinnace.

This fatal event happened on the 14th of February, 1779. A council was then called of the officers, to determine whether their Commander's death should not be revenged in an exemplary manner; but it was thought most advisable to keep on the defensive until the mast was repaired. In the mean-time Capt. Clerke made friends with the savages, and quitted the island to return to Kamskatca, where he wintered in Port Atwatfcha, from the first of January in that year till the month of June, and then failed to discover (as he writes word) more exactly the islands between Kamskatca and America."

Captain Cook was a married man, and left several children behind him. On each of these his Majesty settled a pension of 25l. per annum, and 200l. per annum on his widow. It is remarkable, if true, as reported, that Captain Cook was godfather to his wife; and at the very time she

was

was christened, declared that he had determined on the union which afterwards took place between them.

Few men have been more regretted than Captain Cook. He possessed all the qualities which could insure the esteem of mankind. To the most undaunted courage he added a most persevering resolution. He acquired the love of his seamen, as well by the soft as by the stern virtues; being equally gentle and humane, as he was commanding and intrepid. Without being possessed of much literature, or cultivating letters, he acquitted himself with credit even where

the talents of writing were required. No man seemed so well formed for enterprizes such as he was engaged in. He was fond of the pursuit, and sacrificed every consideration to them. He owed his rise entirely to his merit; and retained the modesty of his early state after he had risen beyond the expectations of his friends, and equal to his own. In short, his friends have lost one who was entitled to their love and esteem; his country and King an able officer; and the world a brave, humane, and sensible man.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

As none of your Contributors have given an answer to the PHILOSOPHICAL QUERY in the MAGAZINE for October, the following is at your service, and may be published in the next, if a better is not received.

I am your's, &c.

December 8.

PHILOSOPHUS.

THE glass, which before is of an equal warmth with the inclosed air and breath of the persons, when suddenly cooled (as it must be by a shower of rain against it) condenses the warm air in the room, and is thereby covered with dew; which, as the

window recovers its former warmth, goes off, and leaves the glass as before. From the same principle it is evident that the frost on windows is nothing but warm air first condensed and then frozen by the external cold.

MAGNANIMITY OF AN AUSTRIAN SOLDIER.

THE following extraordinary instance of remarkable bravery happened during the continental war in 1758. After the surrender of Breslaw to the Prussian troops, the imperial garrison, consisting of about ten thousand, marched out with two pieces of cannon, drums, colours, and other honours due to soldiers who had made a gallant defence. As his Majesty of Prussia was riding through the town, he observed a man with his back to the wall, endeavouring to defend himself against thirty grenadiers, who threatened every instant to run him through the body if he did not submit. The King, amazed at his

valour, and pitying his rashness, cried out, 'Austrian! Why don't you surrender? Are you made of iron or marble, to withstand the fury of thirty armed men?' 'Please your Majesty, (said the Austrian soldier) I was of the former garrison, and being asleep at the evacuation of the town, I could not persuade myself that your Majesty had any right to detain me as a prisoner of war, being included in the general capitulation.' 'True (replied the King) you cannot alone be a prisoner, when the whole garrison have marched out.' 'Your grenadiers would have made me so (said the Austrian) if I had not resolved

soived to lose my life in defence of my liberty.' 'Brave, but rash man, (answered Frederick) give up thy arms and save thy life.' 'Then call off these grenadiers,' (replied the Austrian). The King ordered away the party, and going close to him, demanded his musket and bayonet, saying, 'A man who has so high a sense of honour, can never be guilty of a base act; the less thou seemest to value thy own life in this case, the more thou wilt regard mine.' The Austrian fell on his knees, delivered his firelock into the King's own hands; his Majesty bid him rise, returned his arms, told him he was free, and offered him a pair of colours in his own service. 'I cannot accept your fa-

vour, (said the Austrian) I have sworn allegiance to Mary Teresa, and will not fight against her, tho' to be made a general.' 'Illustrious Soldier! (replied the King) go thy way in peace, but not without a few pieces to drink my health with thy comrades.' 'Not a penny (answered the Austrian) I return my most sincere acknowledgments, and vow to drink to your good health with my Royal Mistress's money.' So saying, the Austrian saluted the King, and marched off to join his companions with his firelock on his shoulder, and three-halfpence in his pocket, leaving the King, and all who heard him, astonished at his courage, probity, and true greatness of mind.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

The account lately published of Mr. Tobelm, a Russian Gentleman, having asserted, "that a city had been lately discovered, not more than 130 leagues from Petersburg, which in the magnificence of its ruins nearly equals those of Tadmor, &c." may be accounted for in the following historical facts, which, as they are very little known but to those well read in the history of the middle ages, it is hoped will not be rejected.

D. R.

IN the year 870, Skolde and Dir, two Boyars, who had signalized themselves in the wars of Rurike, the first Grand Duke of Muscovy, were permitted to establish themselves as governors in the distant provinces; but they soon made themselves independent, and settled at Kiovia, on the banks of the Boristhenes, and erected that district into a second Grand Duchy. Rurike dying in 878, left a son under the guardianship of Oleigh, his uncle, by whose personal valour and wisdom Kiovia was recovered, and the two revolted chiefs put to death. He afterwards carried his victorious arms to Constantinople, subdued the Greek Emperor, and made him his tributary, returned with plans and artists for buildings after the taste of this Greek empire; in 941 made Kiovia the seat of the empire, and caused that city to be

built, the ruins of which were lately discovered by the Russian travellers. Some other particulars of this family are much more interesting.

The conquering uncle having found Ignorus, the heir apparent, at age, married him to Olva, a descendant of the former Dukes of Kiovia, who afterwards headed a naval force of 1000 vessels against Constantinople, in the year 944, against the Emperor Constantine the Ninth, and made him renew the tribute. Ignorus the year after was killed in a skirmish with the Drevelins (the modern Lithuanians); who dreading the consequences, sent a solemn embassy to Olva, to exculpate themselves. She detained the Ambassadors, and under flattering promises of marrying their Prince, drew the number of 5000 Drevelins to the neighbourhood of Kiovia, under the pretence of celebrating the

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nuptials,

nuptials, gave them an entertainment in the field, and when they were nearly intoxicated, upon a signal given, had the 5000 massacred by the Russian soldiers, without being able to make resistance, and ordered the Ambassador to be buried alive.

"In 948, this extraordinary woman went to Constantinople, and embraced Christianity, the Emperor Constantine being her godfather at baptism, who, struck with her beauty and accomplishments, offered to marry her; but she refused him with this

polite answer," "That having adopted her for his daughter, it was not lawful for him to make her his wife." On her return to Kiovia, she devoted the remainder of her days to religious duties, and died of grief on hearing that her son had been cut to pieces by the Bulgarians (modern Prussia) in the year 974."

The persons who lately discovered the ruins of the above city consisted of a caravan of travellers, composing 360 persons, headed by the Bishop of Novogorod.

FOR THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* WORLD, *considered as an* ÆNIGMA.

THE high opinion I have always had of literature, and the agreeable sensation I have ever experienced from a knowledge of the French language, induced me to cast my eye over an ingenious work, wrote by Carraccioli, a Frenchman, called *L'Univers Ænigmatique*; or, the World a Mystery.

As I always derive the greatest satisfaction from commenting upon the labours and opinions of other men, if I think them just, and am ever pleased when their sentiments correspond with my own in a true light, I could not help admiring the ideas of this author, as approaching so nearly to my own of the world and its inhabitants in general. I do not mean to quote any expressions from the above author's works, but will only accompany him in opinion, rather than in words, and thus spread a table for the entertainment of your readers, supplied from my own conjectures and observations.

In looking over your useful and entertaining Magazine, I was no little surprized to see such a number of nobodys and somebodys striving to bear off the laurels of ingenuity, and to be the first candidates to receive the successful pre-eminence in matters of election. This idea suggested to me

the observation which at present occurs, viz. how few are as emulous in endeavouring to expound the World's Ænigma, or in searching after the *primum mobile* of all riddles, his antagonist, Man.

In my opinion, the World, duly considered, is the most difficult mystery to expound which can offer itself to the human understanding, and that man is such a puzzling riddle as is not very easy to be found out.

The World, whether we consider it in a partial or impartial light, leads us into such labyrinths and difficulties, and is so unconnected with truth and certainty, that the most pleasurable and frequented paths seem but as so many inscrutable ambiguities to lead us more astray. If on the other hand we consider it as the most delightful road to enjoyment, we shall still find so many in's and out's before we learn what it really is, that we shall tire ere we have travelled half its round.

—The great Ænigma of happiness and contentment will be so difficult to discuss, and the method to ascertain it, if discussed, will be so hard to secure, that I fear no decisive expedient can be hit upon to make it long or lasting. And thus the mind will be only amusing herself with little artificial beauties in the way, whilst she

she should be pushing forward to the end of her journey. A thorough knowledge of the World has been as yet by few but little understood, nor do I apprehend it to be in the power of human capacity to comprehend it. The many windings which serve to conduct us to a seeming knowledge of the World, are but as so many straight passages which bewilder us the more, and the nearer we pry into the World's schemes, the farther are we from understanding them: What even philosophical reason may suggest to us concerning the World, she only, like our own feeble imagination, can ground her conjectures upon supposition. We will now consider Man as an *Ænigmatist*, not as one who divines *Ænigmas*, but as an *Ænigma* to divine himself. In whatever mood we take him, whether in a merry or a sober one, we shall find him difficult to explain, and almost inconceivable and incomprehensible to find out.

The greatest difficulty for a Man to know is to know himself, and I think a no less difficult one to know his neighbour, at least as times go. Every hour presents some recent instance to our eyes of this; we see one man diving into the very soul and nature of his approximate, whilst another is exerting his abilities to find out the immediate cause of his existence,

and would not stop, so great is the ambition of Man, till he had plunged into the very origin of his Creator.—I can compare the Riddle of Man's faculties to no better similes than the strings upon a violin—His soul, the first treble chord, sweetly vibrating to every part of his body—His mind, fitly the second or counter chord, by which all the others are put in tune, placidly harmonizing the soul's passions, and justly regulating every other dulcet vibration.

The third, tenor, or rapidity of his motions, running over the various tunes of this life with no steadfast energy, but subject to the whims of responsive fancy. And lastly, the base or body itself, trembling at the sound of discordant adversity, and breaking into pieces if over-stretched by the notes of flattering prosperity. Thus do we find men as various as inconsistent. What key to call him is beyond the power of harmony to decide, nor can we learn the least hint of it from the scale of his actions; sometimes too flat, sometimes too sharp, never in one pitch; so intricate, dark, and ænigmatic is his soul and transactions, that even human genius is too narrow to comprehend them.

YORK.

C. A.

A N E C D O T E

Of the late Dr. YOUNG, concerning the absurd custom of Duelling.

THIS eminent writer was remarkable for the urbanity of his manners, and the cheerfulness of his temper, prior to a most disastrous family contingency, which threw a shade on all the subsequent part of his life. He was once on a party of pleasure with a few Ladies a-going up the water to Vauxhall gardens; and he amused them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him several officers were also in a boat rowing for the same place, and soon came along-

side of the boat where the Doctor and his Ladies were. The Doctor, who was not much conceited with his playing, put up his flute on their approach. One of them instantly asked "why he ceased from playing, or put the flute in his pocket?" "For the same reason (said he) that I took it out, to please myself." The son of Mars very peremptorily rejoined, "that if he did not immediately take out his flute and continue his music, he would instantly throw him into

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the Thames." The Doctor, in order to allay the fears of the Ladies, pocketed the insult with the best grace he could, and continued his tune all the way up the river. During the evening, however, he observ'd the Officer, who had acted thus cavalierly, by himself in one of the walks, and making up to him, said, with great coolness, "It was, Sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony either of my company or your's, that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black as well as a red coat, I expect you will meet me tomorrow morning at a certain place, without any second; the quarrel being entirely *entre nous*." The Doctor further covenanted, in a very peremptory manner, that the business should be altogether settled by swords. To all these conditions the Officer implicitly consented. The duellists accordingly met the next morning at

the hour and place appointed; but the moment the Officer took his ground and drew his sword, the Doctor presented to his head a large horse pistol. "What, said the Officer, do you intend to assassinate me?"—No, said the Doctor, but you shall this instant put up your sword and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man." Some short altercation ensued, but the Doctor appeared so serious and determined, that the Officer could not help complying. "Now, Sir," said the Doctor, "you forced me to play yesterday against my will, and I have obliged you to dance this day against your's. We are again on an equal footing, and whatever other satisfaction you demand, I am ready." The Officer forthwith embrac'd the Parson, acknowledged his impertinence, and begged for the future they might live on terms of the sincerest friendship, which they did ever after.

A N E C D O T E

Of the present SPEAKER of the HOUSE of COMMONS.

THIS gentleman, who is related to the family of the notorious John Shepherd, who lately suffered at the Old Bailey, was strongly solicited to apply to his Majesty for his pardon; but he nobly gave them the following answer, "I should deserve public censure, if I attempted to contribute to the prolongation of the life of a

man who has been so frequently a nuisance to society, and has given so many proofs, that kindness to him would be cruelty to others. Were my own son to offend a fourth part so often as he has done, I should think it my duty rather to solicit his punishment than his pardon."

A N O T H E R.

JUDGE Robinson, of the King's Bench in Ireland, (who is not remarkable for the urbanity of his address, however conspicuous his talents are in his profession,) being on a circuit once, saw a military man take up a place in the box allotted for the petit jury; upon which he called out

to the sheriff's officer, to *turn that soldier out of the box*.—"My Lord, (says the officer) I am no soldier."—"What are you then?" (says the judge)—"My Lord, I am an officer."—"An officer! Well then, bailiff, *turn that officer out*, who says he is *not a soldier*."

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

The SPIDER and BEE.

FROM forth a wormwood flower a Bee,
Joyous, his honey'd store exprest,
While from a neighbouring rose-crown'd tree
A Spider thus the Bee address'd.

"Whence comes it, friend, when we two
feed

"Effects so various should arise?

"Even Sweets to me prove Poison's seed,

"Honey to You each Weed supplies."—

"Tis to our different feelings due,

"The Sweets on which You now regale,

"Your spleen perverts to worse than Rue,

"Whilst I from Wormwood Sweets ex-
hale."—

*Ye Critics wise, of all degrees,
Who in this happy isle abound,
Say, if or Spiders most, or Bees,
Among your myriad swarms are found.*

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

LET Songsters boast of Chloe's worth,
Her shape, her colour, and so forth;
Let Poets in wild raptures trace
The features of a heav'n-born face;
Or deign to talk in humbler strains
Of lovely nymphs, inspiring swains:
But low each meaner Beauty sinks,
And owns herself outshone by B—NKS,
Whose gentle manners, taste refin'd,
Mild, affable, and courteous mind,
Can smother all the cares of life,
And join the name of *Love to Wife*.

Sheffield.

DIFFIDA.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

ODE on CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

THE moon in silence mounts her road,
Night's boding birds keep their abode,
The wither'd leaf scarce whispers in the wind,
The chilling air embitter'd, stings
The wilder'd traveller, and the swain that
sings
His nightly flock to rest, on some cold marge
reclin'd.

The hour's near! a sweet gale breathes—
The earth is hid with nuptial wreathes
From tacit flakes of long-descending snow—
The hour is come!—O hear that choir,
'Tis heav'nly hands that touch the lyre;
Heav'n opens her gates at last, a God is now
below!

This way, a man, this, grotto fer,
Before this virgin bend your knee,
She strains close to her breast the child of
heav'n:

Sweet child!—Sweet suffering hero, hail!
Receive our love, our tears, our wail,
Since now to nature's God no comfort else is
giv'n.

The world's in peace!—rise, gird thy
sword,

Go, conquer now, thou mighty Lord,
The nations seek, in pain, thy soothing yoke
of love.

As roset dew to parching fields,
Or gems that vernal nature yields,
Descend, descend, O King, and blossom
from above.

The reign begins: thy tender arm
Already may in strength alarm
The powers of hell, who see their doom in
thee,

The Saviour;—Delphos groans her last;
Her oracles and glory past!

Th' internal spell is broke; the world at last
is free.

Night's wings spread balm: the twinkling
sky

Appears more glad, while, from on high
A radiant comet looks!—a light bursts
forth! the winds

Waft to mine ear a song of love:

"All glory to her God above,

"And golden peace, on earth, and joy to
blameless minds."

* DECEMBER, 1786.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

G L E E.

HOARY frosts bestrew the ground,
And the tempests whistle round;
Now we seek the blazing hearth,
'Tis the time for social mirth.

Stir, O stir, the genial fire,
Pile the crackling faggots higher,
Let not winter's rage controul
The warmer currents of the soul!

Bring the wine, boy, quickly bring,
Here we'll quaff, and here we'll sing;
Merrily remain together,
Fenc'd against the warring weather.

On LAURA's TOMB.

By a distinguished Young NOELMAN.

IF tears in Heav'n had been a sign of woe,
Each Deity had wept when Laura died!
But see, beside her tomb Love breaks his bow,
And Venus too has thrown her torch aside!

Dear Laura, while the Heav'ns and men repine,
Above such general grief is my despair,
O could my soul pursue the track of thine,
'Twould find Elysium where it found my
Fair!

For

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

On the FOLLY of BREEDING BIRDS.

HOW must we blame this foolish age,
 When Breeding Birds becomes the rage;
 When D—rs, more than physic minding,
 Sit cross-leg'd, ozier twigs a-binding,
 Or whistling stand amongst Canaries
 To learn them notes—such strange fregaries!
 When men now turn their idle brains, Sir,
 To breed Tom Tits and Jenny Rens, Sir;
 When Lawyers now turn back on laws,
 To feed and talk with mere Jack Daws;
 With no more meaning in their skulls
 Than may be found in head of Owls,
 Or other birds bred up in garret
 With much less wisdom—brother Parrot;
 For true the proverb—Birds of feather,
 Or Owls, or Crows, will flock together.
 But in this age of Bats and Buzzards,
 Men are but Tits in sense—no Wizzards;
 Who reverence more a Magpie's chatter,
 Than things of a more serious matter;
 At least in Y—k our wife Bird-Fanciers
 Are grown a scandal to their Grandfires:
 For, trust me, folks in former ages
 Were wiser than make wicker cages
 Or wire goals, to keep such Wigeons,
 For they built houses, and bred Pigeons
 In summer time, to make good pies on,
 The scheme was good, and a right wise one:
 But now-a-days men are such hirelings,
 They keep their Linnets, Daws, and Starlings;
 And thus their homes, of Cats forsaken,
 Pay to the Rats large tithes in bacon,
 Or such-like stuff—as mice and vermin
 Put in their plea whenever the tern's in.
 'Tis pitty men of sense, and learning
 Should thus be blind past all discerning,
 Or that such foolish whims should tease 'em,
 When one good Goose might surely please 'em;
 For dress'd, there is a charm within her
 Worth all their Breed—I mean for Dinner.

York.

C. A.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

FEW the comforts in this being,
 Few the pleasures men can find;
 Too much thinking, too much feeling,
 Always leave a sting behind.
 Bacchus makes me gay and jolly,
 Wine's an antidote to care;
 But attendant Melancholy
 Calls for payment most severe.
 Cupid smiles, pray who can slight him
 When the charming *Silvia's* kind?
 But, to shew our pains delights him,
 She's capricious as the wind.
 I have one will ne'er deceive me,
 Let me want him where or when,
 Always ready to oblige me
 Is my kind, my faithful PEN.

York.

C. R.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

Æ N I G M A.

AVAUNT! all ye robbers, ye swindlers
 and stealers,
 Ye pick-pocket rascals, and counterfeit dealers;
 Ye simple, unwary, unsuspecting creatures,
 Ye vagrant, felonious, canine poultry eaters,
 For here comes a tyrant whose despotic sway
 Subdues and enslaves all who come in his way;
 Nay, such is his merciless treatment, that
 those
 Who fall in his hands must all die by his
 laws.
 Now to shew who he is, and to hinder
 your fall,
 Turn backward his name, and you'll see—
 not the whole;
 Or if the first letter you take from the others,
 And give what remains to your friends or
 your brothers;
 If you both give it freely and with a good
 grace,
 They'll perhaps call you churl, and com-
 plain to your face.
 Invert this remainder, and think it not strange
 If it point out a word much in use at the
 'Change;
 And if from the whole you the last letter
 take,
 Then reverse those remaining, they'll readily
 make
 In the singular number what many a fellow
 Is made to be master of, I cannot tell how;
 But if you transpose them, with ease you
 may see
 A being who gen'rally lives on the sea;
 Transpose 'em again, and they'll shew with-
 out fail
 What dreadeth the whole as a thief does a
 jail.—
 Ye Wits, make it known in the next
 Magazine
 What this odd Ænigma can probably mean.

W. B.

A N O T H E R.

A Word by Grammarians us'd in our
 tongue
 Of such a construction is seen,
 That if from five syllables you cast away one,
 No syllable then will remain.
Sandal-Magna.

J. FIRTH.

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

R E B U S.

A Valiant Soldier in the Christian cause;
 The country fam'd for liberty and laws;
 One of the fatal three who cut life's thread;
 And what is commonly plac'd o'er the dead;
 Th' initials, rightly join'd, will quickly name
 A Barnsley Gent. roll'd in the scrool of fame.
 LEGULEIUS.

For

For the YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

R E B U S.

A Beast which for dulness has always been
fam'd,
A bird that by Epicures often is nam'd;
What is said of a thing that is useful to all,
And a house that is open to great and to
small;
What I say when a question is ask'd I
don't like,
A fish that is sometimes a bait for a pike,
And an an oft given by a Yorkshire tike. }
The initials of these join'd together will tell ye
What many think better than Susan or Nelly.
York. C. R.

A N O T H E R.

REVERSE a great weight,
And then join it right
To a metal that Cornwall produces;
The last of a King,
And to it then bring
One half of a tool the Smith uses.
If these you connect
Completely correct,
A flourishing Town will appear,
Renowned by name
In the pages of Fame,
For making what both sexes wear.
York. X. Y.

A N O T H E R.

A Judge of Israel and his mother too,
A Queen who once th' Armada did subdue,
A kingdom which from England lies not far,
What soldiers do when they engage in war;
He whom our Saviour lov'd within his sight,
And he who for old Gib did bravely fight;
A city fam'd, the pride of all our land,
The second King that Israel did command.
Join these initials, and you'll see explain'd
A Town in Yorkshire for mechanics fam'd.
M—S—S.

ANSWER to the FIRST ÆNIGMA,

Inserted in our last.

I'LL not dispute where it had birth,
Or how long it has been on earth;
For size or colour I'll forgive you,
And 'bout the Jews I do believe you;
Nor doubt its heart, for well I know
It oft drew me a brighter view;
And wounding of a friend or brother
Is common now amongst each other:
But stolen or stray'd—when going to Strensal,
I'm sure I lost my BLACK LEAD PENCIL.
York. C. R.

ANSWER to the SECOND ÆNIGMA.

THO' Nile's nutritious wave does plenty
bring,
It leaves its stagnate waters for to plague you,
Cut off two letters—still you'll find the thing,
Tho' short of death, is equal to an Ague.
York. C. R.

ANSWER to the SAME.

OLD History says, on the plains, by the
Nile,
Whose flux made so fertile, and nature to
smile,
A monster was born, if your hint is not
vague,
Who, pois'ning the natives, was baptiz'd
the PLAGUE.
'Tis horrid to think of the havock he made
In spite of controul, or of physical aid;
Nor prayers, nor entreaties his mercy could
move,
He swept all before him like thundering Jove,
And now, Mr. FREEMAN, with him having
done,
I'll give you the name of his shivering Son;
Who, tho' I'll allow him two feet less in
stature,
Is a spirit malign, somewhat worthy your
satyr;
So I'll join in your censure, and hope but a
few
May feel the dire PLAGUE, or the ling'ring
AGUE.
Boroughbridge. HUMANITAS.

ANSWER to the SAME.

OLD Rustic came home, told Virago, his
wife,
He was seiz'd with the PLAGUE, and 'twould
end with his life:
His head and his back ach'd, his bones were
all broke,
He cring'd to the fire, and call'd for his cloak;
He totter'd and trembled and look'd very pale,
And guzzled small beer, which he chose be-
fore ale.
On observing these symptoms, at last cry'd
Virago,
If it first was the PLAGUE, it is turn'd to
an AGUE.

*The above is copied from the Universal
Magazine, whence Freeman had the Ænigma,
and is a proper appendage to it.*

*It is hoped such Pirates will always meet
with the contempt they deserve from every lover
of improvement.*

Nawton.

W. B.

ANSWER to the ÆNIGMAS,

Addressed to Miss ELIZA D—A, of Sheffield.

THOU beauteous Maid, the Muses youth-
ful friend,
In whom the Graces with resplendence shine,
And manners easy, join'd with taste refin'd,
Justness of sentiment, and harmless wit,
Veil'd with becoming modesty, unite,
Attend my theme, and animate each line.

Nature, fatigu'd with Autumn's pond'rous
load,

Sinks almost breathless into Somnus arms.

The welkin low'rs apace with gathering
storms;

In swelling rage rude Boreas proclaims
Winter's approaching reign. The liquid
streams

That thro' yon vale in smooth meanders ran,
No longer flow—in icy fetters bound.
That grove, in richest verdure lately clad,
Mongst whose serpentine tracks I've often
stray'd;

Secure from Sol's meridian scorching blaze,
Now basks beneath the weight of massed
snows.

No pretty warblers trilling strains are heard,
Nor more the feather'd tribe in concert join,
And in full chorus rend the list'ning skies,
Whilst envious Echo mock'd the pleasing
sounds:

The rural choir is hush'd, save here and
there

A faunt'ring note, or sad discordant chirp.
The scented sweetbrier, and the od'rous rose,
The fragrant lily, and sweet-smelling pink,
With Flora's beauteous train, are fled, nor
scent

The breezing Zephyrs with their rich per-
fumes.

No longer fleecy flocks on flow'ry meads
Their wanton gambols play, and careless crop
The tender grass—with shudd'ring limbs
they nip

The barren ground. How chang'd indeed
the scene,

Surprising change! Who ever cou'd have
thought,

When smiling Spring adorn'd each hill and
vale

With robes of green, and all Creation's face
Appear'd in looks serene; or Summer's heat,
To full perfection brought Spring's vernal
growth;

That soon devouring Winter wou'd appear,
And ravish all their charms with furious
hand.

Ye Fair Ones, blest with Beauty's charm-
ing gifts,

Whilst in your youthful days, the spring of
life,

Or in the summer zenith of your years,
Spend not your precious Time, as tho' Old
Age,

The winter of your life, wou'd never come.
Nor imitate the foolish Grashepper,
That sings and flirts away his summer's days,
Thoughtless of winter's storms; but when,
alas!

She rushes forth with her concomitants,
His merry strains are o'er.—But, like the
Ant,

That wisely hoards when plenty crowns the
land

A winter's heap, do you, whilst in your
prime,

And plenteous opportunities admit,
Enrich your mind with never-fading charms;
Charms that long survive external beauty's

Soon-decaying hours, which, like a wreath
of flow'rs

At morning cropt, ere night approaches, fade.
Early begin to tread in Virtue's paths,
As blotless PAPER, or th' unfulfilled snow,
So let your converse be. Nor ev'n old age
Can rob you of the charms on Virtue rais'd;
Their beauty they'll retain, tho' boist'rous
storms

Of grief and sickness on your bodies rage.
Mark but the goodly end of Virtue's ways:
Altho' at setting out they gloomy seem,
And here and there upon the road is found
A darken'd track, yet soon it disappears,
And a bright view presents itself to sight,
More lovely than the finest PENCIL'd scene,
Or varied landscape, when Aurora bright,
On gentle breezes borne, adorns the sky
With rosy light, more splendid than the sun,
When his luciferous car has reach'd mid-day,
And blazons Terra with resplendent rays.
Not such the road of Vice; her siren steps
Lead on to mansions dread, where blessed
Peace

Is never to be found: but tort'ring pangs
Of troubled Conscience, more tormenting far
Than the contagious PLAGUE, prey on the
mind,

And endless Pain excruciates the soul.

LEGULEIUS.

ANSWERS to the ÆNIGMAS.

AN ancient truth, the PLAGUE's by all
confest

To be a judgment from the Great Behest.
The AGUE too, doth prove a sore disease,
Nor can my PENCIL tell how it doth tease;
Who hath it best can shew—they starve, they
burn,

Nor can warm SHEETS prevent its sure
return.

T. P.—N.

ANN ALLEN, tho' hardly concealed, may
please

Much better than Query, or Rebus more
vague;

IRISH LINEN may do, tho' unfolded with
ease,

But all are disgusted with Freeman's old
PLAGUE.

NAWTONIENSIS.

A PLAGUE light on th' Ænigmas all, say I,
I wish that you would lay your PENCIL
by;

And if ANN ALLEN will but mind her
spinning,

Instead of wit she'll have more stock of
LINEN.

M—S—S.

On M A J E S T Y.

TAKE M and Y from Majesty,
And it will stand exprest
That all below, mere puff and show,
Is nothing but—A JEST.

York.

C. A.

MONTHLY

MONTHLY OCCURRENCES.

LONDON, December 2.

A Letter by the last packet from New-York, dated Oct. 30, says, "This country is miserably wrecked and disjointed. We are *sans* government, *sans* principle, *sans* moral honesty, *sans* commerce, *sans* money, *sans* every thing. In Massachusetts and New Hampshire the Courts of Justice have been shut, except in the town of Boston, for several months past. Large mobs of 1000 or 1500 men have been parading the country to the terror of the peaceable inhabitants, and insulting every thing that should be held sacred. The whole legislative body of New Hampshire were taken prisoners by one of them, but were soon after rescued."

A letter from Utrecht, dated Nov. 23, says, "On the 23d of October it was resolved at Dordrecht to erase from the form of the oath these words, 'to be faithful to his Serene Highness the Prince of Orange and Nassau as Stadtholder of this province.'"

Dec. 4. On Wednesday Mr. Eden waited on the King, and presented to his Majesty a miniature picture of the King of France, richly set in diamonds.—This was a present from his Most Christian Majesty, and given as a mark of his friendship towards his Britannic Majesty.

Mr. Eden will return to Versailles before Christmas with plenipotentiary powers to form the basis of a separate treaty, to regulate the trade of the two kingdoms in the West-Indies.

Dec. 6. Last week the Postmasters-General had a conference with Lord Sydney to consider of a more expeditious method of communicating intelligence from foreign parts, and of conveying the mails, &c. to and from different parts of Europe with greater facility and expedition; when, we hear, it was resolved to appoint two more additional packets to pass from Dover to Calais, and the same number between Harwich and Helvoetsluys for that purpose; which appointments, we understand, are intended to take place the first of January next.

The Bishop of Osnaburg's Trustees, during his minority, made a saving out of the revenues of his Bishopric of Germany to the amount of 194,000 l. sterling, which sum has been since transferred over to him. The Duke of Bedford's Trustees, during his minority, have increased the rental of estates in Middlesex upwards of 7000 l. per annum; those in Bedfordshire, &c. about 4000 l. per annum. The personal savings are rated at 300,000 l.

Cottons, which had got up in price in consequence of some order from France, since the signing the Commercial Treaty, fell in price

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last Saturday full fifteen per cent. These orders are delusive, and far short of the extent they were first reported.

Dec. 8. A manuscript has lately been discovered, supposed by the style to have been written about the latter end of Elizabeth's reign, which contains the rise and progress, together with the rules and orders, of Freemasonry. By this document the point so long in doubt, "Whether that society consisted of operative workmen, or speculative members," is entirely cleared up; it being evident that the society of Free-Masons were at that time operative, and had never been considered to be workmen; and without being such, by the rules there set forth, it was impossible to be admitted into the society.

About two years since died at Birchington, in the isle of Thanet, Mr. William Griggs, many years master of a wind-mill at that place. On his death-bed he informed his son, who is now master of the said mill, that he had buried a quantity of money in the house he then lived in, at Birchington. The son, after his father's decease, searched after the money, but could not discover where it was. The house was lett to another person, who has lived in it ever since, till within this quarter of a year, when he quitted it. The house being now empty, the son of the said miller determined on a second search, when, under the pavement in the kitchen, he found a crock containing a bag of 735 guineas. The son has given half that sum to his sister's children, who are left without father or mother, their parents being dead some time.

Dec. 10. The amount of the unclaimed sums in the Court of Chancery, deposited in the name of the Accountant-General at the Bank, on Midsummer Day last, together with the interest and compound interest on the original sum, was upwards of 1,700,000 l. sterling.

Dec. 12. A letter from Paris, dated Nov. 23, says, "It is not only the talk in this capital, but every where on the continent, that France and England are going farther to strengthen their friendship by a treaty of alliance.—Holland is raising troops among all the German Princes that will furnish them with any: these troops pass through France in their way to that republic."

Dec. 14. We are assured that the Portuguese, Americans, and Venetians, have concluded a treaty, to unite their forces against the Barbary corsairs.—"What a Triumvirate!"

Dec. 16. The Emperor has published a patent, dated the 1st ult. declaring that it is his wish to introduce a new code of laws in

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all

all his hereditary estates in Germany, and to annul all the old ones. In order to prevent litigation, and to let his subjects know with exactness and precision what the laws are, he has caused a code to be published for that purpose, to take place on the 1st of January, 1787. The whole is contained in 156 pages octavo.

Dec. 18. A letter from Gratz, dated Nov. 21, says, "The following very extraordinary circumstance lately took place in a town in Lower Styria, in the jurisdiction of Gleichenberg: One Charron, a widower, had a daughter arrived to the years of maturity; and the young woman, transported to the most extravagant degree of superstition and fanaticism, imagined that she could have no hopes of salvation, unless she purified herself by fire. She communicated her intention to her father, who being equally superstitious, approved of her design, and even promised to assist her in carrying it into execution. All Saint's Day was the time appointed for carrying this abominable project into execution. On the preceding evening, the girl placed several faggots in the oven. When divine service began next day, the miserable self-devoted victim set fire to the faggots, and when the oven was red hot, with the assistance of her father, she entered the fiery apartment, the door of which the father closed, and having stopped up the vacancies with clay tempered with water, placed a crucifix before the oven, and then went out of the house with every appearance of tranquillity and satisfaction. Having told some persons whom he met that his daughter was doing penance in the heated oven, they hastened to her assistance, but before their arrival the body was entirely consumed. The father was apprehended and conducted to Gleichenberg, where he has undergone an examination.

Dec. 20. Letters from Paris advise, that the plan for enlarging the civil and religious liberties of Protestants throughout the dominions of the French Monarch is now under the particular consideration of Government, and in less than two months it is expected the public will be informed of its extent.

Dec. 22. Accounts are said to be received from Dantzick, that the Empress has at length formally declared her resolution of protecting that city with all her power and influence; adding, that she even considered her honour as interested in maintaining the liberty and independence of Dantzick, and in counteracting every attempt that may be made to interrupt its commerce, or to extinguish its prosperity.

There is a Mr. St. George, a Creole, son to the French Governor of St. Dominigo, now at Paris, who realises all the accomplishments attributed by Bayle and others, to

the admirable Creighton of the Scotch. He is so superior at the sword, that there is an edict of the Parliament of Paris to make his engagements in any duel actual death. He is first dancer (even before the Irish Slingsby) in the world. He plays upon seven instruments of music, beyond any other individual. He speaks twenty-six languages, and maintains public theses in each. He walks round the various circles of human science like the master of each: and, strange to be mentioned to white men, this Mr. St. George is a Mulatto, the son of an African mother.

Two thousand troops belonging to the Prince of Hesse are embarked at Portsmouth, to be sent to the East-Indies in the service of the Company, to sail with the outward-bound Spring fleet.

Dec. 27. This day upwards of 20 Ladies were skating on the Serpentine-River in Hyde-Park; their skais are flat at the bottom in the same manner that the Indians shoes are made, and are tied on by a tape.

State of the PUBLIC REVENUE and EXPENDITURE, from Christmas, 1785, to Christmas, 1786.

RECEIPT.

Customs, Excise, Stamps, &c. £.	11,650,000
Land and Malt Duties	2,560,000

Total Revenue 14,210,000

EXPENDITURE.

Inte. and Cha. on the Pub. Debt	9,275,759
Interest of Exchequer Bills	490,000
Civil List and Aggregate Fund	964,600
Navy	2,428,320
Army	1,978,115
Ordnance and Fortifications	380,767
Militia	91,000
Miscellaneous Services	313,609
Appropriated Duties	66,500
Voted to pay the Arrears of the Civil List	210,000
Annual Million for reducing the Public Debt, only One Half issued	500,000

Total Expenditure £ 16,698,720

YORK, December 2.

BY a letter from a gentleman in Clonmell, dated Nov. 18, we are informed of the following singular circumstance that occurred at the last execution there: A young man, a Methodist, was tried for stealing a horse, found guilty, and condemned to be hanged; the day before his execution it was found out that he was the son of a gentleman in the North of Ireland, and that he had purchased the horse: it was then too late to apply for his pardon, and on Friday, Nov. 10, he was hanged with a notorious offender; they were

cut down at the usual time, and the North countryman's body carried away by some very respectable people of the place. In the evening the gentleman was surprized to hear that he was alive, and went to the place where he was, and found him so far recovered as to be able to travel; the Quakers there generously made him a present of a horse and six guineas to bear his expences home.

Dec. 4. This day, at half past three in the afternoon, Mr. Lunardi ascended with his balloon from the Area of the White Cloth Hall in Leeds, amidst the acclamations of at least 30,000 spectators, and rose in a very majestic manner. The balloon took a N. E. direction, and after traversing the atmosphere about 28 minutes, Mr. Lunardi descended safe in Clifford Fields, near Thorp-Arch, 15 miles from Leeds.

Dec. 7. The Union Lodge, held at Byrne's coffee-house, have subscribed 11. 1s. annually, towards the support of the Sunday-Schools in York.

Dec. 10. A Sunday-School is established at Market-Weighton, into which 70 children are already admitted, and diligently instructed by an able and exemplary master.

Dec. 12. Since the establishment of the Humane Society at Liverpool, not less than 127 persons have been rescued from premature graves by means of it.

Dec. 15. This day the contest at Carlisle, for a member to represent that city in Parliament, finally closed, when the number of legal voters stood thus:

Rowland Watton, Esq; 405

Edward Knubley, Esq; 147

Majority for Mr. Stephenfon 258

Notwithstanding which the Mayor made a return in favour of Mr. Knubley, who was chaired accordingly; and on Saturday, Mr. Stephenfon having a great majority of legal votes, his friends chaired him amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators.

Dec. 16. There are at this time living, at one house in Chester, three persons, whose ages united amount to 244 years! This venerable triumvirate enjoy a good state of health, and derive support solely from their manual labours!

Dec. 17. This day two Sunday-Schools for boys, and two for girls, were opened in Doncaster, at which were instructed and conducted to church, where they behaved in a becoming manner, near 80 children, most of whom were before suffered to spend that day in playing about the streets and environs of that town.

Dec. 20. A robin's nest was found a few days ago in a garden at Barking, Essex, with young ones nearly fledged; and what makes the matter still more extraordinary is, that the nest was found in a codling-tree now in full bloom.

We hear from Hull, that 36 fail of vessels are fitting out there for the ensuing whale fishery.

Dec. 23. Two of his majesty's cutters have brought into the Humber a large Dutch vessel, laden with fire arms and other prohibited merchandize, taken off the Spurn.

Dec. 26. Upwards of 2000 mts of coals have been distributed amongst the necessitous freemen of York, by order of Ld. Vis. Gallway, and R. S. Milnes, Esq.

The staggers among horses being very prevalent, the following receipt, which is a sure cure, will, we presume, not be unacceptable to our readers, viz. Cinnabar of antimony, two drams; musk, half a dram; assafoetida, half an ounce; winter's bark in powder, half an ounce; made into a ball with honey.

BIRTHS.

THE lady of F. Bower, Esq; of Bawtry, of a daughter.—At York, the lady of T. N. Dalton, Esq; of a daughter.—At Brayton, near Selby, Mrs. Coulton, wife of the Rev. Mr. Coulton, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

MR. Horsfall of Huddersfield, to Miss North of Manchester.—Mr. W. Topham to Miss Day, both of York.—Mr. J. T. Yair, apothecary, to Miss Varley, both of Selby.—Major Yeoman of Whithy, to Miss Hale, second twin-daughter of General Hale.—Mr. Holdsworth to Miss Crosley, both of Halifax.—The Rev. J. Cooper, M.A. of Leeds, to Miss Painbridge of Chapel-Allerton.—At Greta-Green, Mr. E. Coulson, jun. of Hull, to Miss Hardman of Manchester.

DEATHS.

IN York, Hugh Robinson, Esq; late Alderman of the corporation, and who served the office of Lord Mayor in 1774, the duties of which he discharged much to his own credit, and to the satisfaction of his fellow-citizens.—At Boroughbridge, Mrs. Herd.—Mr. J. Oldroyd of Shipfear, near Leeds.—At Leeds, H. Creed, Esq.—J. Thornton, Esq; of Hull.—At Scarbro', J. Huntrefs, Esq.—At Leeds, Mrs. Hebden.—At Pontefract, Mrs. Cockell, wife of Dr. Cockell.—In York, Miss Drummond, only daughter of the Rev. E. A. Drummond.—Miss Bolland, eldest daughter of Mr. Bolland, attorney in Leeds.—The Rev. Mr. Thompson, rector of Addingham.—Mrs. Carr, relict of the late Mr. W. Carr of Leeds.—At Rowley, the Rev. T. Wakefield.—Gervas Disney, Esq; an eminent physician at Pontefract.—J. Wormald, Esq; one of the Aldermen of Leeds.—At Crow-Nest, near Halifax, W. Walker, Esq.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YORKSHIRE MAGAZINE.

As the Times of the several POSTS coming to, and going from the City of YORK, are now greatly altered, in consequence of Mr. Palmer's plan, I am persuaded the following statement will be of essential service to a number of your readers, and the insertion will oblige,

A SUBSCRIBER.

TIMES OF COMING IN.

Every day except Tuesday	{ Comes in from London, and all parts South of York, about one in the morning in Winter, and eleven at night in Summer.
Tuesday	— No Letters are received from London.
Every day	{ Comes in from Lancashire and the West-Riding, Bedale, Richmond, Barnard-Castle, Brough, Penrith, Carlisle, Annan, Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, and the North of Ireland; all parts of Westmoreland, Cumberland, Boroughbridge, Northallerton, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, Northumberland, Berwick upon Tweed, Edinburgh, and all parts North of that city, about three in the morning in Winter, and one in Summer.
Every day	{ Comes in from Pocklington, Market Weighton, Beverley, Hull, Malton, Whitby, and Scarbrough, about eight at night.
Monday, Wednesday, Saturday,	{ Comes in from Thirsk, Easingwold, and Helmsley, about ten in the morning.

TIMES OF GOING OUT.

Every day except Friday	{ Goes out for London, and all parts South of York, at twelve at night
Friday	— No letters are sent to London.
Every day	{ Goes out for Lancashire and the West-Riding, Bedale, Richmond, Barnard-Castle, Brough, Penrith, Carlisle, Annan, Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, and the North of Ireland; all parts North of Ireland; all parts North of Westmoreland, Cumberland, Boroughbridge, Northallerton, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, Northumberland, Berwick upon Tweed, Edinburgh, and all parts North of that city, at half past eight at night.
Every day	{ Goes out for Pocklington, Market-Weighton, Beverley, Hull, Malton, Whitby, and Scarbrough, about three in the morning in Winter, and one in Summer.
Monday, Thursday, Saturday,	{ Goes out for Thirsk, Easingwold, and Helmsley, about three in the afternoon.

Attendance is given at the Post-Office every night until half past ten, after which no letters are taken in, or delivered out before eight in the morning.

☞ The above article of intelligence was transmitted to the Printers so very late, that they were under the necessity of inserting it somewhat out of course; 'tis hoped no farther apology will be required for the seeming impropriety.

I N D E X

T O T H E

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END of the INDEX to the FIRST VOLUME.

A D D R E S S.

T WILSON and R. SPENCE having disposed of their share in this publication to Mess. CRASK & LUND, they beg leave to assure the Public that every endeavour on their part shall be used to render the Yorkshire Magazine a Universal Repository of Science and Amusement.

The Editors gratefully acknowledge the support with which they have hitherto been honoured, humbly soliciting a continuance of that patronage, and earnestly requesting the aid of the Literati, as it is their fixed determination to forsake the path of locality, and journey thro' the extensive rounds of life.

Various Subscribers, and others, having signified a desire to have a complete Magazine, without the HISTORY of YORK, the Editors embrace this opportunity of informing them, that, as they have settled a correspondence in London, their wish will be gratified. Those patronizers, therefore, who approve a continuation of that History, will please to signify the same IMMEDIATELY, that a proper number of the Magazine, in both States, may be printed off.

* * Complaints having arisen with respect to distribution, Messrs. CRASK & LUND humbly inform their distant friends, that a peculiar attention shall be paid to that department, and that the work shall in future be circulated with the utmost circumspection and dispatch.

It is requested that all future communications may be directed for "The Editors of the Yorkshire Magazine, to be left at the Printing-Office in Low-Ousegate," where each number will be regularly published on the first day in every month, (price only 6d.) and will be sold by T. SCOLICK, in the City-Road, and SCATCHARD & WHITAKER, Ave-Maria-Lane, London; and by all the Booksellers in the City and County of York.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to CORRESPONDENTS.

BY the answers given to the 4th Ænigma, Obadiah will perceive his own to be erroneous.

Chartarius's solution of the 3d Ænigma is perfectly right, but the poetry is too indifferent to occupy a place.

H. B. will please hereafter to communicate either in prose or verse—the epistle received is positively neither.

Quelqu'un is inclin'd with too much severity.

R. C's solution of the 2d Ænigma is incomplete; his answer to the 3d is omitted for want of room. The same cause obliges us to reject a multiplicity of favours in that line.

A Pastoral, by Amator, is greatly in want of animation, and the thought cannot have the smallest pretence to novelty.

The Selection transmitted by G. M. has been repeatedly given to the world; consequently not unknown to our readers.

Diffida's future communications will be gladly received.

A Rebuke to Common Swearers will be given in our next.

